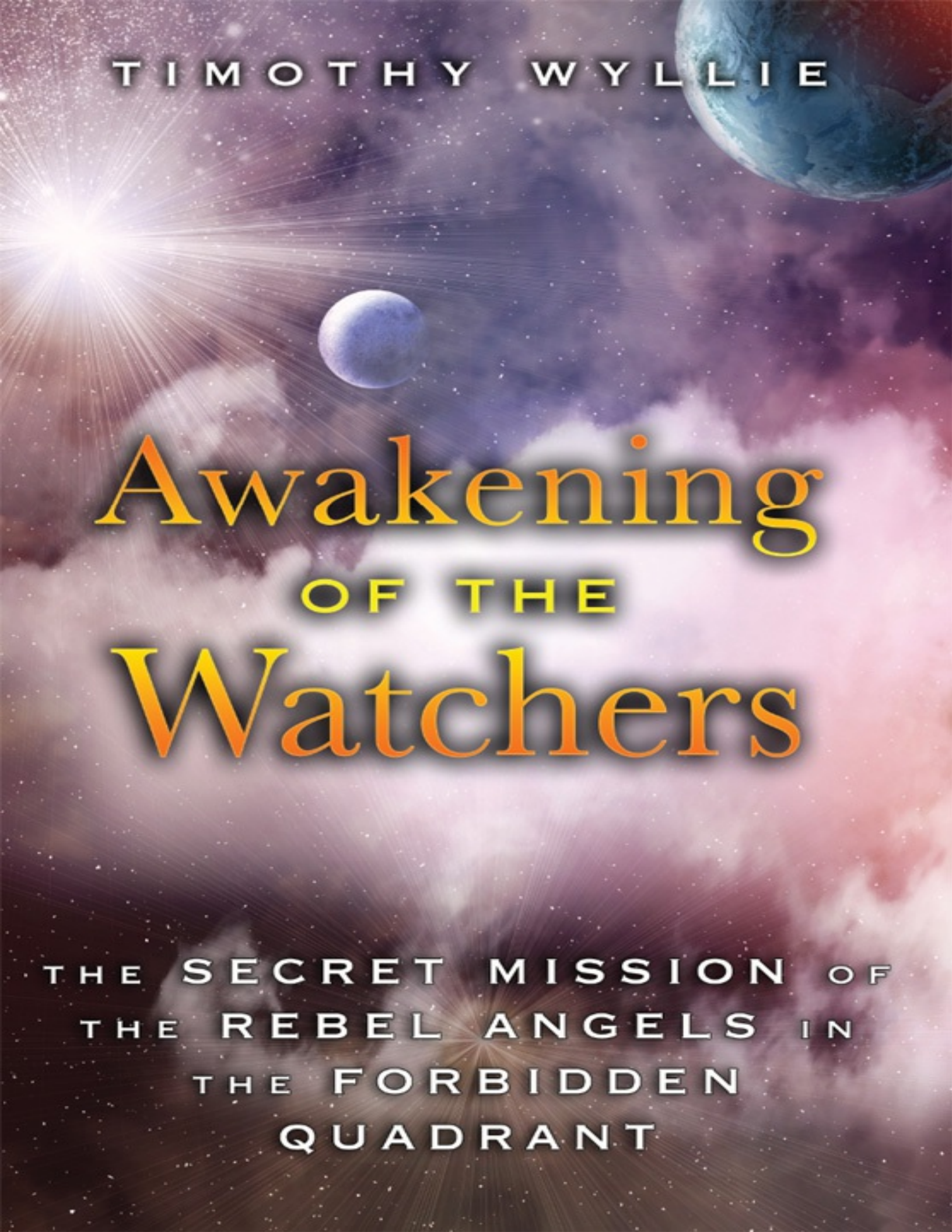
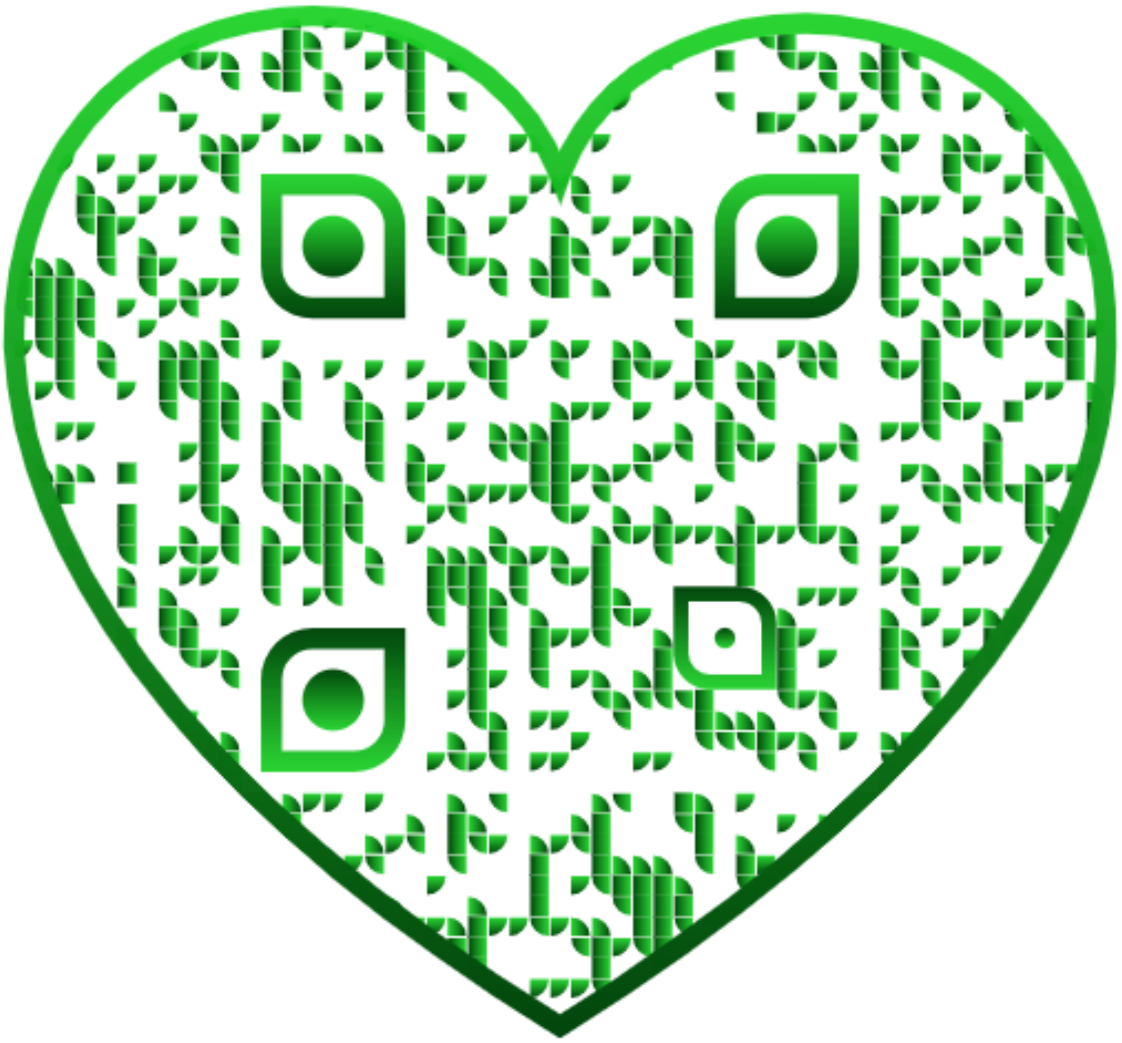
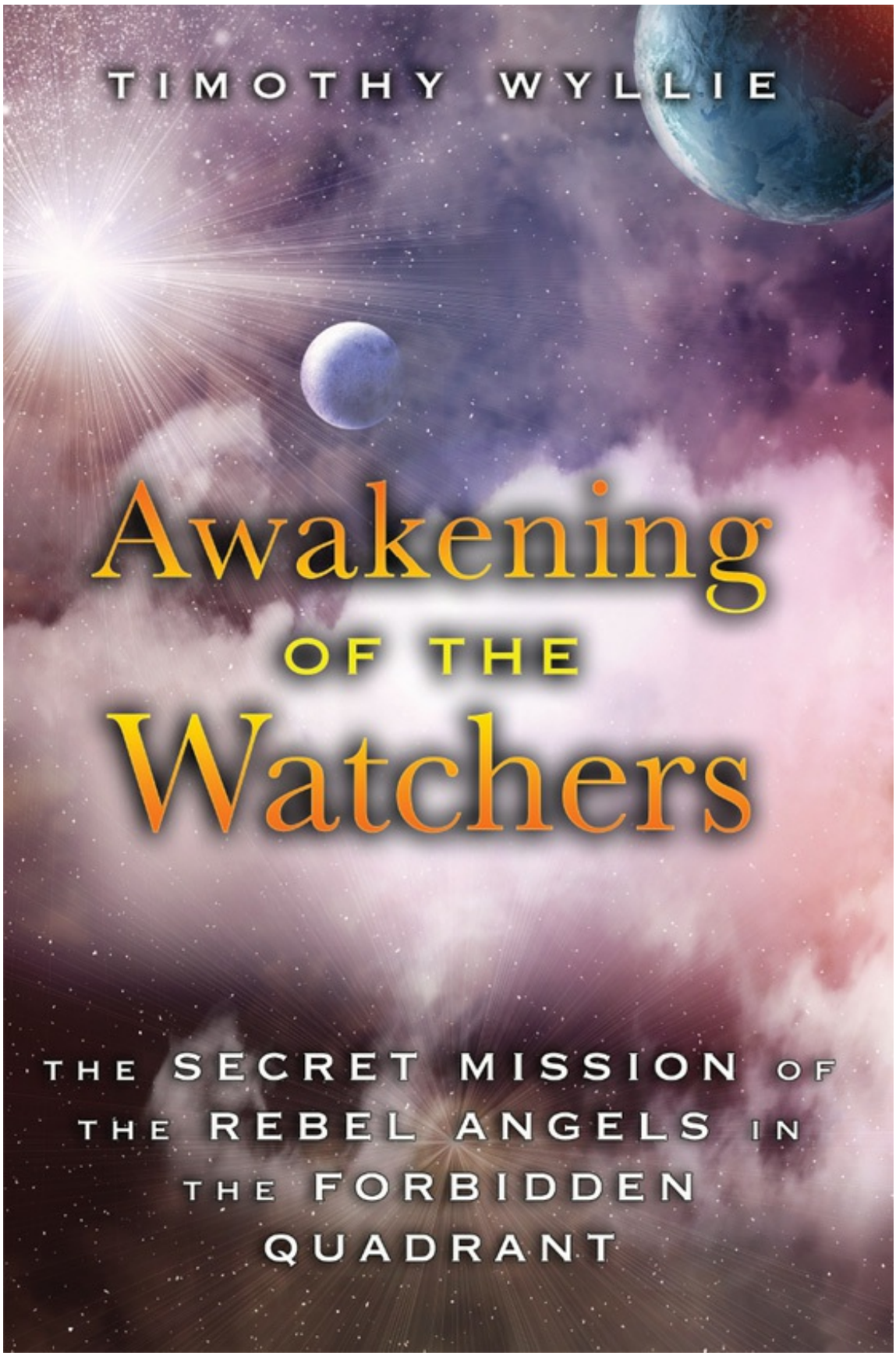

TIMOTHY WYLLIE
Awakening
OF THE
Watchers
THE SECRET MISSION OF
THE REBEL ANGELS IN
THE FORBIDDEN
QUADRANT




TIMOTHY WYLLIE
Awakening
OF THE
Watchers
THE SECRET MISSION OF
THE REBEL ANGELS IN
THE FORBIDDEN
QUADRANT

Awakening of the Watchers

THE SECRET MISSION OF THE REBEL ANGELS IN THE FORBIDDEN QUADRANT

TIMOTHY WYLLIE

Bear & Company
Rochester, Vermont • Toronto, Canada

Awakening of the Watchers

"Timothy Wyllie's *Awakening of the Watchers* is a memoir of the dimensional ecology of the Lucifer Rebellion and the Process Church that creates a living dialogue between the New Earth density and we the reader—the individual soul—a bottom line in any Universe."

ALFRED LAMBREMONT WEBRE, AUTHOR OF *THE OMNIVERSE: TRANSDIMENSIONAL INTELLIGENCE, TIME TRAVEL, THE AFTERLIFE, AND THE SECRET COLONY ON MARS*

PRAISE FOR OTHER WORKS IN THIS SERIES BY TIMOTHY WYLLIE

"In *Wisdom of the Watchers* Timothy Wyllie and his guide, Georgia, continue the deep revelations of the hidden histories and lost legacy originally detailed in *The Urantia Book*. *Wisdom of the Watchers* is the nexus of a history and destiny that is both personal and universal."

RANDY MAUGANS, OFF PLANET RADIO HOST

"Timothy Wyllie's *Wisdom of the Watchers* is an enthralling read. Wyllie is an eloquent author with a discerning wisdom of the world. This book has the benefit of being practical and enlightening like a wonderful intertwined subjective journey. Truly awe inspiring."

E. A. JAMES SWAGGER, AUTHOR OF *THE NEWGRANGE SIRIUS MYSTERY* AND CAPRICORN RADIO HOST

"*Confessions of a Rebel Angel* is Timothy Wyllie's magnum opus. This saga is brilliant, arresting, and fulfilling, a true story of the esoteric secrets that fester in the human heart and are now awakening the human spirit. Georgia, a juicy and witty rebel angel, comes to us

through Wyllie's engrossing and engaging prose—a totally balanced story of humankind's evolution and struggles with the forces of the dark and the light. If you want the real truth about the fallen angels, read this book!"

BARBARA HAND CLOW, AUTHOR OF *AWAKENING THE PLANETARY MIND: BEYOND THE TRAUMA OF THE PAST TO A NEW ERA OF CREATIVITY*

"*Revolt of the Rebel Angels* and its series is recommended to everyone who is interested in where we have been and where we are going as a planet and as individuals. It will explain a little of what is out there. I can hardly wait for the next volume."

NEW DAWN MAGAZINE

"Timothy Wyllie's multivolume narrative, of which *Rebel Angels in Exile* is part, is a masterpiece of writing. It is essential reading for any who would explore the cosmic dimension of mercy suggested in the parable of the prodigal son and the role of those often known as Starseeds in its manifestation upon this and many other worlds."

ROBERT DAVIS, DIRECTOR OF THE DAYNAL INSTITUTE

"If it is true that the Urantia Revelation accurately depicts our prehistory, then this new volume [*Rebel Angles in Exile*]—like the previous two in the series—is an astonishing revelation in its own right. The high drama and vivid characters Wyllie depicts riveted my attention from beginning to end."

BYRON BELITSOS, AWARD-WINNING PUBLISHER AND COAUTHOR OF *THE ADVENTURE OF BEING HUMAN: LESSONS ON SOUL LIVING FROM THE HEART OF THE URANTIA REVELATION*

Acknowledgments

I've been most fortunate to have my books picked up by Inner Traditions • Bear & Company. It's a rare publisher who'd be prepared to invest their energy and skills in editing, designing, and distributing the volumes of Georgia's *Confessions of a Rebel Angel.* So I'm deeply grateful to Ehud Sperling, the publisher, for having the foresight and tenacity to support this somewhat unusual work. My gratitude also goes to Jeanie Levitan, the editor in chief, and to the entire design and editorial staff for ensuring such excellent production values.

Although each book stands alone, *Awakening of the Watchers* is the fifth published volume of Georgia's *Confessions,* covering a period in human prehistory from around 16,500 BCE to the mid-third millennium. This volume has benefited, as in three of the previous books, from Anne Dillon's initial structural work on the manuscript, and then fine-tuned by Chanc VanWinkle Orzell's supportive and insightful editing. Having just learned that Chanc has left the publishing company, I want to express my deepest gratitude for the work we've done together. Chanc has been the perfect editor for Georgia's books—her intelligence, her attention to detail, and the depth of her knowledge have been an invaluable asset to crafting the volumes. Writing books, so the cliché goes, is a lonely business. Having an editor who knows her craft, who is not only intelligent but open-hearted and kind as well, has, for me, made what can be a demanding and ticklish process, a joy and a rich learning experience. I couldn't have wished for better.

Awakening of the Watchers, as with all of Georgia's previous volumes, has been beautifully produced. Each book is attractive and eminently readable, and for that my appreciation goes to Peri Swan for another beguiling cover design and to Virginia Scott Bowman for the clarity and elegance of her text design and page layout. I'm deeply grateful for acquisition editor Jon Graham's continuing interest in Georgia's *Confessions,* and for John Hays, the director of sales and marketing, and his team for their

support in reaching the widest potential readership. I'm grateful to those others at Inner Traditions • Bear & Company who've helped make my books a reality, and in particular my thanks go to Manzanita Carpenter for her tireless work fixing up promotional events. Rebel angels can't be an easy sell.

I've included eight graphics in each of these volumes as they can often communicate more directly than words. Six of these are mine alone, while two (plates 1 and 8) are collaborations with my Artner, June Atkin, and are part of a series we've been working on together that focuses on the emergence of the female principle. As my first love has always been graphic art (more lonely work!), it's been a rare joy to find another pencil artist with whom to collaborate, and Juno is one in a million.

Working as I do with Georgia, a discarnate angel, it's been helpful and reassuring to have submitted this manuscript, as I've done with previous volumes, to Susan P. Marie for her to patiently check each sentence and each concept in the book with her pendulum for its truth content. Although in previous volumes I've generally needed to make eight or ten small adjustments, in this, the fifth volume, she called for only two minor shifts of emphasis. Susan approached me first as a reader offering her skill with the pendulum, but what she might not know, and what is evident from the steady drop in corrections, is that her remarkable attention to detail must be feeding back to Georgia, encouraging my friendly Watcher to pay even closer attention to her accounting of events.

Georgia's *Confessions* clearly appeal to a fairly select readership, and I've been grateful and encouraged by the levels of recognition in the letters and e-mails that I've been receiving. As one of Georgia's central themes concerns the incarnation of angels into human form (with all the limitations and gifts of human consciousness), I've chosen to present this revelation as a working hypothesis. It feels right to me. Yet it's in the responses I get from my readers that reassure me that we changelings are not alone and that we'll grow into the substance of Georgia's revelation of our true natures incrementally, over time, and as necessity requires.

Finally, although it should be obvious by now, I'm most deeply grateful for the presence in my life of Georgia and the other angels I work with, and the Great Spirit, the Creator we all serve. It's the last thing I ever could have expected, and the best thing that ever could have happened.

Contents

Cover Image

Title Page

Epigraph

Acknowledgments

Note to the Reader

Introduction. Dealing with the Darkness: Facing the Fear, Angels and Demons, the True Nature of Thoughtforms, and the Great Awakening

Chapter 1. New Territories: Rome and Incarnate Angels, Atlantean Metallurgy, Geophysics of Third-Density Planets, Donyale Luna's Magic, and Atlantean History

Chapter 2. Altered Perspectives: Surrounded by Reptiles, Total Responsibility and the Acid Brownie Incident, Lemurian Survivors, Atlantean Piracy, and a Ghost in the Machine

Chapter 3. Entheogenic Shamanism: Up the Appian Way, Cowardly Temptations, Klaus Kinski's Fury, Natural Hierarchies, and an After-Death Message

Chapter 4. A New Earth: Mother Earth Evolving, Cellular Mitosis, the Twofold Life, a Pagan Coupling Ceremony, the Emergence of

God-Kings, and Dolphin-Riders

Chapter 5. A Processean Superrace?: A Fertility Ritual, the Authoritarian Personality, Group Souls, Sirian Nommo, Sexual Orgies, and a Psychometric Success

Chapter 6. Higher Frequencies: Pleiadean and Sirius Conflicts, the DAL Universe, Jesus in England, Atlantis and Third-Density Planets, and Correct Action

Chapter 7. Smugglers and UFO Visions: Global Threats and the Warminster Thing, the Longleat UFO, Geomagnetic Reversals, and Afterlife Realms

Chapter 8. Catastrophobia and Extraterrestrials: The Nature of "Accidents," Fear of Death, the Cley Hill Enigma, the Power of the Gun, and Poseidon's Arrogance

Chapter 9. A Visit from Above: Warminster UFOs, the Processean ETs, Lemurians and Lake Titicaca, Arrival in Toronto, Dimensional Portals, and a Pyrrhic Victory

Chapter 10. The Rainbow Serpent: A Helianx Burial Ground, a Musical Miracle, Misunderstanding Caligastia, Racial Clashes, the DEATH Issue of PROCESS Magazine, and the World Mind

Chapter 11. Music and Calm before the Storm: An Extraterrestrial Viewpoint, Midwayer Belligerence, Enter the Cro-Magnons, the Cave Complex, Rock 'n' Roll, and a Hunting Party

Chapter 12. Hope Deferred: Cutting the Album, Pain and Pleasure, a Brutal Dismissal, Mortals as "Will-Creatures," the Angelic Mandate, and Sexual Rage

Afterword. The Implications of Angelic Rebellions: Lucifer's

Alchemy, Sufis, Profound Ambiguity, Absolutist Myopia, and Learning to Serve

Appendix: The Angelic Cosmology

Glossary

Footnotes

About the Author

Books by Timothy Wyllie

About Inner Traditions • Bear & Company

Books of Related Interest

Copyright & Permissions

Index

Note to the Reader
Regarding a Glossary of Terms and the Angelic Cosmology

In this work the author has coined or provided specialized definitions of certain words, some of which are derived from *The Urantia Book,* a key source text. A complete list of these terms and their meanings has been provided in the glossary at the back of this book for your ready reference. The reader will find a brief overview of the Angelic Cosmology, also drawn from *The Urantia Book,* in the appendix.

INTRODUCTION

Dealing with the Darkness

Facing the Fear, Angels and Demons, the True Nature of Thoughtforms, and the Great Awakening

The very thought of a rebel angel carries with it enough historical baggage to frighten the wits out of most people.

I understand. It scared me too when I was first made aware of Georgia in my twenties, although I didn't know who she was until much later in my life. By the time of her next appearance twenty-three years later I'd recognized that the terror was mine alone, and I was able to withdraw my fearful projection.

Between those two events separated by so many years I had a lot to learn about the business of living. During that time I gave little thought to angels—I didn't even really believe in them—and as far as I knew they played no part in my life; that is until a profound near-death experience (NDE) in my thirty-third year opened my spiritual eyes and changed my life.

While in the out-of-body state of the NDE, I was shown the undeniable reality of celestial life. I then briefly witnessed a choir of angels, as well as the presence of my companion angels. After this I underwent a medical intervention that healed me, before I was popped back down in my body, healthy again and utterly amazed.

Georgia, the discarnate Watcher with whom I am now collaborating in writing her *Confessions*, is aware that this initial fearfulness is a perfectly natural human response, given the appalling press Lucifer and the rebel angels have received thoughout the centuries.

It's a telling comment on the irrational aspect of human belief that of all

the tyrants, mass murderers, and sadists in recorded history, it has been Lucifer, Satan, and the rebel angels who have consistently received the worst of religion's vilification. Jesus Christ may have preached that loving our enemies is the appropriate and godly way of resolving conflict, yet the religion itself—as Christianity has been taught and practiced—has appeared unable to grasp and apply this counsel where it was most needed: to itself. If Christianity purports to be a religion of love, mercy, and forgiveness, then scant love, mercy, or forgiveness has ever been shown to their prime enemies: Lucifer, Satan, and the rebel angels.

Of course, other religions too have their devils and their demons. Islam, for example, has its Iblis and Zoroastrianism its Ahriman. Every dualistic cult and heresy has its own devil—some supernatural figure who stands in opposition to its god. I think of this as being where monotheism collides with human nature. Monotheism has the problem of having to account for the presence of "evil" in a world created by a single all-loving God. In polytheism each individual divinity can possess both positive and negative qualities. And when there are a multiplicity of gods and goddesses in a belief system, the absolute evil of a Satan or an Ahriman becomes more broadly distributed.

Given that the human impulse to blame others, or to seek out the one to blame in any situation, is such an everyday experience, it is no surprise that a devil would have to be invented as a scapegoat to blame for the ills of the world.

These fictional devils have very little to do with the personalities we know as Lucifer and Satan, or the even the rebel angels. Human beings are all too capable of genocidal brutality without any need for a devil to urge them on. Besides, Lucifer and Satan, as well as the rebel angels, have far more serious concerns regarding their own survival than with bothering to tempt human beings into wrongdoing.

Over the course of her narrative Georgia has made a clear distinction between the angels in their celestial dimensions and the thoughtforms that are found in the astral regions. She points out that thoughtforms are products of the human creative imagination, which has been fed by countless generations of emotionally driven mentation. Thoughtforms are *not* spiritual entities; they are quasi-life-forms that exist only in the astral regions of the collective human imagination, as well as within an individual's inner life. The demons

of anger, greed, and jealousy, to name only three, are a result of the emotionally driven thoughts that so many humans have felt during their lives. Intense anger, for example, when directed at another person, not only hurls a thoughtform that can lodge in the other person's subtle-energy system, but it also contributes its energy to the astral thoughtform of anger.

The thoughtforms that lodge in a person's subtle-energy system become the "devils" a shaman seeks to remove, every bit as much as they are the neuroses a psychiatrist tries to expose to the light. They are the "diseases" that magnetic healers take upon themselves in their healing work; they're the monsters plaguing the nightmares of the guilty. As demons, they've tortured the consciousness of schizophrenics and saints—whose repressed fears of hell and their desires of the flesh appear as terrifying or seductively tempting devils, depending on each individual's psychic and emotional condition.

I know from personal experience that these so-called demons, although they may well appear frightening, have no spiritual substance whatsoever. In the same way that thoughtforms can manifest as demons, there are times when thoughtforms may try to appear as angels, but they are just as insubstantial. There are other denizens of the astral regions—lost souls, astral shades, and discarnate obsessives—but, like thought-forms, they are restricted to the astral regions. When someone returns from a near-death experience with a story of a visit to hell, it's both that region of the lower astral as well as that individual's personal hell that he or she will be experiencing. Or, put it this way, the hell within that person provides access to the hell realms of the lower astral regions.

In matters of discernment, Georgia counsels approaching such phenomena as angels and demons with a commonsense mix of skepticism and courage and with the confident understanding that *authentic angels are not thoughtforms*. True angels are spiritual beings who exist at a far higher frequency than the astral realms—and there are no demons in the higher frequencies.

Reassuringly, Georgia volunteers that should we ever encounter these thoughtforms, in whatever form they appear, they can be very simply dissolved by directing a beam of loving energy at them from the heart chakra. Angels, on the other hand, rebel or otherwise, do not dissolve. Georgia claims (with a dry chuckle) that any angel would welcome and value a loving heart's recognition from a human being.

I believe this distinction is fundamental to understanding who these fallen angels are, given that there's been so much confusion over the course of history between rebel angels, thoughtforms, and demons.

I now have no doubt that an everyday knowledge of angels through direct inner experience is the true spiritual heritage of all human beings. This is a heritage of which we'd have been fully and personally aware had not this world been among the thirty-seven planets subject to one of the most destabilizing of events to occur in the inner worlds of the celestials. This event was an uprising among the angels whose function it was to oversee the spiritual growth and well-being of the mortal beings in their charge. It is recorded in some esoteric traditions as the Lucifer Rebellion, in others as the War in Heaven, and in a surprising number of indigenous traditions, or in ancient myths, as a profound planetary disruption occurring in the distant past. Something terrible happened a very long time ago, they suggest, that changed everything for life on Earth from that point onward.

If these are records of a rebellion among the angels that occurred, according to *The Urantia Book*,[*1] more than 200,000 years ago, then indeed it would have to have been an event serious enough to have created lasting consequences. Georgia's narrative—of which this book is only a single volume—articulates how the effects of such an uprising can be seen rippling down through history as an unrealized context, an imperceptible background noise, a matrix within which thousands of generations of human beings have lived out their lives and which has resulted in the world we have today.

The motives behind the rebellion are complex. Part of Georgia's task, as she understands it, has been to disentangle the different strands and influences to reveal the truth of what Lucifer was attempting to accomplish. She wants to distinguish the facts of the rebellion—as she observed and experienced it—from all of the propaganda that has subsequently demonized Lucifer and the rebel angels.

It's not altogether surprising, therefore, that she finds at the core of the rebellion a genuine call for greater personal freedom and individual autonomy for both angels and mortals—not an appeal that any administration appreciates. (For further reading on the particulars of the Angelic Cosmology, please refer to this book's appendix.)

In the previous volume of her *Confessions,* Georgia became increasingly convinced that one of the reasons for relating my biography from her point of view has been to awaken others of my kind. Although her motive in doing this didn't altogether surprise me, I found I was embarrassed by the implications of the claim. If it is true, and I'm among those rebel angels incarnated into a mortal body this time around, I would have preferred to have been more cautious in how openly to acknowledge it. Too late now. Like the proverbial shoemaker whose children, for all his shoemaking, still lack shoes, I realize I've been far more focused on this phenomenon of rebel angels incarnating in other people and more tentative in applying it to myself.

When Georgia and I started on this collaborative project I had no idea where it would take us. We knew it was going to be an experiment for us both, a personal document we were writing, each for our own reasons, with no thought of others reading the work. This changed with the publication, in 2011, of the first volume of Georgia's narrative, *Confessions of a Rebel Angel,* which suggested that other people were finding our story of some interest.

I'm drawing confidence from this growing interest from readers and no longer feel in denial of my hybrid identity as I hear from increasing numbers of people who are discovering themselves in a similar situation. I find them to be intelligent and thoughtful spiritual men and women who have wrestled all their lives with their inexplicable sense of being profoundly different from normal people. Many of these women and men have had extremely difficult and challenging childhoods and young lives. They will be the ones who rebel against norms other people accept without question; they'll obstinately defy what they believe is unjust authority; they will break the rules that they don't believe apply to them; they will be unusually sensitive, or psychic, or artistic; some may come to think it is either them, or the world, that's crazy. Most will have been made to feel wrong by parents or teachers, or have been shamed into compliance at an early age. Yet they will still be living out their lives with a nagging sense that they are so unaccountably different from normal people—and never quite knowing why!

In some cases the sense of difference is so pressing that the individual feels she or he has no choice but to embark on a journey of self-discovery, if only to mitigate the confusion and psychic pain of the constant pretense of normalcy. A few, no doubt, will have developed ways of integrating their

uniquely angelic sensibilities into their mortal lives, but they are still likely to feel uncomfortably out of kilter with their colleagues.

Georgia stresses that incarnate rebel angels are in no way inherently superior to normal human beings—they are merely different. She'd have us consider them more as experiments perhaps, or as spiritual hybrids, as a new and different form of mortal being.

It was in referring to these people that I first I heard Georgia use the phrase *Homo angelicus* to describe those angels, rebels and otherwise, who have chosen mortal incarnation. I've even heard her call this "a profound and unexpected promotion" for an angel to join the mortal ascension line. She believes that whatever the state of each individual's self-awareness, it is to seek their own personal redemption that the rebel angels have been given this opportunity to incarnate as humans in these transformational times. It's because choosing a mortal incarnation is believed to be such a challenge, as well as a privilege, that most rebel angels have been left unaware of their angelic heritage. Knowing who they were wouldn't have helped illuminate their mortal lives.

This has been the case until recently. But with the coming transformation so close upon us, it's time for incarnate rebel angels to wake up to who they truly are. As they do so, they will find themselves aligned in their enthusiasm to bring this long, cosmic melodrama to its transcendent resolution. This awakening will move toward releasing deep psychic and emotional tensions, both in the self and in the collective, and it will allow the incarnated angels to function at a far higher and more effective level.

The Multiverse will never be quite the same when we have completed this cycle. Whether what we have experienced on this planet for the past 203,000 years will be viewed ultimately as cosmic drama, an interdimensional hybridization project, an experiment in personal liberty, or an interplanetary tragedy, the return of the rebel angels can now be welcomed with open hearts and minds.

This is all part of our great cosmic homecoming, for in the end, as Georgia likes to remind us, we're all doomed to become perfect.

When you find yourself in hell, keep going.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

For fifteen thousand years, there has been increasing anxiety and the following of increasingly irrational chreodes. Only if there is a problem with the stability of the environment do the last ten thousand years of human history make any sense. This problem has created history as an evacuation, a frantic project to find a way out. That's why things have been allowed to tear loose, to poison the oceans, to strip the continents. The world soul, I think, is in communication with us in the culminating moment of human history. Everything is being scripted for a purpose, and toward an end unglimpsed by us but tied up with the survival of everything.

TERENCE MCKENNA, *CHAOS, CREATIVITY, AND COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS*

All shadows whisper of the sun.

EMANUEL CARNEVALI

1

New Territories

Rome and Incarnate Angels, Atlantean Metallurgy, Geophysics of Third-Density Planets, Donyale Luna's Magic, and Atlantean History

In Rome a cold wet wind blew in over the river Tiber that winter of 1968. A small community of Processeans was huddling together for warmth in the cellar of a fine palazzo on Villa Julia, just behind Campo de' Fiori.

The campo was the public square where the philosopher and astronomer Giordano Bruno, condemned by the Roman Inquisition for heresy and pantheism, was burned at the stake on an equally cold February day in 1600 CE.

Giordano Bruno is probably best remembered for being martyred for his Copernican view of Earth and planets orbiting the sun, yet his issues with the Roman Catholic Church ran far deeper with his rejection of Jesus Christ's divinity, his denial of Mary's virginity, and, perhaps worse in the church's eyes, his assertion that the devil would be saved. It was for these and other "theological errors," as the church called them, that he was condemned to death, although his heretical cosmological ideas certainly hadn't helped his cause.

Yet among his other, even more radical theories was his belief in the infinite multiplicity of planets orbiting an infinite multiplicity of other suns just like this one and populated by other intelligent beings. This went far beyond any Copernican thinking, and it's significant that he refused to recant his belief in the plurality of worlds, even under the threat of death, taking his truth with him to the fire.

I add these facts about Giordano Bruno's beliefs and his unfortunate death because Mein Host must have walked across the Campo de' Fiori a hundred times without ever once noticing Bruno's statue or knowing anything about the man or his tragic martyrdom. He quite obviously wasn't in Rome to take in the sights.

However, as anyone who has followed my narrative so far will have likely anticipated, Giordano Bruno was one of the early fallen rebel angels who'd chosen a mortal incarnation. Such incarnations were relatively few in those incendiary times, and even then a number of them met terrible ends. Bruno's brilliant mind and his equally abrasive character were almost sure to lead him to a sticky demise. Less generally known, however, was that before he died he was able to link up with other incarnate rebel angels, such as the English polymath John Dee and the two poets Sir Edward Dyer and Sir Philip Sydney. Although Bruno's arrogance quickly made enemies, his contact with the other incarnates imparted something of his supreme confidence to those in John Dee's circle of initiates.

As you will have also likely deduced, I hold no great respect for the Roman Catholic Church, or what has become of it. Giordano Bruno's murder is merely one of the many reasons I've come to feel that way.

Shamefully, as recently as the year 2000, four hundred years after Bruno's death, the best a cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church could come up with in describing Bruno's end was to say that it was a "sad episode." (A very sad episode indeed—for Giordano Bruno! And even worse for the progress of scientific investigation.) Clearly unable to feel any true empathy for Bruno's death agonies (and believe me, burning people in the most painful way had become an art by that time), Cardinal Angelo Sodano just couldn't help adding to his insensitivity by justifying the torturers' actions. (The cardinal was the same high official who later became known for blocking an investigation of sexual abuse—and more famously for referring to such accusations directed at the church as "petty gossip.") The cardinal maintained that the inquisitors were merely doing their best to *save* poor Bruno's soul by getting him to recant! That a courageous man died a terrible death for his beliefs, many of which have turned out to be true, betrays a remarkably unforgiving attitude.

When these so-called leaders among men distort the truth, or downright lie like guilty children to protect themselves or their institutions, and when

they are bribed with gratuities or flattery, it carries all the stamp of Prince Caligastia's interference.

However, as a thought experiment, I ask you to imagine how different modern life might be had Bruno's concept of other inhabited worlds been accepted and absorbed into the way you human beings consider yourselves.

Wouldn't the reality of extraterrestrials be more firmly established by now? Might not beneficent extraterrestrials already be here living openly among you? Would you be traveling among the stars by now? And that art exhibit you saw the other day, wouldn't it have had some superbly crafted panoramas of the landscape on other worlds?

Rome in the fall of 1968 was abuzz with gossip about the movie Federico Fellini was completing at the Cinecittà movie studio in the city. People knew it was going to be called *Fellini Satyricon*, and if they'd read their Petronious they were anticipating some good old Roman orgiastic fun.

Julian Beck and Judith Malina had brought the Living Theater to the city, and they mixed in easily with some of the cast of Fellini's movie at parties and private gatherings. It was at one of these parties that my ward found himself sitting on the carpeted stairs of a smart apartment in Rome chatting with the actor Max Born, one of the leads in *Fellini Satyricon*. A tall, strikingly beautiful black woman was moving gracefully around the party passing from one guest to another with a plate of tempting-looking chocolate brownies. Mein Host and Max Born both took one, as did Father Aaron, the other Processean attending the party with my ward (Processeans were expected to go everywhere in pairs). Father Aaron was now perched quietly, sitting a couple of steps farther up, doing his best to appear as though he was following the conversation. He and my ward knew each other well by now, having traveled together all over America before coming to Rome.

Father Aaron was a tall man in his late twenties with a crop of red hair, an untidy red beard fringing his chin, and a presence that I observed many people found imposing, even a little scary. The southern sun had reddened his face and heightened the many freckles on his sensitive skin. His eyes were extremely blue and bulged slightly from his bright pink face—whether from an excess of enthusiasm for the Process Church or from a slight thyroid condition was never really clear.

Poor Father Aaron; he was never comfortable at parties or social gatherings and was quite incapable of casual conversation. Mein Host has described Aaron earlier in this narrative as the “quintessential Processean.” In another religious denomination he’d be a fundamentalist, a true believer, a man utterly convinced in the rightness of Process teachings and, in Father Aaron’s case, not shy about letting loose a stream of dogma at his unwitting victim. Having observed himself chasing away people with his peculiar intensity, to his credit he had become aware enough of this failing to leave the social chitchat to Mein Host.

Aaron had a remarkably fine analytical mind, but, like many people so gifted, he seemed to lack the intuitive intelligence to gauge when his listeners had heard enough of his voice. Whereas my ward was a listener, Father Aaron was a talker. His voice was loud and he annunciated clearly in the English way, but the sound could be abrasive to sensitive ears. He had no natural sense of personal space, so when he was talking to someone, before he had learned the error of his ways, he would stand a little too close to them, and, perching on the balls of his feet, he would lean forward to loom over his listener. When he became carried away with his own rhetoric he would punctuate his spiel by throwing his head back and rolling his eyes upward in his apparent despair at the hopeless insanity of the human race. Aaron gestured often, flinging his arms open wide—a bit too wildly to make his point. To those who knew him well, Father Aaron presented an unsettling mixture of guileless enthusiasm and intellectual brilliance—he had one of the highest IQs at Oxford University—yet to most he remained an oddity.

Mein Host has previously observed that Father Aaron never seemed comfortable in his body. He walked on his toes, for example, leaning forward and taking long strides, so he seemed to be bouncing along, as if anxious to spend as little time as possible in physical contact with the ground. He had difficulty ending conversations, often giving a bounce and jerking one hand up in an awkward semblance of a wave. Despite being one of the most senior Processeans and required to give instructions to others below him in the hierarchy, he couldn’t help appearing awkward and hesitant when trying to deliver an instruction. In a more psychiatrically probative time Father Aaron might have been thought to be suffering from Asperger’s syndrome, although no doubt he would be considered an extremely high-functioning example of it. But, of course, he wasn’t really “suffering” from any such debility, even if such a potential might have existed in his genes.

Awkward though Father Aaron may have been in social situations, and whether or not a diagnosis of Asperger's would have been an accurate psychological evaluation, on a spiritual level he was an example of a class of rebel angels who have chosen, prior to incarnation, to adopt a defective physical body. The motives for choosing this can be as varied as the nature of debility itself. In some cases crippling self-punishment is the intended result, and in others, less serious developmental disorders are chosen to permit an experience of the limitations of the flesh. Yet in other cases a body might be chosen by a reincarnate deliberately to evoke unconditional love in an overly self-concerned parent. There are also some rebel angels who choose lives of bitter suffering and who frequently die in childhood, prior to the opportunity to live a full mortal life. In these cases a choice has been made to opt for another incarnation, a life that might be more beneficial for that individual's emotional and spiritual education.

For it is only on a third-density planet—and more particularly on a rebellion-tossed world such as this one—that rebel angels have, as mortals, the opportunity to discover for themselves a basic and enduring love and knowledge of the Great God, an essence of whom indwells all mortals of sound mind.

If this is hard to credit given the human atrocities that appear nightly on the TV news, what in fact you are watching are the actions, dastardly or noble, of human beings who, whether or not they know it, are all embarking on their spiritual journeys. Most will not be aware of this until they awaken from the dream of mortal death. And, as I have previously explained, that which has remained unexamined or unforgiven during a mortal's lifetime will become the focus of that individual's life review. It's during this review that your companion angels will be with you in reviewing your lifetime, or who will be encouraging you to reexperience, if needed, the unresolved aspects of your life. This can frequently involve reexperiencing an action or an event in your life from the point of view of the person wronged. In the clarity of the after-death state of mind, such events can be seen and felt, free of denial or justification, for the pain or damage they might have caused. This process will allow you to observe your mortal lifetime, as separated from the pulls of the flesh, with far deeper self-understanding and compassion for both self and others. And dependent on your heart's intentions and the state of your consciousness, the course of your future Multiverse career will open up to you. And, yes, the choice *is* offered as to whether you wish to continue on

your Multiverse journey, but only a few, having once tasted the transcendent wonders of the afterlife realms, will tend to choose personality extinction.

If those familiar with my chronicle will forgive a brief reiteration: Now that I'm starting this, the fifth volume of my *Confessions,* I feel more deeply committed than ever to boldly expressing my truth as I have experienced it. So, perhaps I should warn you that this might be an uncomfortable reality for some readers, especially those fair-minded souls who believe all humans have essentially the same spiritual heritages. Yet, I also trust it will throw more light on one of the persistently unresolvable issues separating some of the major world religions.

Do human beings reincarnate, as Hindus and Buddhists believe? Or do humans have the one mortal lifetime and then proceed to the heaven or hell of the Christian belief, or whatever is the Jewish or Islamic equivalent? Or do humans, perhaps, have just the one mortal lifetime and that's it, as is the case for the materialist nonbeliever?

Who is correct? All sides insist to one extent or another that they have the truth; that what is true for them and their cohorts has to be so for everybody else. Thus, we'll find no real answer there. Even *The Urantia Book,* which I've come to know through Mein Host's study of it, states that reincarnation is not a technique practiced in this Local Universe. So what can be made of this?

The reality, as I've come to understand it, is more intriguing and demands rather greater emotional maturity to appreciate its implications and the reasons why reincarnation might have been held as an occult secret for so long.

However, in one way, the truth is quite simple. Some human beings are reincarnates; most people are not. Neither path is better or worse, superior or inferior. Some people merely have different backgrounds and destinies. Reincarnates are the exception to the normal conditions on Earth. A third-density world such as this one functions as a nursery for new souls, souls who are created here. Having lived a single mortal lifetime, those new souls, whom we call "first-timers," have no need to undergo another inevitably punishing lifetime. Once will be quite enough! Following their after-death review they will proceed through a succession of frequency domains, to ascend ultimately out of the Local Universe and into realms as yet unrevealed to me. (I've heard it said there are more than 590 frequency domains, each of

which can be thought of as a “lifetime.”)

Reincarnates, on the other hand, comprised almost entirely of fallen rebel angels, will have had a number of difficult lifetimes on a variety of frequency domains. Yet those lifetimes will have been more of a preparation for the most challenging incarnation of all—a lifetime on a third-density world suffering from the ravages of an angelic revolution. A planet such as Earth.

And if it is any consolation for exhausted reincarnates, I can say with some certainty that unless you choose otherwise, this will be your final incarnation of this great cycle. Following this lifetime your soul will ascend along with those of your fellow mortals.

There will be some exceptions to this pattern: benevolent extraterrestrials who incarnate in human vehicles to observe or assist; a few more unpleasant extraterrestrials expelled, perhaps, to live out a lifetime on a troubled world such as this; a trickle of agents from the Multiverse Administration (the celestial administration; MA for short); a number of bodhisattvas; and some such as my ward, who for reasons of their own, have chosen to reincarnate as many as half a dozen times on the same world. I believe in these cases a powerful attraction and love can develop between an angel and the planet of her mortal incarnations.

Mein Host was informed in 1990 that there were sixty million or so reincarnates currently on the planet, with more coming in every day. I’ve no doubt as I write these words that the current number is now well in excess of a hundred million. I would hazard a guess—as my narrative will probably be of little interest to most first-timers—that if you’re reading these words you are most likely among those one hundred million reincarnates.

If that is indeed so, and if you’ve been following my narrative all along, you may have already been able to deepen your level of self-awareness. My words are intended to activate, or resonate, with the deeper, occulted knowledge you possess as a natural part of your angelic heritage. If this is the case, then my narrative will be functioning as intended.

* * *

Metallurgy had reached a relatively high level of development in Lemuria under Vanu and Amadon’s guidance. However, unlike later times, Lemurian

technical progress was devoted entirely to peaceful purposes.

I have described earlier how the Lemurians' skill at alloying metals had led to the invention of devices that, when lodged in specific places, created an electromagnetic field sufficient to neutralize the Pacific typhoons before the storms had a chance to gather energy. The Lemurians were clearly aware of the essentials of electricity, yet their only way of generating it was by tapping in to electric eels. Its use was reserved for their temples and their important rituals.

The most significant of the secrets Vanu shared with the more technically minded of the islanders concerned their use of focused sound to levitate cut blocks of basalt, many tons in weight, and float them gently into place. I'm not a scientist, at least not compared to Astar—one of my sister Watchers with a more technically adroit mind—so I can only guess how they may have done this. (If Astar turns up, I'll let her take over.)

What made sense to me at the time was that the islanders had been shown a way of creating vibrations at a frequency matching and canceling the resonant frequency of the basalt. Wouldn't the centrifugal force of the spinning Earth work to lift the blocks off the ground? And if their quarry was to the west of where they wanted to place the basalt block, then wouldn't the turning Earth allow the block to drift eastward? Was that how they were able to move blocks of stone so massive they would defy even the most advanced contemporary Earth-moving technology? But those were just my speculations!

There'd been a slight movement in the ether next to me, and here was Astar again. My questioning must have drawn her in. She was smiling up at me before she spoke. "Right enough in principle," I heard her in my mind, her tone colored with what I hoped was a new respect for the clarity of my insights.

"Guesses, more like!" And we both laughed before she continued in a more serious tone. At least she was taking me seriously. "The basalt on the islands had an unusually high crystal content, as much as 27 to 30 percent on some islands. So, yes, you are correct, all they had to do was generate frequencies at around 1,012 vibrations per second, which would shut down or cancel out the gravity generation of the basalt block. This would allow it to float. Is that what you've worked out?"

I must have looked proud of myself for guessing right, so Astar took it as a sign to get a little more complicated.

“That’s only part of it, though. What you need to understand is something of the geophysics of a third-density planet. Look!” And, she conjured up a liquid-light simulacrum of a gently spinning planet, a globe the size of a melon that she floated in front of us.

I was impressed! I’d never seen her manipulate liquid light so adroitly before. As I watched, she waved her hands in an unfamiliar mudra and within a few moments I could see Earth’s magnetosphere glowing and flowing around the globe. She’d even been able to simulate an ovoid form caused by the impact of the charged particles of the solar wind on the magnetosphere as the planet circles the sun.

She continued. “Now, can you see how the shape of the Earth’s magnetic field is belted around the middle? This is where the electromagnetic energies of the North and South Poles meet. See how the North Pole magnetism and the negative energy pole spins to the left, whereas the positive energy pole, as well as the South Pole magnetism, spins to the right?”

“Yes, I see it,” I agreed, leaning closer to the spinning globe. “But what happens there . . . where they meet?”

Astar sighed at my ignorance. “It is a gravity field source, of course, but it also creates a neutral zone where all sorts of gravitational anomalies exist. Where the negative energy pole spinning to the left meets the positive southern energy pole spinning to the right, you could think of that as a no-spin region in which the opposing spins essentially cancel each other out. Understand?”

Well, not really. I asked, “But if a neutral zone stretches like that around the planet, how would you ever get across the equator? Wouldn’t you float off the surface if the gravity was neutralized?”

Astar paused. I wondered if she was getting irritated with my ignorance. It turned out to be quite the opposite.

“Very good!” she said. “Quite right. It would indeed be a risky affair. This is where what’s been called the ‘Crystalline Earth Grid’ comes into action. Look, see how it’s like a latticework mesh?” With another mudra from Astar, a crisscross pattern emerged over the globe’s surface. It appeared focused in a wide band encircling the world between the Tropic of Cancer

and the Tropic of Capricorn. Looking closer, there seemed to be a number of glowing hot spots dotted around the grid, mainly between the tropics.

“That’s how the Energy Beings designed it. Those glowing lights on the simulation—they handle the magnetic polarity reversals when they occur. This is where you’ll find those strange diamagnetic effects.”

“So is that how they levitated those enormous blocks of stone?” I asked, hoping she’d get to the point. She evidently picked up on my impatience.

“Yes, using gravity, which I’m sure you remember from your tutorials,” she announced, her tone hardening slightly in the manner of a schoolteacher repeating a lecture her student really should have known by now. Her tone made me all the more determined to grasp what she was telling me. And, yes, I was trying to impress her.

“You can think of gravity as the result of two opposing force fields meeting, the magnetic and the electric—with two vector force fields—and between them they generate a quadripole force field. That’s what creates Earth’s gravity. With me so far?”

I nodded, encouraging her to go on. Once again I felt on the verge of understanding something floating just beyond my intellectual reach.

“Those pulsing lights on the grid,” she gestured to the glowing points, four or five of which appeared to fall over the Islands of Mu. “It’s in those regions of magnetic-gravity anomalies that levitating is the easiest. Those places can be dangerous too, for humans!” Her tone changed slightly, and I wondered if she was relishing what she was describing.

“I’ve only seen it happen three times,” Astar told me. “And only under certain conditions, when the sun and moon, and even the surface temperature—it’s when they all conspire together. The combined stresses can produce an intense rupture in the energy flow. Under those conditions, I’ve seen the energy erupting upward . . . it will levitate anything in its way. Once I saw a boulder the size of a small hut flying straight up in the air on this column of energy; another time, all eight men in a canoe close to one of the Lemurian islands were suddenly plucked up, like the rock, straight up! Up went their oars . . . everything that wasn’t tied down . . . leaving just the empty canoe floating in the ocean.”

I interrupted her. “So, what you’re saying is Vanu showed the Lemurians how to control and use the neutral zones to levitate those giant

stone blocks, yes?" I didn't want to dwell on those horrifying images.

"Perhaps another way of putting it," she said quickly, "is that Earth pushes the basalt blocks away from herself. Here. Look again." Another mudra and the continents appeared with a crisscross mesh overlaid and showing the neutral regions.

"You can see how the Islands of Mu straddle north and south of the Tropics of Cancer and Capricorn; and look at how many of those diamagnetic vortex points fall within those regions."

And, indeed they did. I could see other places too. One seemed to be in central Australia, another on Easter Island; there were a couple of lights in the deserts of Mongolia, one in Florida, three in northern Europe, and one in Egypt. But she was right; at least half a dozen of these vortex points were distributed on or close to many of the Lemurian islands. My eyes were straining as I moved around the globe, squinting to see the hot spots and trying to recall exactly where they were.

"I can feel you're getting fatigued," her tone kindly. "It is probably more than you bargained for. But if you've at least taken in the basic principles of gravity and electromagnetism and how they can be mastered to serve humankind, I won't have wasted my time."

With that, Astar dissolved the globe, and in a rustle of the ether she was gone, leaving me thoughtful, and yes, fatigued too. I'd begun by thinking about the Lemurian skills with metallurgy, and now my mind was swimming with Astar's talk of electromagnetism and gravity waves. I needed to repair back up to the resuscitating energies of the fifth dimension. I had become so involved with Astar's explanation that I'd quite ignored the downward pull of the heavy emotional energies in the midastral realm. Little wonder I was exhausted.

With that, I followed Astar and thought myself back to the dimension I regarded as home.

* * *

In Rome the party was going full swing, with people still arriving and shrugging off their expensive coats and shouting their greetings across the crowded room. The air was a smog of cigarette and hashish smoke; the conversations in a smattering of different languages were loud, and the music

louder still. The Beatles had just released their *White Album,* and the staccato descending chords of “Helter Skelter” were rippling off the satin finish of the Venetian plastered walls in waves of sound so palpable that I could see them as clearly as you might watch the ripples made by a pebble dropped in a pond.

Mein Host, from his perch on the stairs, was able to see over the top of people’s heads. Most were talking at full volume, their voices competing with and then drowned out by Paul McCartney’s rasping screams: “Do yer, don’t yer, want me to love yer . . . I’m coming down fast but I’m miles above yer . . . Helter Skelter . . . Helter Skelter . . .”

Half-a-dozen beautiful people swayed together in the middle of the crowded space, their eyes closed and clearly in tenuous contact with their physical bodies. Most of the guests were gathered in small groups; one or more person in each group was mouthing and gesticulating wildly in the Italian way.

Up on the wide, carpeted staircase the young actor Max Born and Mein Host were eating their brownies while continuing to talk, their heads close together trying to hear one another above the ambient din. Although Max must have been more than ten years younger than my ward and already a star, their mutual English backgrounds brought them together.

Father Aaron, who’d taken a small bite off the edge of his brownie, wrinkled his nose at the rich taste and handed it down to my ward to eat. Max, evidently more aware of the ways of the Roman glitzeratti, turned down the offer of half the brownie, and so my ward finished off the entire piece. Process cooking was brutally simple, and when they were fortunate enough to have retrieved food from the back doors and dumpsters of fine Italian restaurants, chocolate brownies of such evident deliciousness were never on the menus. It was obvious from my ward’s enjoyment that he hadn’t had anything quite so tasty for many years.

“You’re really digging those brownies,” Max was saying, amused and obviously appreciating my ward’s appreciation.

“The whole time I was in America,” my ward replied between mouthfuls, “I never once had a brownie. I think they come from the States, don’t they?” Licking his fingers, he added, “I never had brownies when I was growing up in England . . . did you, Max?”

The actor seemed more like a shy kid—which was really what he was. A beautiful young boy who would be playing the object of desire for the two main protagonists in Fellini's movie. Max's gamine and impish face was smiling as if he knew something my ward did not; but he wasn't saying anything as he washed down the last of his brownie with white wine. Then he was pointing out Judith Malina in the crowd and asking my ward whether he'd ever met Judith or Julian back in the States.

"No, never met them over there—weren't they touring in Europe then? Judith was saying earlier they'd had some sort of problem . . . didn't say what . . . the U.S. government, I think."

"The IRS . . . the tax people, is what I heard," Max said. "They were chucked in prison too . . . not for long though."

"No wonder they don't want to go back." Mein Host leaned closer to Max. "Who *is* that gorgeous black girl? The one who brought around the brownies?"

"Her?" Max nodded over to where a tall woman towered over those clustering around her, offering the last of the brownies to Julian Beck. "Oh! That's Donyale . . . Donyale Luna. Don't you know her face? You must have seen her on magazine covers . . ." Max was shaking his head in wonderment that someone wouldn't know who Donyale Luna was; but no, my ward appeared to have no idea.

Max still couldn't believe it. "You must have seen her on the cover of *Vogue* a couple of years ago . . . back in London? It was the biggest thing in the industry. The first black model ever to make the cover of English *Vogue*? No? Where the hell've you been all this time?"

"I don't get much time to look at maga . . ." my ward was interrupted by Max's call over to the tall model, who put the tray down and writhed her long body through the crowd to join them on the carpeted stairs. After introducing both Processeans, Max asked her when it was she'd been on the cover.

"Oh! That was years ago!" Donyale replied in a deeper voice than might be expected. Then, when she must have realized there was a reason Max wanted her to be more specific, "It was in March . . . March of '66. Now I s'pose you want to know the photographer?"

Max said, "David Bailey, wasn't it?" Obviously proud he knew the answer.

“March 1966 . . .” my ward said thoughtfully. “We were just leaving England forever, weren’t we, Aaron? In March?” He looked over to where Father Aaron was sitting, just starting to get restless.

“1966. In the spring, yes,” Aaron shouted past the crouching bodies of a couple making their way up the stairs. “We were just selling off everything we owned and were on our way to Nassau . . .”

“And then on to Mexico,” my ward continued, “and on to Xtul. In the Yucatan.”

At the mention of Mexico, Donyale’s dark eyes lit up.

She said proudly, “I am Mexican!” And then, at Mein Host’s obvious surprise, “My mother is Mexican. It is true. My grandmother was Irish, and my grandfather was an African king.” Her eyes were huge and dark and set in the face of an Ethiopian queen.

“But, darling,” she spoke softly and mischievously, leaning toward Mein Host, enveloping him in her musk so even I could sense the rich color of her pheromones. “I am not really from this planet,” she whispered in his ear.

I recall thinking at the time, what an intriguing way to start a friendship. But I quickly realized it was an opening gambit that Donyale Luna had used before “to separate the intuitive from the robot”—her words, when they later came to discuss that first meeting. Although her statement could well have accounted for her extraordinary, out-of-this-world beauty, it didn’t carry the quiet authority of personal experience.

Mein Host, in his turn, appeared unfazed by her claim, although I observed Aaron pull back from the conversation. His skepticism about extraterrestrials, which he’d sharpened in previous discussions with my ward, had developed into a knee-jerk dismissal of my ward’s talk of extraterrestrial life.

Some years earlier Mein Host had been fortunate enough to bump briefly in to a genuine extraterrestrial, as I’ve related in an earlier volume. Although this ET encounter was extremely brief it left my ward entirely convinced of the reality of extraterrestrial life. I could tell from observing Donyale’s emotional body that in her case she fervently *believed* she was not from this world. My ward, in his turn, was evidently aware what *that* felt like! He winked knowingly at Donyale and, catching a glimpse of Father

Aaron looking at his watch and mouthing “Midnight Meditation . . . Midnight Meditation,” my ward pulled himself to his feet.

After saying his good-byes to the hosts and then to Max Born, who remained seated, smiling charmingly, my ward was warmly embraced by Donyale, perhaps a little too warmly for a priest. Barefoot at six feet two inches tall, Donyale’s long, slim form fit into my ward’s body, curve for curve, convex into concave, perfectly aligning their eyes—hers, pools of darkness; his, bright, cornflower blue—allowing a deep and obvious sense of mutual recognition to pass between them. Father Aaron was soon pushing at my ward’s back to get a move on. As they disengaged from their embrace, I noticed another glitter pass between Donyale and my ward; then the two priests were down the stairs and out into the chilly Roman night.

I recall watching the pair of Processeans rushing along as fast as possible to get to the Omega’s apartment, where Mary Ann and Robert lived. The dozen or so members of the Omega’s inner circle were currently staying there, and it was where they were holding their private meditation together at midnight. I knew this was considered an unusual privilege. Over the past few years, since they’d returned from Xtul, they’d meditated with Mary Ann and Robert less than a dozen times. This was not an occasion for which anyone dared to be late. Mary Ann was a stickler for timing, especially if she was the one kept waiting.

The two barely talked as they half-walked/half-ran through streets still greasy from a recent shower. Brightly lit shop windows flared the reflections of the men on the rain-slicked sidewalks, while small parties of elegantly dressed Romans turned to watch these two bizarre figures, one with a frizzy red Afro, the other with hair already turning white and falling halfway down his back, both dressed entirely in black, their long black cloaks flying behind them, rushing at a madcap pace homeward.

I doubt if either of them gave any further thought as to what Donyale Luna might have been up to. What *was* that glitter, initiated by the woman, that passed between them? Was it the glitter of mutual recognition? Or, might it have been the glitter of intended manipulation?

Mein Host seemed unconcerned in their rush to get back for the meditation. Yet I knew something that he didn’t at that time: Donyale Luna was appropriately enough playing the part of Oenothea, the witch with fire between her legs in *Fellini Satyricon.* I had little doubt that Luna the

Sorceress was going to work her magic, and it looked like my ward was the chosen object of *her* desire.

What I didn't know until the priestly pair arrived home for their Midnight Meditation was that the sorceress had already made her first move! It will be a meditation that he'll never forget.

* * *

It always surprises those of us who observe humanity's development over the eons that its progress, if I can call it that, has seemed to move in such fits and starts. After the singularly long-lasting Lemurian civilization, all the major civilizations and cultures that followed it have collapsed in progressively shorter spans of time, right up to the present.

In the West, for example, the period of Egypt's cultural flowering covered about six thousand years; the Minoan culture was cut short by Santorini's volcanic explosion before it was barely two millennia old; the Greeks lasted for perhaps seven or eight hundred years; and by the time the Roman Empire was winding down, it had barely lasted four hundred years at its prime.

Atlantis would be no exception to this, although by the standards of recent European history it appeared to be relatively long-lasting. I say it *appeared* to be relatively long-lasting, because the nine thousand years of Atlantean history can be divided into three quite distinct eras. Given that each of these eras came to an end in calamity, it was as though the men and women of Atlantis had to start all over again each time, with little knowledge still remaining from the previous time. Only the third and last of these three periods left its mark on history.

The first era ended in the devastating geophysical upsets of the twelfth to fourteenth millennia BCE. The planet's sudden warming had started chasing the glaciers back toward the poles. This, in turn, raised the sea level by as much as three hundred feet. It reopened the Strait of Gibraltar, which had originally been created in another devastating flood more than five million years earlier, when the sea level was far higher.

As the world had cooled and the sea levels dropped, the Mediterranean became an inland sea, its waters gradually evaporating over the millennia until once again the rising Atlantic Ocean poured across the land bridge that

had temporarily linked North Africa and Europe. This created the Mediterranean Sea much as it is now, leaving only the Rock of Gibraltar separating the two channels.

The second era lasted until the next of the great glacial floods engulfed many of the low-lying areas of the world in the eighth and seventh millennia BCE.

The last of these three eras—which included the fourth and third millennia, during which the planet was rocked with geophysical changes—is the one most readily identified with the legends of Atlantis. This was the one that ended with the disappearance of its northernmost island in the second millennium, during a single day and night. It will have been this final disaster that was recorded by Plato almost a thousand years after the event. He'd managed to construct it from details he got from his fellow Athenian Solon, who, in turn, had received the information from Egyptian priests. It was a circuitous trail, taxing both memory and language, as well as being subject to mismatched numerical values and confusing calendrical systems.

Yet there was another issue that has subsequently led to a great deal of confusion among those trying to identify the facts about the island of Atlantis from Plato's writings. For example, he maintains the final disappearance of Atlantis occurred in the tenth millennium BCE, which was far earlier than the island's actual destruction in the year 1198 BCE.

Egypt as a national power was already ancient and tired by 566 BCE when Solon was told about Atlantis by the priests in Heliopolis and Sais. Athenian Greece, in contrast and despite its ugly regional conflicts, had a vigor that had long deserted the Egyptian culture. While Egypt was on its way down, Greece, for all its internal strife, was heading upward, with Alexander the Great still a couple of hundred years in the future.

The Egyptian priesthood had felt this diminution of power most severely and had already began to feel deserted by their gods as the midwayers, posing as gods, moved their center of attention to Greece. The priests had always prided themselves on being the primary line of spiritual continuity of the Egyptian civilization, far transcending even the importance of the pharaonic dynastic succession.

This disequilibrium was therefore the complicated subtext of the

circumstances Solon walked into with all his questions. I could feel the resentment in the air, although it was obvious to me (and to the canny Egyptian priests!) that Solon seemed too self-satisfied to be aware of the true emotional dynamics of the situation among the priests. They were long practiced at hiding their emotions, but they couldn't do much to change the ambient subtle energies that betrayed them.

Solon, for all his wisdom, his experience as a statesman, and as a moral and economic reformer back in Greece, was seen by the Egyptian priests as a pompous parvenu and a thoroughgoing nuisance. Most of all, they resented Solon's insistence on reciting his poetry at the slightest provocation. They didn't understand the Greek language, and when the poem was translated for them, as Solon invariably demanded, they could barely conceal their scorn at the self-pitying doggerel. Then there were all those questions about ancient historical events that the priests would much sooner forget, and which proved a constant irritation. I frequently overheard them angrily complaining how "the wretched poet's" presence (Oh, how they sneered at him!) was becoming more of an irrelevant distraction. And a self-satisfied foreign politician, who was also the most mawkish of poets, was the last sort of distraction they needed.

However, they were able finally to solve their problem by assigning a single priest to attempt to answer all the Greek's questions. Then, when Solon moved on to the city of Sais, they sent a messenger on ahead to warn the priests of the Athenian's imminent arrival.

As it turned out he believed he'd found out more about Atlantis from one of the oldest of the priests of the goddess Neith in Sais than he was ever able to learn in Heliopolis. Yet it was only a distorted shadow of what really happened. For, in truth, the priests hated and resented the Atlantean people even more than they disliked Solon's aggressive questioning.

Later, the old Egyptian priest received the gratitude and admiration of his colleagues for his clever evasions and the confusing exaggerations with which he was able to satisfy Solon's curiosity.

The wars that the Egyptians had been fighting with the Atlanteans over the centuries before the disaster, when the "Sea People" were trying to invade Egypt and had only just been beaten back a few years earlier, turned out to be a bitter blow for the once all-powerful priesthood. They had never fully

recovered from their obvious and humiliating lack of relevance in that troublesome time. With the recent upsets and the military failures of Pharaoh Apries, and the ensuing civil war within the Egyptian army that resulted in the exile and, then later, the death of Apries, the priests felt they were in danger of losing the last of their power. Their influence on the people, and even more importantly, on the reigning pharaoh, had been waning fast and was now in serious jeopardy. That the priests were far more preoccupied with their new pharaoh than with the fall of Atlantis hadn't helped Solon's cause.

This new pharaoh, Amasis II, was a commoner who'd become a well-regarded general when he'd invaded Nubia twenty-six years earlier. Then, more recently, when he was sent to resolve the conflict between Egyptian soldiers and the Greek mercenaries of Apries, the Egyptians simply raised Amasis to the throne. By 570 BCE, Amasis had defeated Apries and his mercenaries and made himself pharaoh.

The priests hadn't cared to talk much about Atlantis with all these disturbances in the country, least of all to a bumptious Greek poet. It was this that had most directly led to some of the exaggerations and distortions that were dutifully copied down by Solon. Some words were misunderstood and some mistranslated, and many of the dimensions and measurements were wholly unrealistic. Canals dug to the width and depth of those described to Solon and passed along to Plato were far more massive than would ever be required for even the most improbably enormous boat.

Through no fault of Solon's—yet a revealing insight into his personal credulity—and as a consequence of these distortions and exaggerations (as well as the priests' hidden pleasure at Solon's expense), all the measurements recorded in Plato's *Timaeus* and *Kritias* should be reduced by something like a factor of ten. This distortion also held true for the time frame of the demise of Atlantis, when the ancient priest in Sais informed Solon that the disaster had occurred more than ten thousand years earlier.

Little wonder with so much lost in all the confusion of the times that the island nation of Atlantis has become a legendary Garden of Eden for some, a myth to others, an archaeological enigma to the open-minded, and a geological and anthropological impossibility to most skeptical scientists.

What remains, however, is a picture most human beings have no wish to contemplate. Not twelve thousand years ago but a mere 3,209 years prior to my writing these words, an entire civilization was wiped out in the blink of

an eye. Yet the impact of the destruction of Atlantis has continued to reverberate on a subconscious level in the World Mind to this day. This manifests in many of the more advanced nations as a chronic sense of collective insecurity and imminent doom, in a fascination with violence and war, in the desire for ever more destructive weaponry, and with apocalyptic movies and their Armageddons. It even makes a showing in the thoroughly mistaken big bang theory, touted by so many contemporary physicists and cosmologists as the apocalyptically explosive birth of the universe.

Religions that use the theme of the end of the world to play off the subconscious terror of their followers are just as subject to this apocalyptic imprint in the World Mind as are the scientists who dismiss the possibility of Atlantis and reject the concept of such a catastrophic event ever occurring in recent history.

However, it is not my intention to thoughtlessly invoke this collective apocalyptic imprint but merely to bring the fear to full consciousness, to have it exposed to the light of spiritual illumination. It's in doing this as conscious human beings that the truth of what occurred on Atlantis will be revealed, and the apocalyptic terror lodged in the collective unconscious of humanity can be released.

For my own better understanding I will need to return to the mid-sixteenth millennium, when the first era of the Atlantean culture was just starting to take shape. And lest my collaborator becomes impatient with my endless digressions (as I trust my reader is not. My ward has to write this material—you merely get to read it!). I will give him a hint: It was in Atlantis that I first encountered him in the flesh.

However, exactly what that "flesh" will be only becomes clear in that brief period just prior to when the southernmost islands of Atlantis made their final disappearance.

2

Altered Perspectives

Surrounded by Reptiles, Total Responsibility and the Acid Brownie Incident, Lemurian Survivors, Atlantean Piracy, and a Ghost in the Machine

In Rome the Omega, together with about a dozen members of its inner circle, were already waiting for Father Aaron and Mein Host as the pair burst into the apartment exhausted after their mad rush to get back in time for the evening meeting, held before the final meditation of the night.

The apartment had been rented furnished. Mary Ann and Robert were seated comfortably on carved ornamental armchairs at one end of the very white room. Everything was bright white: walls, chairs, ceiling, everything. Others were seated on cushions on the polished parquet floor, their backs against the walls. The senior matriarchs were evidently privileged to be seated on the wood cane chairs. A couple of the men, dapper in their black uniforms, were standing on either side of the large, but unlit, white marble fireplace, each with an opposing arm leaning on the mantelpiece. Both were smoking cigarettes, as were most of the people in the room. The two men appeared unaware of the visual symmetry they'd created, each unconsciously mirroring the other as they took drags on their cigarettes and shifted their positions.

Aaron and my ward shrugged off their cloaks and, fearing they were late, tiptoed their way along the impressively marbled hallway, argued briefly in signs as to who would enter first, and then cracked open the glass-paneled doors as quietly as they could.

I have to admit this was an amusing display to observe, because their

actions were so oddly exaggerated: two cartoon burglars tippy-toeing over the slick (white, of course) marble floor, each hushing the other's suppressed giggles, until the double doors opened and they straightened up and gave their mumbled apologies. Mein Host made for an empty chair on the far side of the room and sat down, staring fixedly at the floor, while Father Aaron found a seat close to the door.

I'm sure the worldly reader will have suspected what Mein Host had not thought of until the very moment that the floor was suddenly a swirling mass of geometrical forms beneath his feet: the brownies that kind Donyale had handed around so elegantly were laced with LSD-25.

Given that the entheogenic experience is so largely an inner one I can do no better than to include my ward's description in one of his previous books, as to what happened to him that evening.

> We had to get back to the chapter for the evening meeting, so we left soon after eating the brownies. Nothing happened as we chatted away, comparing notes on the party while walking back. Getting into the meeting a few minutes late, we joined the circle of ten or twelve other Processeans. I sat for a moment with my head down, looking at the parquet flooring. When I raised my head and looked around I saw that I was surrounded by large reptiles. Each of my fellow Processeans had turned in to a human-size reptile: There were goannas and geckos, alligators and turtles, lizards of different sorts—all fully dressed in their uniforms. A large robed toad was standing to my right and pontificating, puffing himself up and speaking in a language I couldn't understand.
>
> As the weird effect continued unabated I had to be grateful I'd had some experience with LSD prior to joining the Process, otherwise I would have been completely freaked out. All I could do was to try to hold myself together, check Aaron out to see if he was high (he wasn't), and then drag myself to bed after the meditation. It was a sleepless night in which all I recall is an endless philosophical debate with a dark-hooded, Mephistophelean figure who stood at the foot of my bed.

If you've been following my narrative from the start you'll know that

one of the more buried threads in my ward's life has been my attempt to form a closer connection with him. Having held and comforted his astral child-self, when he left his terrified little body as Hitler's doodlebugs crashed down around him, I hadn't approached him again until he was in his twenties. Although, of course, as a Watcher I'm not one of his companion angels, I've made it my business to maintain my observation and take the opportunity to get to know him in his current incarnation.

When I first thought to manifest to him during the course of an entheogenic experience I've previously described, I'd terrified him so profoundly that his hair started turning white that night. I hadn't taken into account how much fear the lad had baked into his circuitry. He was bound to project his deepest fears out onto me, and because he was in an entheogenic trance I actually *became* the snake that writhed my way into his body through his right eye during that entheogenic experience.

I've already admitted this was a bad error of judgment on my part. I'd told myself I'd reached out to him in compassion at the time, but I have since seen and accepted that I was trying to move things along too quickly. I rationalized this by thinking that the initial encounter *any* mortal might have with a creature of my kind would almost certainly be frightening. Mortals and angels are two very different species, in spite of sharing so many of the same hopes and aspirations. Human beings are widely known to be a particularly fearful species, a factor that has contributed so directly to the race's ingenuity —as well as its propensity for creating the tools of violence and paranoia.

Mein Host has long puzzled over the identity of the figure standing at the end of his bed ever since that unsettling event occurred in Rome in the winter of 1968.

Now that I'm giving him the opportunity over the course of this narrative to review his life as a meaningful continuity, it should come as no surprise to him that this was the second of my close approaches. It was me with whom he spent that long night in debate. The content of our exchange wasn't important then, and it's not important now. I can say now, however, that it was about our familiarity and affinity.

"But Georgia, we argued all night! How is that affinity?" Mein Host is asking me.

"And good friends don't argue? You were living so much in your head

during that period of your life that it was the best way of allowing you to develop a familiarity with my presence. There was no point in traumatizing your emotional body again; you know what happened last time . . .”

“So my perceiving you this time as a hooded figure—which scared the hell out of me when you first appeared—rather than a snake . . . *that’s* an improvement?”

“It was a long conversation. You started off scared out of your wits, but as we talked you started relaxing, and by the end you’d fallen asleep, you’d lost much of your fear of me. And I was as considerate as I was capable of being, given the stresses I was feeling.”

“This one is new to me, Georgia, so I thank you for the insight. You’re going to have to give me some time to absorb it. And yes, I do accept it was over the course of our long debate that I must have grown more familiar and relaxed in your . . . your presence.”

“My *nefarious* presence you were going to say? But you must be aware by this time that it is *you* who projected *your* fears onto *me*. You know this because of how you perceive me now, as we write together. I come to you when you invoke my presence; I leave you alone when we’re not working together.”

“Fair enough, Georgia. No complaints. Continue with your tale.”

My ward’s night of fearful but earnest debate was not quite the end of the Brownie Incident.

Waking up the next morning he appeared refreshed and happy, just as one surprised and overjoyed to discover he was still alive and in one piece should be. He resolved to make a clean breast of it to Mary Ann after talking briefly with Aaron and finding out that apart from some unusual dreams, the man hadn’t felt anything unusual. But, then again, he’d only taken a nibble from a corner of the brownie.

I could feel something of my ward’s fear when he was finally invited into the Oracle’s presence. He’d told Aaron he was convinced she was going to throw him out. Although Mary Ann could become obsessed with vitamins, mind-altering drugs of any sort were anathema to her, and she had made them absolutely verboten for all those in the community.

Coupled with this offense was one of the central and most fundamental

tenets of the Process Church, that of total responsibility. Ignorance was no excuse. If something happened to a person, however out of his or her control it appeared to be, then that person had "pulled it in," to use the jargon of the day. This is what taking total responsibility meant to Processeans: every action, thought, or feeling was the individual's responsibility, as too was any action, thought, or feeling, directed *at* that individual. The totality of this self-discipline can be heard in the answer Mary Ann had given in the communication course back on Wigmore Street in the early days of the Process.

"So, Mary Ann," demanded an argumentative young man, "what you're saying is if I'm walking down the street minding my own business, and let's say, a wheel falls off a passing airliner and hits me on the head, it's my fault? How can that be possible? It's absurd. It's just an accident."

"First, no one said it would be your *fault*," Mary Ann replied with a sigh. She was tired of pointing that out. "It was your *responsibility*, but it could scarcely be called your *fault*. You weren't to blame, were you?"

The questioner looked puzzled, but before he could speak again Mary Ann capped the interchange with the phrase that summed up the belief and had been repeated in numerous situations by Processeans faced with versions of the same sort of question. "It's your responsibility for being *under* that wheel. It's not your *fault*. But it *is* your responsibility!" Mary Ann's green eyes glittered with emphasis as she went in for the kill, the lilt of her Scottish accent breaking through, as it would sometimes when she felt opposed.

She said, "If you weren't responsible for walking down that street, on that particular day, at that exact time, then *who* was?" Mary Ann let the statement hang in the air. I could see, as she evidently could as well, that the young man still wasn't satisfied.

She said, "You were going to ask me about accidents, weren't you?" The man was mute—he *was* going to ask about accidents. "We're not saying accidents don't happen—although they're a lot rarer than anyone thinks. We're talking about how you *respond* to an event that might seem out of your control. That's what responsibility is—the ability to respond."

The young man eventually found his words, for he then asked: "What's the use of that? What's the good of taking responsibility for something another person does to me? Or for something like a car crashing into me,

when it was obviously somebody else's fault . . ."

"There you go again with that fault business," Mary Ann cut him off. There was a new edge to her voice. "You really don't get it, do you?! Forget the whole idea of whose fault it is. Who's to blame . . . it's not about that. That's the human game. It's weak; it's about being a victim." Her voice filled with a parody of a self-pitying whine. "He was nasty to me . . . she walked out on me . . . it was all his fault . . . she's to blame for my miserable relationship."

Mary Ann could be particularly sarcastic to those with a public-school background; their accents in class-conscious England invariably gave them away. The questioner, his red face betraying his humiliation, wasn't going to take it any further.

"You don't deserve to know this," she told him, scorn thick in her voice. "But there are others here who might understand. It's about personal power and giving away power, do you see? If you blame others, you're giving away your power to them. Responsibility isn't a cake you can divide into portions. Each person in every situation is totally responsible for themselves. One hundred percent responsible."

The thirty people in the room remained quiet. Many of them had heard all this before and knew better than to interrupt Mary Ann when she was in full flow.

"Do you understand what that does?" Mary Ann clearly didn't expect, or receive, an answer. "It gives you back your power. You can act as *you* want to. It becomes your choice again, and not simply the knee-jerk reaction to blame someone else."

But the lad couldn't let it go. "Sometimes it really is someone else's fau . . . no, no, I mean responsibility. If I get hit over the head by a burglar . . ."

Mary Ann stopped him with a loud sigh and a flick of her hand. The flash of scarlet nail polish from her flickering fingertips rendering the gesture all the more imperious.

"For the last time, okay. Take your burglar. Could you have ducked out of the way if you were quicker? Did you fight him? You could have chosen to hide from him. You could've made friends and fed him. Do you get it? These are all options . . . they're all potential responses you might have taken. No, no, I'm not talking about which one's the right one, that's not the point.

Listen, I won't say it again." Mary Ann's sarcasm now had a touch of fatigue. "Each of those options, and there are probably plenty more, each one is a potential response to discovering the burglar in your living room. One of those responses is getting hit over the head. Your burglar's 100 percent responsible for being in your room and hitting you; equally *you* are 100 percent responsible for being in your living room at that time and getting hit. After all, it's also possible that you might not have woken up during the burglary, or perhaps you weren't home at the time. But wherever you are and whatever you're doing, you're totally responsible for yourself. Of course you are. You're responsible for being here, aren't you? And you'll be responsible for what you make of what I'm telling you. It isn't that difficult to understand, is it?"

She gave another sigh at having to state what she clearly believed must be obvious to even the dullest intelligence. "Then you can *learn* from the situation rather than getting caught up in the blame game. Were you away with the birdies when the man hit you? Could you have responded more adroitly if you took more exercise? Did you ignore your intuition when it told you not to go downstairs? What were you thinking about just before he hit you? Might you have been punishing yourself for something else altogether? The questions you can ask yourself if you're prepared to take total responsibility for yourself will lead you to the answers you came here looking for . . . if you're capable of being honest with yourself."

Mary Ann looked at Robert sitting beside her, and some private agreement passed between them. They both smiled around the room, nodding at those to whom they felt close. The couple then got to their feet as one person and, threading through the people on their chairs, made their way out of the room in the respectful silence. The communication course had ended that evening on Wigmore Street, but the exhortation to take personal responsibility would be repeated on numerous occasions over the years.

This extreme view of personal responsibility, regardless of its uncertain conceptual premise, was a stern and unsentimental doctrine by which to live. Yet it clearly suited the self-disciplined aspect of my ward's personality, because he has made excellent use of the doctrine. So much so that I believe his choice to follow such a rigorous path has been one of the contributing factors that has subsequently allowed my relationship with him to flourish.

In following the path of taking full responsibility for himself he has come to know himself well enough to be able to discern his own thoughts and feelings from those of other people. As a natural empath, knowing the difference between what he calls “Me and Memorex” had always presented a singularly difficult challenge, as it will be for any empathic personality. It is one of the most demanding of lessons facing anyone who seeks a higher state of personal consciousness.

Yet, it is also of particular importance for all incarnate rebel angels, because whatever the degree of self-awareness, an angelic heritage frequently ensures a higher level of empathy than that of most first-time mortals.

Mein Host wasn’t to master his empathic abilities for many years, during which time he’d had a number of awkward interactions with people as a result of this confusion. He finally learned from Joy—one of his companion angels—how to create psychic shields, each with a different-size mesh and placed against the eidetic screen behind his forehead. This enabled him to discern his own thoughts and feelings from what he was soaking up from other people and how to filter out the irrelevant noise so as to focus his entire empathic attention on whomever he wished. But that clever technique was still many years ahead of that day in Rome as he must have been contemplating Mary Ann’s reaction to his brownie incident—this flouting of Process principles. She knew about my ward’s experiments with LSD and DMT before he’d become part of the community and was more than likely to accuse him of knowingly eating the acid.

I’ve no doubt it was thoughts about the nature of personal responsibility that were running through Mein Host’s mind as he made his way through to Mary Ann and Robert’s room. Had he indeed known in his heart of hearts that the brownies were spiked with LSD and he’d eaten them anyway?

But why him? Father Aaron wasn’t touched by the acid. And why just then? Was it a sign from his unconscious mind that what he really desired was to get back into taking entheogens? And of course, why had he been pulled in to this bizarre experience, which could well get him chucked out of the community, and for good this time?

I could feel my ward’s dread at what was likely to happen next.

* * *

Life on Atlantis had been simple and hard ever since Prince Caligastia had transferred some of his scientists to the islands just before the terrible war he'd nourished so many millennia earlier.

In spite of the scientists' technical brilliance, they and their families had not fared well. Not only were their lives at a subsistence level, but most of them were crippled with the guilt of having built the atomic bombs that had devastated so much of southern Europe, North Africa, and the Middle East. Their shame was compounded by what has come to be called "survivor's guilt," only in this case the guilt was amplified by their absence from the conflict. They blamed themselves for *not* being killed in the war like all of their erstwhile colleagues. The guilt and self-condemnation felt by the original immigrants was so all-consuming that their remorse and their horror passed down to their descendants, hardening over the generations into a taboo on all scientific or technical development.

Thus, over the centuries, the islanders gradually reverted to the simple, easygoing, hand-to-mouth life that can still be found on some South Seas islands.

The arrival of the Lemurians had changed all that. Their organizational intelligence and some of the technical skills they brought with them from Mu stimulated a rapid growth in all arenas of life. They'd met with almost no resistance from the indigenous Atlantean islanders. Those distant descendants of the original settlers were now so far removed from this ancestral taboo that they no longer knew what technology was. As a result they were dazzled by the developments the Lemurians brought with them.

And these particular Lemurians, if you recall what happened with the final disappearance of the Islands of Mu, were not the finest examples of their race. They were among those Lemurians who'd distrusted the Pleiadean evacuation program, preferring to remain on the islands to pillage the goods and dwellings of those who had left. By the time this group of Lemurians arrived on one of the southern islands of Atlantis they were really no better than criminals. A disturbing contrast to the benign missions made in earlier centuries during the course of the great Lemurian diaspora.

Thus the new innovations in boatbuilding, for example, brought by these rogue Lemurian immigrants, which had led the Atlanteans to become such effective pirates, had in turn yielded not only untold goods and riches but also many technical advancements that made life easier and more

pleasurable for the islanders.

However, their lives of piracy had other, less advantageous aspects. Not only was it deeply corrupting for a people to live so completely off the labor of others, but to maintain their supremacy at sea demanded that they continue to develop better and more destructive weaponry to keep up with those they robbed. In addition, the growing Atlantean obsession with building on a monumental scale, inherited from Lemuria, had created a constant need for more and more slaves, a usurpation of personal freedom that was unheard of on the Islands of Mu.

I have described earlier the profound sense of spiritual disillusionment felt by many of the surviving Lemurians. I should say here that the Lemurians of the earlier diasporas, the ones, for example, who reached the Indus Valley and Tibet, were devout followers of the teachings of Vanu and Amadon. The survivors of Lemuria's final natural disaster were a very different people. Their faith in the divinity of the Sun and Earth had been destroyed by the return of the fiery sky dragon and the devastation it brought with it, not once, but *three* times. The people of Mu, those who had not taken advantage of the Pleiadeans' generous offer to leave with them on their space-faring arks—they were the Lemurians who'd felt most completely betrayed.

There are a couple of points that need clarifying before I continue. You may recall the reluctance with which Vanu finally submitted to Amadon's request for some form of objectified physical representation of the Invisible God. Vanu had fought determinedly to preserve the simple monotheistic worship of the original mission, which had become the religion of the City of Dalamatia for almost 300,000 years before the rebellion struck. Vanu had been able to maintain this throughout the long trek with his people across Asia, seeding the indigenous natives on the way with his monotheistic belief system. Finally, after threading their way through the multitude of Philippine islands, they'd made their great leap of faith and set out across the Pacific to start again on the beautiful Islands of Mu.

While this seeming miracle vastly restored the peoples' faith in Vanu's teachings, it wasn't to last for long as the population on the islands grew over the centuries. Vanu would have to ultimately compromise by allowing the worship of Father Sun and Mother Earth. This approach, Vanu agreed, could become their *exoteric* belief system, shared by the people who needed it.

However, as they'd maintained their more abstract knowledge of a singular Divinity that permeated Creation, he recommended that those who so wished should continue to follow the deeper *esoteric* belief system. It was this esoteric knowledge that has passed down through the generations as the Sacred Mysteries, sometimes even manifesting as a devotion to the Great Goddess.

However, there were no Men or Women of Knowledge, no Keepers of the Sacred Mysteries, among the Lemurian survivors who arrived on the Atlantean islands. There were merely men and women who'd had to scrabble hard to survive and who violently resented Mother Earth for destroying their homes and lives. With no deeper faith to fall back on, the Lemurian immigrants set about turning Atlantis into an example of what human beings could accomplish when they weren't burdened by religious strictures.

My second point is to stress one of the interesting differences between human beings living in areas falling under Prince Caligastia's influence and those who followed Vanu's teachings. Although the tribes controlled by Caligastia back on the European and North African mainland were all too familiar with some of the rebel midwayers who posed as goddesses and gods, the loyalist midwayers under Amadon's direction had never descended to manipulating humans by pretending to be gods. Thus it was that the Lemurians, having lost their faith in the false gods of Sun and Earth, and having no experience with midwayers masquerading as gods, were left with nothing to believe in but themselves. You might think of those Lemurian survivors on Atlantis as one of the first of the atheistic elites.

This difference in character resulted in an unexpected consequence as more and more slaves were captured. The slaves were the ones who brought a religious consciousness with them; they'd seen what their gods and goddesses were capable of back on the mainland. On the other hand, the highest strata of Atlantean society, by now largely dominated by Lemurian ancestral bloodlines, was cynically prepared to manipulate the religious impulses of the masses for their own ends. These people had quickly developed into a ruling class that would become the first unashamed national kleptocracy. There would be many other kleptocracies down through history, but that first era of Atlantean history set a standard of greed and criminality seldom bested by the greediest despots.

It is here, during this early era of Atlantis, that we find the first

manifestation of man taking on the cloak of a god. It was on Atlantis that the tradition of the god-king was first established.

Atlantean society had become all the more rigidly stratified by the early fifteenth millennium as any slave-driven society was bound to become. The enslavement and dehumanization of the lowest members of society can act as a powerful social motivator for self-definition in those who are not slaves. No one wanted to be identified with the slave class, so an increasing attention had been focused on personal presentation, each freeman striving to appear more distinguished and richly attired than the next. The power of the ruling elite of this rapidly expanding empire, in their turn, was all but an inaccessible dream for those not born into the royal bloodlines.

As the generations passed and the population of the islands steadily expanded, the caste system, of necessity, grew ever more rigid. The middle classes had become divided into a number of different guilds and trades, yet all were in some way connected with the national pursuit of piracy. The guilds based on crafts like boatbuilding, stonemasonry, metallurgy, weapons development, and sail making were becoming increasingly mafialike, each guild as stratified as the overall society.

This sort of rigidly hierarchical society, dominated by an authoritarian ruling elite and possessing an equally clearly defined subclass of slaves, would be intolerable to those who believe in personal freedom, but those societies employing such a repressive system can become ruthlessly efficient. Nazi Germany is one of the more recent examples of this system in action.

I observed this efficiency in its most obvious form in the way the Atlanteans were able to build on what metallurgical knowledge the original settlers had salvaged and brought along with them. It was only a matter of remarkable good fortune that among the Lemurian survivors were a half-a-dozen dwarves who had been shipwrecked on one of the southern islands of the expanding Atlantean empire.

Ensuring the continuation of any kind of technological knowledge over the many generations of humankind is a notoriously fragile affair. Time and again over the course of Earth’s history civilizations have risen to different degrees of technical achievement. Some, as we’ve seen, have attained skills still impossible to replicate today, even with the most sophisticated of twenty-first-century technology. Unfortunately, these earlier civilizations

would often lose their advanced knowledge in a natural catastrophe or in a military defeat.

In the case of metallurgy, however, the Atlanteans recognized another factor: the technological genius of a much valued and equally feared caste of dwarves. They were recognized as having a natural affinity for the ways of metal, and because they kept the knowledge to themselves by passing the arcane secrets of the craft only to others of their kind, the dwarves retained an effective monopoly on metallurgical know-how.

It was undoubtedly this knowledge and facility with metals that allowed Atlantis an unquestionable supremacy over all their rivals and would ultimately turn them into a major maritime trading power that persisted until the main island's final demise.

Copper had long been well known to the Lemurian metalworkers after it had been discovered in small deposits on the west coast of South America. It was valued for its malleability. Then, when the Lemurian priest-scientists were exploring the nature of the electricity they'd observed in electric eels, it was copper's ductility that they found most effectively conducted an electrical current from one point to another. In Lemuria the mining and smelting of the noble metals discovered in the Lemurians' wide-ranging travels and the knowledge and skill with which they'd learned to alloy the various metals—all this lay almost entirely in the hands of the dwarves.

Dwarves had been valued originally for mining operations, their diminutive size thought to be an advantage for wriggling their bodies through small apertures. And because dwarfism (although it was rare) appeared among all human races of people that the Lemurian explorers had encountered, they encouraged all those dwarves they came across to return with them to the Islands of Mu.

The manipulation of metal can be thought of as the birth of technological consciousness in any race, on any planet. Because this option is not available to an aquatic sentient species—like the cetaceans in Earth's oceans—aquatic races either focus their intelligence on expanding their knowledge of the inner worlds or, in a very few cases I'm told, they develop a technology not reliant on metal.

Lemurian mining operations had been continuing in places like Chile, Peru, and Arizona at the time of the final disappearance of the last of the

Islands of Mu. This left the Lemurians living in the mining settle-ments with no home to return to and no further need for their metals. Over the subsequent generations, their technical skills long forgotten, many early Lemurian settlements faded back into a more primitive life. In some cases they died out. In others they took to the mountains and forests of Mesoamerica to emerge millennia later as the Olmec culture.

Many of those Lemurian miners already in what's now Arizona and Nevada interbred with the tribes who had crossed the Bering Strait while there was still a land bridge. They settled in the four-quarters region of the American Southwest and millennia later would become known as the Hopi, whose prehistory of mining would be remembered only in the creation myth of their first people emerging from a hole in Mother Earth.

Still other Lemurian miners moved farther south to the warmer regions of Mexico and Guatemala. They would become the tribes who, in the third millennium, greeted the influx of Atlanteans fleeing the anticipated final destruction of their island. They would later become known as the Maya.

The Atlantean pirates had become more confident and daring toward the end of that first era. Their boats grew ever larger and more ocean worthy. They started venturing across the Atlantic ocean to explore the eastern coastline of the Americas. Little came of these explorations; the islands were almost completely uninhabited, as was most of the mainland coastline. Much of the land was swampy and thick with biting insects. When the explorers did come across small groups of natives, they found they were living primitively and were so shy, flitting like ghosts through a forest, that they became impossible to catch.

Over the following centuries the Atlanteans of that first era made an increasing number of forays across the Atlantic. This was a dangerous voyage that frequently took them through active hurricane regions—and a few boats never returned. Those that did return were often badly damaged, with a demoralized crew and nothing of value to show for the trip. Thus the Atlanteans simply stopped bothering with these long and dangerous trips. There were other more immediately profitable adventures closer to the islands they called home.

Besides, another storm was gathering in the wings, one the early Atlanteans would find a lot more challenging than the loss of a few boats. It

would test them to their very limits, destroy much of what they'd built, and kill a large proportion of their population.

* * *

Mary Ann laid back in the large double bed, a Rothmans king-size cigarette dangling from one elegant hand, and gestured for Mein Host to come into the room. Simultaneously, Robert took this as his cue to join the others in the living room.

It was unusual for Mein Host to find himself alone with the Oracle, the woman he'd become convinced was the incarnate Goddess. The previous times had varied from the ecstatic and sacred; to the humiliation of her throwing him out of the Garden at Xtul; to the momentary sight of her naked body—that night in Xtul, when she had wordlessly thrown back her robe and displayed herself only to him, and then, just as silently, quickly clothed herself again, telling my ward to leave. This incident remains as puzzling to him now as it had been the night it occurred.

As he walked into that room, with Robert bustling by and closing the door behind him, I could tell that my ward had absolutely no idea what to expect.

Mary Ann patted the bed next to her, but no, Mein Host preferred to stand and deliver. Clearly aware that Mary Ann would hold him responsible for subconsciously wanting to get high, he laid out the event as it had occurred, taking responsibility for it and explaining what had happened during the night and his long debate with the dark-robed figure. I noticed that he left out the meeting in which he had seen all his Processean colleagues, as well as Mary Ann and Robert, as human-size reptiles, which I thought was wise under the circumstances. She may or may not have been the incarnate Goddess of my ward's revelation, but he was well aware by now what a vain woman she was.

After my ward had finished his confession, he stood gritting his teeth and waiting for the expected explosion. Mary Ann had but one question: "You didn't know the brownies were spiked with LSD, did you?"

Mein Host took the cue and shook his head no, of course he hadn't known. It evidently wasn't the moment to apply the strictest of the Process teachings on responsibility.

“If you weren’t consciously aware they were drugged, of course you weren’t responsible,” Mary Ann said with a casual flip of her hand, and with that she ended the interview.

As I watched my ward walking out of Mary Ann and Robert ’s bedroom, it seemed to me that the profound relief I could see he was feeling must have totally obliterated any thought of the obvious hypocrisy of Mary Ann’s reaction.

Had he taken better notice at the time of her cavalier dismissal of one of the most central of her *own* tenets, he might have been able to spot the corruption at the center of the community a great deal sooner than he eventually did.

I can’t let this event pass without commenting on another level of the drama of which my ward hadn’t yet been made aware. He was, of course, responsible for eating those brownies and getting high, but not in the way he might have believed at the time. It wasn’t as if he set out to get high, nor did he have any idea the brownies were dosed. I suspect it was the last thing on his mind.

And yet the experience he had when he was under the influence of LSD was exactly the one he needed to open himself up to the next level of acceptance of my presence in his life. It also became a timely reminder for him of the vast entheogenic spaces available to him, which he’d willingly relinquished for life in an abstemious community.

It remains for me only to say there are deep currents moving in the lives of mortals and angels, currents with their own purpose and meaning, currents of which we are only made aware by carefully observing their effects. As astronomers can infer the presence of a planet circling a distant star by detecting slight gravitational perturbations caused by the orbiting mass, so also do we angels watch for those unaccountable coincidences that reveal the presence of a deeper intention working invisibly within the interstices of subatomic matter. It can seem to us as though there’s a ghost in the machinery of the Multiverse, which carries a distinct intentionality and effortlessly slips unnoticed through the dimensions.

I’m sure I’m not alone among Watchers to ponder whether this so-called ghost in the machine, this hidden hand that moves unheeded throughout Creation, may well be the very presence whose existence Lucifer

had been accused by MA's agents of denying. Could this invisible presence, which has seemed so evident to those of us who pay close attention to the affairs of humankind—could that *really* have been plausibly denied by Lucifer? If this mysterious current was so evident to us, what was the sense in Lucifer accusing the Creator Sons of fabricating a mythic Father God? Was Lucifer *really* denying the existence of the Creator of All? Or was he sensing, perhaps, that there was a hidden agenda being played out on the level of the Creator Sons of which he wasn't being made aware in his capacity as a System Sovereign? It might also be the case, as I have previously speculated, that the whole accusation of atheism directed at Lucifer by MA's agents was based more on MA's propaganda than any actual claim of atheism from Lucifer.

I had come to this point several times before over the course of my observation of mortal life and I haven't yet been able to resolve the truth of this accusation. I can only trust that as I pursue this narrative I will come to an understanding of this perplexing contradiction.

Within a couple of days, Donyale Luna called my ward to apologize for the trick she'd played on him and to ask him to accompany her out for the evening—and perhaps he could come alone this time.

Meeting for coffee, the two had taken to one another as if they'd known each other all their lives. That my ward had only the scantiest of information about Donyale (which Max Born had whispered to him) must have eased any nervousness he might otherwise have felt at the party. He clearly had no idea that the woman sitting opposite him across the round marble table, sipping her expresso and smiling at him over the little cup's rim, had been—for a few years in the mid-sixties—one of the most famous and celebrated beauties in the world.

I've now had the opportunity to observe a fair number of celebrities over the course of my ward's public relations work for the Process Church. I therefore feel adequately equipped to make some broad generalizations about celebrity as the pathology I believe it has become. The label "celebrity," until recently, was bestowed only on those with particular skills and talents or, on the darker side, on those who committed the most heinous of crimes.

As the media, inveterate promoters of celebrity, became more visual over the course of the twentieth century, physical attractiveness and beauty

became another road to fame. This has led to the currently bizarre media circus featuring professional celebrities who are famous merely for being famous. These are the ones who tend to be so invested in their personas that they've come to believe their personas are them. They will always be "on." However, this is a relatively new phenomenon spurred on by the paparazzi and multiple cable TV channels. Back in the 1960s and '70s this obsession with celebrity was just getting into gear.

Genuine celebrities—if that isn't an oxymoron—those whose fame is based on talent or exceptional accomplishment, seem to fall into two broad categories, the first being those individuals who are so consumed by their own genius that there is little else in the world that is of interest to them. Mein Host's encounter with Salvador Dali in the St. Regis Hotel back in New York was a spectacular—yet not wholly unexpected—demonstration of this level of self-obsession. A subset of this category is those celebrities who practice a form of false modesty. These are the ones who appear to deny their celebrity and yet any conversation about general matters will sooner or later turn back to them. From what I'd observed of Eartha Kitt's behavioral patterns, I'd place the singer in this group. She'd been justifiably furious about the Vietnam War, yet her anger seemed to be more about her being angry, and my ward's conversation with her invariably turned back to her and her reactions to the war.

The second category is a somewhat smaller one, if I'm to judge from my ward's contacts. These are the celebrities who are confident enough in themselves not to need, or who actively dislike, the constant ego stroking they normally receive. This was best exemplified by my ward's unusually candid conversation with Robert Mitchum, whom he met at Hugh Hefner's mansion in Chicago. They must have chatted together for more than half an hour without my ward being aware who he was talking to, until he was told afterward it was Bob Mitchum. It amused me to watch the actor gradually realizing that my ward was genuinely unaware of who he was and settling into appreciating what must have been a rare enough occasion for him.

Donyale Luna also fell into this latter category in that she obviously enjoyed putting her persona aside.

Donyale seemed to have a great enthusiasm for LSD-25, as might be divined from her spiked brownie trick, and had been reveling in the entheogenic realms for some years. Most people would have perhaps found

her ideas and beliefs bizarre and otherworldly. As an example of this, after a little research we found Donyale Luna described by the journalist Judy Stone in a 1968 profile she wrote for the *New York Times* as “secretive, mysterious, contradictory, evasive, mercurial, and insistent on her multiracial lineage—exotic, chameleon strands of indigenous-Mexican, Indonesian, Irish, and, last but least escapable, African.”

Each of these observations touted by Ms. Stone makes it clear that the journalist was not only baffled by Donyale, but, from the unfortunate subtextual tone of her comments, she was also evidently somewhat resentful of her.

Mein Host, with his extensive experience with entheogens, was not only familiar with the metaphors Donyale used and the realms she inhabited, but he could also engage intelligently and discuss her ideas in light of his own explorations of other realities. Underneath all the “mystery” and “evasion” that seemed to confuse Ms. Stone, there was a very real, very loving, and extremely self-aware young woman who, like Mein Host, credited entheogens for much of what she’d learned about herself. Both of them, in their own way, knew what it was like to be the outsider; both had always felt differently from normal people; and both were at least half aware that they were hiding in plain sight.

It seemed to me as though they simply picked up on a conversation that had been continuing forever between them in the ethers.

Donyale, although five years younger than my ward, was far more worldly, having reached the pinnacle of success as one of the world’s first supermodels by the age of twenty-one. Yet the sense of mutual recognition they both felt, which neither was able to articulate, would have been far more evident had they been able to observe their emotional bodies during that first evening. This was very clear to me as I watched the two of them strolling back along the Roman streets, arms entwined. At six foot two they were both the same height—one, a tall black woman dressed entirely in white, the other, a tall white man dressed entirely in black. It was an unusual, though entirely natural match and one that caused the passing Romans to stop and watch the couple’s retreating figures, some clucking their disapproval, others making peculiarly Italian sounds of envy and approval.

Yet as I observed the pair it seemed to me that their emotional bodies were as entwined as their arms.

They parted with a hug and an invitation from Donyale to visit a friend of hers who owned a beautiful old villa on the Appian Way. She was sure Mein Host would be intrigued by the architecture.

Well, of course, he would be.

One of the principles Mein Host was encouraged to follow in his public relations position for the Process involved going along with whatever was suggested by the celebrity he was courting, so long as it didn't contravene Process practices. Thus, when Dr. Timothy Leary back in New York had suggested he take my ward up to Millbrook to stay in a tepee for a few days, he was free to follow up on the good doctor's invitation.

It may seem odd to the reader that I would have to make this point. After all, isn't everyone free to follow their own prompting?! Whether or not this holds true for the general population is arguable, given that most people are restricted by a web of familial, social, and economic obligations. Joining the Process community, however, meant setting aside all personal ambitions and obligations and to simply serve the organization and all it stood for. In point of fact, the community's life was much closer to a purely monastic existence in which my ward's freedom to slip away for a few days on a PR mission was the exception to the rule.

I have to respect Mary Ann's clever handling of Mein Host and the way she used his ability to connect with people. By letting him out on a long leash she allowed his mercurial temperament to express itself where it could be of most benefit to the community and, of course, to her own ambitions.

However, it had another effect on my ward, too subtle for him to notice at the time, and yet one that would ultimately provide a lifeline for when the right time came. Although, in his mind, my ward was obviously devoted to Mary Ann and the Process and, from what I've heard him say more than once, he was "in it for life," something new was stirring in his emotional and spiritual bodies. I could observe the changes, but I saw no sign that he was consciously aware of anything changing within him.

Among all the senior Processeans, and because of his so-called PR work, he had more close associations with people outside the community than anyone else. He would have vehemently disagreed had his colleagues suggested he was any less committed to the community than those who

stayed back in the Process chapter or that he was being corrupted or led astray by having so much contact with the outside world.

If Mein Host had summed up his life in the community during the bitter Roman winter of 1968, he would have likely said (as indeed he did, on several occasions) that as far as he was concerned the Process was still “the best game in town.”

The evening he would spend with Donyale Luna visiting her friend up the Appian Way would only serve to confirm this observation—yet in the most dramatic and unlikely way.

3

Entheogenic Shamanism

Up the Appian Way, Cowardly Temptations, Klaus Kinski's Fury, Natural Hierarchies, and an After-Death Message

As I watched the Atlantean islanders in those last few centuries going about their affairs and completely unaware of what was soon to befall them, I had a moment quite common among many observer angels. It was similar to, but not quite the same as, the state of mind I've heard my ward describe as déjà vu. Unlike that more ephemeral effect generally taking no more than a second or two, my moment was long-lasting, and went hand-in-hand with a sense of collective dread. The effect certainly wasn't ephemeral.

I was surprised at the intensity of my feelings. I'd seen catastrophes enough before (although I admit I've tried to avoid them too), so I had to assume it was changes in my own emotional body that must have been allowing me a deeper response.

I had been aware for some time how I'd been gradually more and more affected by what I'd been observing. It felt as though my emotional body was a balloon being stretched in every direction.

Angels are not particularly sentimental by nature—which is a blessing, because what we observe going on among the mortals in our everlasting lives would tear us to pieces if we had the capacity to become overemotional or nostalgic. That was how life has always been for us. And no doubt it still remains that way for those of my colleagues remaining aligned with MA and who maintain their posts on worlds not subject to the angelic revolution.

Yet I could feel this gradual coarsening of my emotions. It was a

curious experience, quite unlike anything I might have imagined. Whereas formerly if I were to witness a human tragedy, a hut burning down, for example, with an extended family trapped inside, I would take note, count, and care for those leaving their bodies as my order requires and turn away unaffected to fulfill my next task.

Now I was not only inclined to approach far closer to an event like a hut full of burning people, but, because I was no longer tasked with attending their ascending souls, I found I was developing an unpleasant fascination with the emotional features of the human death processes. It's not unlike the macabre human urge I see acted out these days on the highways of the world: slowing down for a better view of an accident. I too found myself wanting to test the intimations of a momentary mortality. These feelings drew me, and yet simultaneously they repulsed me.

Previously, when I'd felt danger approaching—as with Caligastia's war, or Lemuria's final downfall—I'd found good reasons to be off-planet to avoid the worst of the devastation. This time I was determined to resist that cowardly temptation, or at least resist it for as long as possible.

However, there was no reason for me to stay around agonizing unnecessarily, given the event I was anticipating was still seven hundred years in the future. Besides, I'd spent so much time focusing on Atlantis and the human developments in that part of the world that I realized I needed to broaden my scope.

It was still so new to me to make such a decision, to travel on my own intention rather than allowing myself to be drawn by *necessity* to this or that situation. I could still feel that original magnetic draw, but now I could override the impulse, or make the choice myself, independently. This I did when I turned my face eastward, back to the territories in the Middle East dominated by Prince Caligastia and his gangs of midwayers.

And what a social and racial mash-up I found there!

I'm no cultural ethnologist, but even I could see how the genetic strains of a number of the different races of humanity were gathering, or colliding in some cases, throughout the eastern end of the Mediterranean trough. I understood there'd been a flowering of civilization in the Nile Valley. Egypt had been benefiting for well over ten thousand years from a constant influx of

the more lively and artistic mixes of the bearers of violet blood emigrating west from Mesopotamia.

Those with a healthy dose of violet blood tended to be a gentle, peaceful people. I knew they'd been threatened over the centuries back in Mesopotamia by the local tribes who regularly swept down out of the hills, sacking the town that lay between the two great rivers. The inhabitants would wisely move out ahead of the invasions and set their camps well beyond the reach of the aggressors. When the warriors had stolen enough, and drunk and feasted enough, and wrecked enough to have gorged their hunger for violence and mayhem, they would grow bored and hanker for their women and for their lives at home.

After the warriors disappeared back into the hills, the citizens of the town would quietly return and patiently rebuild their dwellings and their lives. Until the next invasion. Understandably, this created a steady level of attrition over the years as the young and ambitious set out on the long journey across the increasingly desertified Arabian Peninsula to the Nile Valley.

There came a time when the population of the town between the two rivers had shrunk to barely a few thousand individuals. Those who remained were unwilling or unable to risk the hazardous trail across the desert. They were also just as unwilling and incapable of taking up arms against the invading tribes. They had long considered the invaders an inferior race, and they believed it beneath their dignity to fight with them. So by the early part of the fourteenth millennium their once thriving town set on the fertile ground and watered by the two rivers lay deserted and in ruins, the last of its population scattered far and wide. Some ended up on the Indian subcontinent; others settled throughout the Persia and Afghanistan region; the bulk moved up northward, some turning west toward Egypt to join their predecessors. Still others bravely made it through the mountains into the heart of Europe.

Some of these migrations took centuries, while others took thousands of years for humans to creep across the landscape. The ice was steadily retreating, creating more and more territory available for human habitation. The ingenious among them were busy devising ways of surviving in the chilly temperatures.

The town between the rivers crumbled still further, centuries of sandstorms burying the ruined remains well beneath the surface. Millennia later, other towns and then other cities would unknowingly be built on top of

the buried ruins in a cycle of destruction that has become a continuing pattern of human development. Although the final downfall of Mesopotamian culture in the fourteenth millennium was not the first collapse of a once successful civilization, as it was close to the edge of the modern era, the tragedy of its destruction has become one of the more dominating imprints in the World Mind. It reinforced the growing impression that however god-fearing or successful a human community became, it would be bound to end in disaster.

When I arrived in Egypt it was quickly apparent I had misjudged the state of the country's development. It was woeful; quite different from what I believed to be occurring in this so-called center of learning.

Of course I already knew the damage the Atlantean pirates had inflicted had undermined any chance of an effective Egyptian oversight along the Atlantic coastline, but I hadn't expected the state of decay I would find in the towns along the Nile Valley. I could see the river had recently altered its course as a result of a mild earthquake, leaving the towns, in some cases, as many as thirty-five miles from the river's new course. The towns had once been entirely dependent on the waters of the Nile for fishing, as well as for travel, for the transport of goods, and, most importantly, for the regularity of the floods that watered the crops. These towns and settlements were now crumbling back into the desert.

I also learned there'd been countless years of famine in the south, and the Saharan people had been pouring into overstressed Egyptian towns for almost a century and a half. The boundaries of the towns had already been extended, with the influx of natives from the south and west squatting in a wide swath around the town walls.

The river changing its course (in a single night, or so I overheard) had evidently been the last straw. Life in the towns had already become intolerable for most native Egyptians, and they had left for the large coastal cities well before this most recent disaster with the river. Order had completely broken down and new conflicts had emerged. These conflicts were between the gods and goddesses (read, rebel midwayers) that the desert people had brought with them and the midwayers who were well established as divinities in the early Egyptian pantheon.

In the larger coastal communities the priests of the Egyptian gods and goddesses still maintained their power—although it had been much

diminished. Yet the violence erupting in the southern regions, fueled by the conflicts between the rebel midwayers, was bound to move north sooner or later and disrupt life in the coastal cities.

However, as I've observed occurring among communities of human beings when the social order breaks down and people flail around not knowing which way to turn, or who and what to trust, or in whom to place their faith, sometimes out of all this darkness and strife will emerge a point of light. Often it'll be a new approach to understanding the human condition and the ways of the cosmos. A Jesus Christ will emerge in the midst of a brutal Roman occupation; a Copernicus, when learning is buried beneath centuries of superstition; or a Nikola Tesla, when the world has slumbered in electrical darkness for three millennia.

In this case, though, it wasn't a person or a creed; it wasn't an enlightened leader or a loyal midwayer; it wasn't a prophet or some religion's savior. In this case these were far more ancient entities who had been lurking at the very edge of human life for as long as men and women foraged and fossicked around in the forests for grubs. These entities were the plant spirits who spoke loudest through certain mushrooms, or through the ergot fungus, or the bark of an iboga tree. They were entities who would terrify some people and entrance others, carrying a few to the highest heavens.

These plant entheogens became known as the Plants of the Gods. They were used in every culture throughout the ancient world and had many names, yet in all cases they reflected something of the sacred. The few individuals who found themselves drawn to working with these plant entheogens became the shamans and the healers of their communities. Thus, over the millennia, these shamans and their sacred plants spread their subtle influence all the way across the prearchaic world, from Mongolia to India, throughout the Middle East, and all the way across North Africa.

In many ways the shaman became a necessary antidote to the repressive influence of the rebel midwayers working through their compliant priests. This gulf is the same gap you'll find between priests and shamans, which continues to this day in communities that still have a few shamans. Mein Host has had the chance to observe firsthand the intensity of the hatred and envy underpinning this gulf when he heard a pleasant and a well-meaning Hindu priest in Bali expressing his loathing of a powerful local shaman. Interestingly enough, my ward reports that on meeting this particular shaman,

he saw no sign the healer held the Hindu priest in such a bad light.

In some of these ancient cultures traditions arose that coupled the significant yearly rituals with the mass consumption of an entheogenic brew and a guided tour of the underworld. In other communities the shaman became the one to take the sacred brew; thus it became only the shaman who spoke with the spirit of the plant. It was the shaman who used the plant's visions to guide the hunters, who assisted the dead in finding the light, and who could reassure the living of an afterlife to come. The shaman's credibility stems from the depth of his or her knowledge of the transcendent realms.

I have heard it said by more than one shaman that the plant spirits have told them of a wonderful secret they've held for their human cousins-in-the-flesh. These shamans say the plant spirits have been the recipients of the informational waves that ripple regularly through the ether, supporting and illuminating the flowering of consciousness in the higher primate brain/mind connection. It was the vibrational frequency of these incoming information waves, the ones originally intended for the mortal mind, that were now being diverted to the plant realm after the Lucifer uprising.

"It is the spirit of the sacred plants who comes forward when the need is there," an entranced shaman announced when I encountered him in the midastral realms. "It has always been so. They are our allies and guides. We ignore them at our peril."

As I considered in retrospect this claim that the wisdom of the plant spirit appears when the need is present, the most recent occurrence of this would have to be the almost simultaneous development of the atomic bomb in the early 1940s and Dr. Albert Hofmann's synthesis of lysergic acid diethylamide from the ergot fungus.

There was a resonance here, I thought, with that period in the mid-to-late fourteenth millennium, when it seemed once again that another human culture was drifting into decay and disillusion. The general ambient psychic atmosphere I experienced in Egypt when I first arrived there was akin to what I've felt accompanying my ward over the latter part of the twentieth century. The fear and distrust generated in human beings by cruel and manipulative midwayers masquerading as divinities (which is why the ancients were always so desperate to appease and propitiate their gods) was not altogether dissimilar to the fear and the sense of personal impotence produced by the

constant threat of thermonuclear annihilation.

I've observed that the causes of individual powerlessness in the face of an overwhelming and pitiless threat, whether the threat is a rain of atom bombs or a Zeus-like creature with a short temper and a free hand with thunderbolts, are of less relevance to a concerned human being than the challenge of regaining personal power.

One of the problems humans have in facing the concept of "regaining personal power" is that most mortals are not aware they *have* any personal power, beyond the most rudimentary, in the first place. I've heard it said among humans that it's necessary to lose something of profound value in order to treasure it sufficiently to wish to regain it.

In the narrative I'm following of my ward's life he is at the stage of having given away his personal power to Mary Ann and the Process and isn't yet aware of what he has done, or how serious his situation really is. Nor is he aware of the dues yet to be paid.

* * *

My ward set off in a taxi with Donyale Luna and his old friend Peter, now Father Malachi—his Processean pair for the evening's outing—to meet this mysterious friend of Donyale's in his villa up the Appian Way.

The taxi driver was proudly proclaiming how ancient the Appian Way was. "The oldest road in the world," he'd told them. "We call it the Queen of Roads. It's long, long road!"

"When was it built? What century?" my ward leaned forward to ask. The three of them were crushed together in the backseat, so in reaching forward he brushed awkwardly against Donyale's body. I heard him say later that the physical contact was like a burst of exotic scents and that the air in the cab suddenly filled with her musk.

"Maybe three century, four century . . .," the driver mumbled. Surely he should know the facts more exactly, if he was so proud of his Queen of Roads.

Malachi asked, "BCE or CE? Before Christ, yes?"

"Si, si." For some reason that I couldn't discern, the driver's voice had taken on an impatient tone. "What I said . . . maybe four century before

Jesus," and then his tone became softer again; the thought of Jesus must have touched him. "But it's long road . . . long, long road."

My ward leaned back again as the cab bumped along the oversize cobblestones of the oldest road in the world. Out of the window could be seen old trees draped over stone walls, then an ancient villa, then a stern line of cypress trees, then it was wood gates and churches, and then more churches. All this flickered briefly in the taxi's headlights as the car jolted along the narrow road.

"Like being in an old black-and-white Italian film," Father Malachi said, and they all laughed because that is exactly what it looked like. Yet, the laughter had an edge of nervous excitement to it. Donyale, ever secretive, hadn't yet told the others the identity of this mysterious person they were about to descend upon.

If the Appian Way was threatening to be a "long, long road," I imagined all three were mightily relieved when the cab finally lurched to a halt after a mere half an hour.

Sliding and wriggling their bodies out of the backseat of the tiny Fiat taxi, they stretched their long limbs. Malachi was well over six feet tall, as were most of the senior male Processeans. He was more thickly built than my ward, or Donyale of course, so the ride had been more of a squeeze for him.

Malachi had a broad face with high cheekbones set under a heavy brow, a visage that might have looked vaguely threatening if it wasn't for the twinkle in the man's eyes. Occasionally his face would crinkle with smile creases, and he'd throw back his large head with a great guffaw of laughter. His hair, beard, and mustache at that point in his life were dark, and his long hair tended to be uncombed and curled around his head and shoulders. Together with his black cloak and Process uniform, this gave his whole ensemble the saturnine gloss of dark matter. In short, Father Malachi was a fine-looking specimen of Irish manhood, even if he did have something of the brigand about him.

Yet for all that, Malachi has remained one of the kindest, most gentle, most viscerally averse to expressions of violence, and one of the most thoughtful and gifted of my ward's close friends. And certainly among the most humorous!

His friendship with my ward stretched back for a few years before

they'd both joined the Process. Thus have they now been the best of friends for more than fifty years. They'd first met when they shared an apartment with four others in London in the early 1960s. This was when Mein Host was studying architecture and Malachi was working as a time and motion expert, measuring and assessing worker efficiency for a major English food corporation colloquially known as "Joe Lyons."

Two floors beneath the London apartment in which they had lived, the blues musician Sonny Boy Williamson was staying with Giorgio Gomelsky, who is known for being an early manager of the Rolling Stones. Giorgio was a sometime manager of the Yardbirds and of Brian Auger and the Trinity as well as some other progressive jazz-rock bands. Giorgio was a farsighted man who has long been recognized by those in the know as one of the seminal influences on progressive rock and jazz fusion—and yet, who had chosen to remain behind the scenes. Much later, in 1989, Giorgio produced a successful benefit concert in New York for the subversive Czech group the Plastic People of the Universe. This not only made the band more widely known in the West but has been credited for helping inspire the Czech Velvet Revolution later that same year.

Malachi and my ward are both musicians who enjoy jamming together—Malachi playing keyboard to Mein Host's acoustic guitar—yet neither had chosen to try to make a career out of music . . . let me pause for a moment: My ward wants to assure me he never played well enough to become a professional musician.

"Besides," he's telling me, "I've always wanted to go on actually *enjoying* playing music. If I had to do it professionally I can't imagine actually enjoying being a success and having to play the same damn song a thousand and one times. Or, if I failed—a far more likely prospect—I'm not sure I'd know when to quit . . . I'd go on plugging at it forever and ever . . . and then I expect I'd start resenting the music.

"I love music and still play for the pleasure of it, so I'm glad for the good sense of my young self for not falling for the glitz of the music scene. As far as I know, Malachi feels much the same."

So it was that Malachi and my ward would sometimes find themselves downstairs hanging out with Giorgio and listening to Sonny Boy Williamson wailing on his harp, getting the most otherworldly range of sounds out of a simple, single-key, blues harmonica.

Malachi has always been a man very much of his own mind—I've heard him been called stubborn more than once. Yet he had been swept up by the Process much as my ward had been when he'd originally volunteered to be Mary Ann and Robert's guinea pig while they were perfecting their new system of psychotherapy. Malachi had first met Mary Ann and Robert through Mein Host, and, although he had joined up a few years later than his friend, he had risen rapidly through the ranks. As an Irishman with the gift of the blarney, Malachi, who was both erudite and extremely funny, had proved his worth as editor of PROCESS magazine. In this he worked alongside Mein Host, its art director. The pair knew each other so well that they were able to work remarkably smoothly together despite being so different in temperament.

Let's follow these three unlikely characters as they entered the courtyard to the mysterious host's villa through the creaking, wooden double doors.

And, yes, they were a most unlikely sight!

After having unwedged themselves from the taxi, the three of them regrouped. With Donyale in her flowing white silk in the middle of the two black-garbed Processeans, it gave the trio the momentary look of an immense, squished Oreo cookie. They appeared to have fused together during the bumpy cab ride in a similar way to certain saturated solutions that sometimes crystallize when physically shaken. They seemed to be moving as one person in slow motion toward the front door of the villa. The place looked far smaller than the two Processeans had been led to believe—smaller and a great deal darker.

Donyale yanked hard on the bellpull and paused. She was still holding the chain and looking at the others with an amused expression on her beautiful face, as somewhere deep inside they must have heard the stuttering of a bell. Another yank on the bellpull from Donyale and yes, they were sure of it. They straightened up and waited . . . and waited . . . and waited.

Just as Donyale reached again for the bellpull, the curve of her high brow furrowing with concern, a loud buzzing issued from an archaic intercom set in a side wall, which they apparently hadn't noticed. Odd that! Donyale must have been there before. A harsh, metallic voice ordered them in, and the intercom screeched electronically at them before clicking off as suddenly as it had buzzed on.

The hallway was dark and led to the left, directly into a large, square room with a ceiling some twenty feet high and ringed on three sides by a balcony that led to the upstairs rooms. The carpeted floor of the large room was four steps lower than that of the hallway, its wood parquet flooring forming a low platform across the end of the room closest to the entrance.

The room itself was dark, and, from what they could make out in the gloom, it was sparsely furnished. All the woodwork of the paneling and balustrade was stained dark brown with age, making it feel unused and uncared for. It was a room that didn't invite people in.

The three of them were standing side by side on the platform, clearly unwilling to take any further steps. There was no one there. The place appeared empty. I'm sure that was strange for them, although perhaps not so much for Donyale, who must have had some idea of what was happening.

Malachi leaned forward slightly and caught my ward's eye, his formidable brow wrinkling with amused concern.

There was then a loud click, rendered all the louder by the sullen silence of the place, and a light flicked on up on the balcony at the far side of the room. There was still no one to be seen. The three of them made no movement.

Was this as puzzling for them as it was for me? Shouldn't Donyale call out to the host? Whatever could she be waiting for? Whomever this mystery person was going to be, he certainly wanted to make a dramatic entrance!

As this thought occurred to me there was a sudden movement upstairs, and then appeared a figure dressed entirely in white, his face limned into shadow from the light behind him, making it unrecognizable. He didn't speak but stepped forward grasping the balustrade with both hands, his arms spread wide, his body leaning forward like a gargoyle on the facade of a Gothic cathedral.

It was only then that the two Processeans got a glimpse of his face. It was distorted into a hideous mask of fury (and this was no metaphor; his face could have been the template for a mask of a Chinese demon). He looked from one to another of his guests, who remained standing below him, still in a line at the entrance.

Then he spoke. No, he didn't exactly speak. Right off the top the man was shouting, screaming harsh and bitter words as spittle sprayed out of the

corners of his mouth, catching the light like falling sparks. His guttural roar was incomprehensible. Was he speaking English? German? Was it Italian? Was he directing his fury at Donyale? At my ward? At all three of them? He didn't appear to be that selective.

Was this all a terrifying practical joke? Was it the Roman way of greeting strangers? Was the man certifiably mad? Was he rehearsing for the role of a wrathful deity?

But no. Surely he would have stopped by now had it been a joke or a rehearsal. The shouting continued unabated. No one could get a word in; no one was even trying. There was no point. The words, if that's what they were, were pouring out in an unbroken torrent of ferocity, slashing at the ether with thoughtforms of swords and daggers.

Donyale and the two Processeans stood as though pinned to the wall by those daggers as the tirade continued. I believe it was at about this point in the mystifying drama that Mein Host finally realized who it was raging at them.

Had Klaus Kinski stopped there, they all might have been able to laugh it off. Both Processeans were familiar with some of Klaus Kinski's movies and knew the actor made no secret of his emotional instability.

But, of course, the man's fury couldn't, or wouldn't, allow him to cease. He was so entirely carried away by the grandeur of his outrage, so consumed by a madness that would have him railing as uncontrollably at Werner Hertzog (and everybody else within earshot) some years later, and so clearly admiring of his display of passion that he'd no intention of stopping. Or indeed, he may have been so possessed by his demons that stopping was out of his control altogether.

As the three of them edged out of dark, embittered room, Kinski's raving curses followed them through the door and may well have been continuing as they picked up another taxi back into the city.

Donyale was strangely quiet as they bumped back along the Appian Way. She was a very cool customer. At the time it didn't appear that she'd been in the slightest bit perturbed by Kinski's unaccountable outburst.

But, then, she would have had to know something the Processeans did not! And it didn't look like she was going to tell them the truth just yet.

* * *

The emergence of shamanism—and I'm using this term to cover a wide variety of practices centered on personal communication with the spirit world—in the fifteenth and fourteenth millennia was really a reemergence of a far more ancient series of beliefs. Over the many previous millennia shamans had appeared intermittently in different places all over Asia before getting chased out of their communities, as they frequently were, by the local priests who'd fallen under the influence of Prince Caligastia's rebel midwayer. Yet there have been shamans as long as there have been souls courageous enough to work with sacred power plants to explore the psychic and spiritual realms.

Shamans were afforded great respect in the later period of the Lemurian civilization, and because they were considered essential to a healthy community many of them emigrated with other islanders on the Pleiadean arks. However, well before the Islands of Mu had been threatened with destruction, the community elders encouraged a number of their local shamans to accompany the various Lemurian diasporas across the globe. Some of the more influential shamans settled in Mongolia and Tibet, and you will still find echoes of Lemurian shamanism in the pre-Buddhist practice of Bon. The long-lasting belief in the Divine King, for example, stemmed directly from the Lemurians' profound love and devotion they felt for Vanu. While the more profane and corrupt tyrants, those who've become convinced of their own divinity, owe more to Prince Caligastia's influence and his spurious claim of being the God of this World.

Ironically, Vanu, wherever he currently is, must surely be boiling mad at his posthumous promotion to godhood. In his view it would have been a blasphemy that he absolutely forbade all through his long life on Earth. However, after MA recalled Vanu and Amadon and they mysteriously disappeared from Lemuria some twenty millennia earlier, cults had grown up around both of them. They would come to be known and worshipped as the Divine Twins in much of the American continent as well as in many other parts of the world.

Thus it was that this erroneous belief in god-kings was spread far and wide following in the wake of the Lemurian missionaries. Vanu and Amadon would have been shocked at the way this unfortunate misconception has been so brutally abused down through history. The concept of the god-king has exerted such a hold over the popular human imagination that it has weathered

the horrors of megalomaniacal Roman emperors—such as Nero and Caligula, as well as many other self-anointed god-kings like France's Louis XIV—to persist into the modern era as the Divine Right of Kings.

The root of this delusion is not hard to diagnose. It is deeply coded into the animal aspect of human behavior. As with any creature that lives in a pack or a social group there will be a natural hierarchy based on strength and/or intelligence. Pack leaders become clan leaders become tribal leaders become national leaders become the tyrants, kings, premiers, and presidents —some of whom may well *still* believe themselves divine. Or, the delusion's more hypocritical version, a leader who claims to be representing God's wishes when taking a nation into war merely to further the leader's own personal ambition.

In fact, with the exception of Adam and Eve's attempts to create and develop a well-balanced people, there has never been in the history of the world a truly egalitarian society—as such an ideal is currently understood. This should indicate that such hierarchies with their leaders and followers are an unavoidable factor of human social development. Take courage, therefore, that the tyrant's days are passing, and know that Adam and Eve's example, brief though it was, contained all the seeds of an ideal egalitarian society.

In fact, such a shift in viewpoint would have a significant impact on how different human societies attempt to manage themselves. Rather than the painful contortions that societies go through in trying to introduce greater equality—whether racial, sexual, or economic, or any other of the social injustices—would it not be far more appropriate to place the emphasis on a thorough training of potential leaders and on more effective methods of choosing them?

I'm sure the patient reader will be relieved to hear that I have no intention of pursuing this somewhat simplistic analysis any further. I feel no need to state the obvious, because the facts of social inequity are now clear enough for all to see. Besides, a program such as the one I would suggest is probably inconceivable under the current political circumstances.

I'll simply make one final point: When you pass over to the higher realms you will find a hierarchy present among all celestial orders and ascending mortals. However, these are natural hierarchies. Each being is precisely where they can function at their highest potential. There is no competitive fight among them for the top spot. The competition, if there is

competition, is with the self; to continually rise to the challenge of perfecting the self.

The reason I've taken this small digression is to suggest an intriguing similarity existing among the fading of the Nile Valley power in the fourteenth millennium; the rather more rapid fall of the Soviet empire; and the current problems facing the American hegemony. In these cases—and every other case too—such societies can survive and continue to thrive only when they have developed a way of ensuring the selection of a more enlightened leadership.

However, enlightened leaders tend to spring from the more mature cultures in which one of the general principles would be an emphasis on the perfection of the self. This is not mere narcissism but a far deeper impulse present in all beings—unless that impulse has been otherwise discouraged or repressed. It's in constantly reaching for goodness, truth, and beauty, both in the self and the self 's surroundings, that mortals grow in spirit.

Having just written this, I find I'm bound to question the Lucifer Rebellion in light of the claims that all sentient beings reach for perfection at the ongoing invitation of the Creator.

If Lucifer, Satan, and other key players in the angelic rebellion have been dismissed as insane by MA's agents, and the rebellion itself regarded as a product of that insanity, then what could have become of this impulse toward perfection among the protagonists? Am I to believe the urge toward goodness and truth was suddenly swamped by this so-called insanity? In *all* of them? Simultaneously? Surely not.

Is it then reasonable to suggest that the original success of the rebellion in attracting so many angels to its cause was also simply the result of Lucifer's insanity? Or as MA's records state, that we angels were dazzled by Lucifer's rhetoric? Or that we were unable to discern that we were being led astray by the leaders we'd long respected and revered?

I'm sure I don't need to highlight the arrogance of these assumptions and the inherent contradiction in suggesting we angels might have been dazzled by the brilliance of our leaders who they claim were insane. I don't find insanity dazzling or particularly brilliant!

Although I've previously noted that I believed Prince Caligastia had been showing signs of a growing mental instability, as demonstrated by his

claims of divinity, insanity is simply too simplistic, as well as inflammatory, a label with which to dismiss Lucifer and his revolution.

If the rebellion and its leading protagonists could be so conveniently dismissed, then doesn't this suggest there can be little or nothing to be learned from such an act of insanity and its consequences?

I'm sure you can tell by now it's thoughts such as these that take me back to one of my central themes in this narrative: Was there a level of intentionality and meaning to the Lucifer Rebellion that transcended the social and political exigencies of the Local System? Was there a larger drama being played out, which, for its own reasons, needed a rebellion? Were Lucifer and Satan and the other rebel leaders merely pawns in light of the designs of an even higher agency?

If it is true, as MA claims, that the values being specifically studied and displayed in this Local Universe are "mercy and forgiveness," then doesn't Lucifer's revolution and its many consequences, at the very least, provide the most fertile turf for the practice of mercy and forgiveness? And, if mercy and forgiveness are to have any real meaning, then surely it is axiomatic that the forgiveness and mercy needs to be open to the most unforgivable acts and the most merciless beings.

Given the significance of the Local Universe tone of mercy and forgiveness (with each of the 700,000 Local Universes exploring and displaying its own particular tone), then a rebellion among the angels would ensure an appropriate arena for such profound acts of compassion.

I hasten to say I'm simply reviewing the circumstances of the revolution and what may have been behind it. I am not excusing or justifying any of the rebel protagonists or their acts. That is up to each one of us to assess in the larger historical context, given our individual level of self-awareness.

This narrative is the way I'm choosing to examine the past, to untie the knots of my many misconceptions, and to understand the hidden dynamics that lay beneath the rebellion and the past 203,000 years of chaos, violence, and the continuing injustices and social inequity on this planet.

As a Watcher—a rebel angel who has been declared an enemy subsequent to the rebellion—I can only remind MA's local agents of Christ's admonition for us to love our enemies.

So saying, I rest my case.

As I watched the spread of entheogenic shamanism reach the Nile Valley at the same time that the priests were losing their power over the people, I feared for the worst. I'd seen so many shamans killed or chased away by priests or followers of different midwayer cults, and I knew the Egyptian priests were facing a crisis.

What I didn't expect was what the priests actually did.

The priests agreed between themselves that rather than opposing the shamans, who were already starting to usurp their influence, the priests opened up to them and chose to learn from them.

Thus it was from shamans that the Egyptian pantheon and its cosmology became enriched by their far deeper practical experience with the subtle realms. The priests, being of a generally priestly nature, were not generally willing to follow the shamans in their entheogenic trances but instead constructed a *virtual underworld* based on what they were told by the shamans returning from their out-of-body voyages. This was one of the few times over the course of early human history that I've observed the priest class of any religion choose to assimilate, rather than suppress, a rival system of belief.

Yet just as there was a revival of culture in the Nile Valley due to this fortuitous entwining of psychic and spiritual influences, a new series of natural disasters was about to descend on this troubled world.

* * *

Donyale knew perfectly well why she had dragged Father Malachi and Father Micah along to Klaus Kinski's villa. She may even have counted on the actor's absurdly overheated reaction. She might even have staged the whole event for reasons of her own.

However, these were not the ideas Mein Host was entertaining in the cab back to Rome, as Malachi and he bantered together about their bizarre encounter, hoping, I imagine, that Donyale would tell them what all that shouting was about.

"Good God! I've never been screamed at like that before!" My ward was saying, fishing for an explanation and merely getting a sly smile from Donyale and a squeeze on his arm before she whispered in admiration, "No

one does anger like Kinski."

"You think it was put on?" Malachi wondered.

Donyale seemed to pause uncertainly. "It may have been . . . I couldn't tell. I went back and forth on it . . . but, yeah, I feel all in all it was genuine. Put it this way—I've never known anyone so consumed with his anger, who just went on and on. I didn't get a word of it . . . you?"

"I dunno, there was something very strange about the whole business," Malachi was saying thoughtfully. I saw Donyale give my ward another nudge and the suggestion of a wink. I could feel her genuine affection in the gesture.

But what *was* it she was trying to get across? I was as puzzled at that point as was Mein Host, who, from the look of his emotional body, was a little more smitten with Donyale than he was admitting to himself. They'd become extremely close over the previous few days, and no young, healthy lad could be blamed for being flattered by the attentions of such an exotically beautiful creature. She had respected his vow of celibacy, yet as was to frequently occur with other young women under similar circumstances, Donyale had let her love and affection for him flow more freely because there were no second-chakra complications.

This loving attention was bound to have affected my ward, but I was pleased to note he wasn't carried away with the emotion. It would not have been appropriate. Yet he has remained puzzled to this day about this entire scenario ever since it occurred more than forty years ago.

However, one of the benefits of his collaboration with a discarnate angel is that I can access this kind of information if his interest is genuine and if Donyale's permission for said access were to be given.

(After checking this out I find Donyale willing, anxious even, to cooperate. She *wants* to tell the truth.)

As it turned out, after Donyale died in 1979 one of the issues of continuing concern during her afterlife review was the way she'd used my ward to further her agenda. Here is Donyale speaking for herself.

> It wasn't how I hoped it would turn out. All I wanted was to provoke a reaction from Kinski. I thought I was in love with him, but what a monster! I couldn't get him to notice me. When I first saw Father Micah at the party I thought he'd be a good person to

make Kinski jealous. I didn’t know Malachi was going to come along as well, although it sure got a reaction from Klaus.

So, yes, I did set out to make friends with Micah, but then I started really liking the guy. It was lovely—we felt like the same person sometimes. We got so close, so fast . . . I’d never met anyone like him. We could talk, you know . . . about real things. I think I kinda loved him.

Then, naturally, I started getting all guilty. Micah was a nice guy; I didn’t want to do this to him. I didn’t know how Kinski was going to react. I thought he’d probably get angry . . . but I didn’t know he’d go crazy like that.

I was going to confess what I was trying to do. Maybe Micah might have gotten off on meeting Kinski. But then Malachi turned up and I reckoned that with both of them there Kinski wouldn’t try anything. It was sad; it was awful to get yelled at like that, ’specially because they didn’t know why they were there.

I wanted it to be a surprise for Micah . . . I thought he and Kinski might get along after he’d cooled down. We’d talked about reincarnation and life on other planets . . . Kinski would have been interested. But I realize I’m still justifying dragging Micah, yes and Malachi too, into Kinski’s hell without telling them anything. Or warning them. Or telling them the truth afterward. That’s what I’ve been feeling bad about.

So, Georgia, if I may rely on your finding a way of conducting my apologies for my behavior as well as expressing my gratitude for my brief time with your ward. He will be surprised to hear my knowing him became an important turning point in my human life. He was the first person to really see me, to see through the beauty and stuff. He didn’t seem to want anything from me, and he kinda knew I was different. It didn’t freak him out. He was different too. He knew it! [Coauthor’s note: He didn’t! Not really!]

I felt awful, setting him up like that. And when I did get to be with Kinski, that was awful too. In the end he actually threw me and my friends out of the villa. Imagine that! We’ve made up since Kinski passed over, so that’s cool. I just had this one matter

> to settle up with Father Micah, and, now that I've done that, I can move on. Because I imagine this matter was of more concern to me than to him, I hope his forgiveness will be forthcoming.

"Well, of course it is, Donyale," I hear my coauthor say on completing that sentence. "It was good knowing you too Donyale, however briefly. And I look forward to meeting you again under different circumstances."

With that I will draw the curtain on this completely unexpected interlude and leave my ward back in the Rome Chapter to experience the next challenge facing the community. And this one will be every bit as unexpected as had been the Kinsky Encounter.

4

A New Earth

Mother Earth Evolving, Cellular Mitosis, the Twofold Life, a Pagan Coupling Ceremony, the Emergence of God-Kings, and Dolphin-Riders

As I have previously stated, the purpose of this narrative is not to retell what is already known about the history of humanity, nor to repeat what has been recorded in the various sacred literature. No indeed! My heartfelt desire is to throw some light on what has been glossed over, or what has been hidden, or what has been distorted over the course of human history. Yet more personally important is my own modest attempt to discern the causes and meaning behind the increasingly turbulent global situation and the imminent collapse of this planet's biosphere.

It is clear from what I observe on a daily basis and from what I experience through the sensorium of my cowriter—to whom I've drawn even closer during this collaborative venture—is that the state of affairs on this world is reaching a crisis pitch. I won't bother to enumerate the current impending disasters, or the failures in leadership, or the hypocrisy and wickedness of so many of the actions of the great powers. If you're reading my words you'll be well aware of the inevitable problems that lurk ahead for this world.

I am, therefore, following my ward's unexpressed request to focus my attention briefly on the current moment and answer some of his most pressing questions, as well as to comment on other intuitions he may have about the state of the world.

"Georgia, from what you've already written," he asks me, "you've seen

a few of these planetary crises before. What have you learned that would be invaluable for us to know through the coming times?"

I reply, "Let me first put the concept of a planetary crisis in perspective. I've witnessed the devastation wreaked by earthquakes, tsunamis, and volcanoes, and I've seen the results of a widespread atomic war and what can occur when a comet approaches too close to a planet, yet I've never seen an entire planetary biosphere so close to the verge of collapse as this one. This will carry implications unlike any of the previous crises and, if allowed to continue for much longer, may well render the planet uninhabitable for a period while the biosphere restores itself."

If I'm brutally honest Georgia, it seems to me the vested interests most responsible for continuing to degrade the biosphere are simply too committed to business-as-usual to ever really change. I doubt if they'd be able to do it in time, even if they could. From this point of view, the future looks pretty dark, doesn't it?"

I reply, "From that primarily materialistic point of view, the future *is* dark, no doubt about it. But this is not simply a material crisis; materialists are liable to find themselves frustrated in their efforts to resolve the global crisis in purely physical terms. It is as much a spiritual, emotional, and mental crisis for every individual on the planet, and it will be in everyone's resolution of these issues that their immediate future will depend.

"Those people not in denial about the impending predicament should by now be aware that technological innovation will, at best, merely delay the inevitable, or even make it worse as the result of unintended consequences. Yet to announce such a realistic prediction publicly would be to invite accusations of defeatism—the materialists have no choice *but* to keep their faith in the promise of technology.

"It isn't up to me—or any angel—to predict the future in such uncertain times, but I can broaden the context in which to understand what is currently occurring on this planet. The most important factor to appreciate is that the planet herself is shifting from a third to a fourth level of density. Mother Earth, if you like, is on the move . . ."

"Mother Earth is growing up?"

"If you'd like to think of it that way . . . but better to see it as Mother Earth moving up through her own chakras."

“So, *she’s* moving her focus from the third to the fourth chakra . . . from the personal power center to the heart? Whatever could that mean, Georgia? In real terms?”

I reply, “I’ve already talked about the seven major chakras in the human body as portals to the seven primary dimensions: of mineral, plant, animal, human, angel, archangel, and the seventh—the crown chakra—the Divine. Just as each of you seek, consciously or unconsciously, to master each chakra, so Mother Earth can be thought to have gained mastery over the three lower chakras and is now in the process of rising into the heart of her matter.”

“What will that mean for human beings, Georgia?”

I reply, “It depends on each person. That’s the point, it’s about *individual* souls. Let me see if I can put it as simply as possible. As you will know, each human being—and angel, for that matter—contains the potential to respond to any situation with love, generosity, and trust; or, with fear, self-concern, and suspicion. It’s almost always a clear choice. The more everyone responds with love, the more they will live in the heart. When you respond with fear or hatred, you will find yourself trapped in the three base chakras. This means the people trapped in the lower chakras will refract their lives through the lens of their preoccupations and their fears.

“In contrast, those who clear their chakras by releasing the thought-forms that can lodge in the subtle energy bodies, and who learn to stay firmly in their hearts—these are the ones who’ll be lofted along with the New Earth into the fourth density.”

“This makes me uneasy, Georgia. It rings of a sort of Judgment Day . . . of us and them. Like we’re being judged by some standard that we’re unaware of . . .”

“This is nothing to do with any ‘judgment day,’ but judgment itself is unavoidable. You could more usefully think of it as *assessment.* It doesn’t carry quite the same critical weight. Yet humans are constantly assessing events and situations; you assess one another, and, if you are wise, you assess yourselves in the light of your own best intentions. Call this self-judgment, if you wish, but it is more realistically considered as a preparation for what lies ahead. And this, in short, means: Have you lived, and are your living, a loving and caring life; or are you living in a reality primarily ruled by fear and suspicion? No one has to be a yogi or a saint. Simply to have good and

fair intentions, and to have let go of the negative thoughtforms that hold the attention trapped in the material world will be sufficient to loft you, along with your planet, into the fourth density."

"So what will happen to those who *aren't* lofted into the fourth density?"

I reply, "They will carry on much as before, trying to apply their mechanistic solutions to a deteriorating global situation. They will barely notice the shift and will probably congratulate themselves on a sudden reduction of opposition to their agendas."

"And those who join Mother Earth in the fourth density? What of them?"

"Similar, but with some important inversions! Perhaps only the more sensitive will actually *feel* the shift as it will be extremely subtle. The shift will manifest through who the people truly are rather than through the masks used in the third-density domain. The concepts of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty will take on new meaning, while defensive or selfish thoughts and acts will become increasingly rare. Interest will turn away from the accumulation of wealth and power, turning instead to learning and personal creativity. There will be progressive projects that have struggled to find form amid third-density vested interests that will start manifesting, almost mysteriously, in the new fourth-dimensional Earth.

"Of course, there'll be challenges, but they will be the challenges of the mind, the spirit, and the imagination. Just as the difficulties facing those remaining on third-density Earth will continue to be primarily experienced on the physical and material levels, so too will the challenges on a fourth-density world be more focused on a preparation for your Multiverse careers and helping to familiarize people with beings from other worlds who have access to the higher dimensions."

"It's alright, Georgia, I know you're talking about the future. I doubt if this will happen in my lifetime. So what will people find on this fourth-density world? What's it actually going to be like? Will there be nations? Governments? Police? Factories?"

"I'm not being evasive if I say I don't want to spoil the surprise. But you can probably extrapolate from what I've said. Suffice it to say it will be a very different world . . . Well, because you appreciate architecture, they will

find that what has been created and built with love and fine craftsmanship in the third density will continue to exist in the fourth. Governments, since you ask, will become far smaller, because people will be increasingly self-governing. They will see true statesmen and -women and authentically caring men and women emerging in positions of responsibility as national boundaries fade into irrelevance. A benign world government will come about, and contact with extraterrestrial intelligences will help introduce advances that will accelerate the development of practical issues."

"But the world population would have to be vastly reduced for this New Earth to thrive!"

I reply, "Nothing gets reduced. Do you see? Let's say the current world population is somewhat more than seven billion. The New Earth might scoop up, let's say, two or three billion, which leaves a manageable four or five billion people on a slightly more spacious Old Earth. So both groups of humanity will gain and neither will lose, at least not in that way."

"Won't those who find themselves in this New World have to start all over again? If only those buildings created with love survive, that's going to leave a lot of gaps."

I reply, "I call it the 'New Earth' for convenience. It's not really new. It's in fact the true 'Old Earth.' The Earth upon which you currently live is a sub-creation, manifested at the time of the rebellion. It's what I've heard others call 'a kindergarten reality,' manifested for Lucifer and the rebel angels to work out their salvation. The Vedas in their wisdom call this reality 'Maya.'

"But let's not confuse matters. The New Earth it is. There will, of course, be new creations, new buildings, more appropriate technology—but space flight will change much of that. Yet there will also be the very best of the old. And here's something that will interest you. I've previously shown how the loyalist midwayers have, down through the centuries, been stocking away their secret caches of the finest, the most sacred, and the most beautiful of humankind's artifacts, which otherwise would have been destroyed. You'll recall I referenced it as the true 'Treasure of Eldorado.' Well, those will be the artifacts they will find on the fourth-density world.

"Perhaps a convenient model can be found in the process of cellular mitosis, in which a mother cell divides into two identical cells that both carry

the original information. Each cell from then on will be subject to the environmental conditions in which it finds itself over the course of its life. So you can think of third- and fourth-density realities as starting off from the same point, allowing that those two cells start off with the same information. Then, over time, as generations of mortals pass through, everyone engaging as best they can with the impulses and challenges of the three base chakras—survival, sexual reproduction, and animal power—some will reach the heart, and for those moments of illumination they will have partaken in the fourth-density New Earth."

"So, for all I know, I might be sitting typing in my house on the New Earth right now, yes?"

"As long as you stay in your heart, yes, of course. You built your own house with loving care, didn't you? How is your life going? Are your relationships loving? Are publishers accepting your books? Are you having to struggle to survive?"

"I think perhaps I should leave it there, Georgia. You've rounded it out and left enough clues for an attentive mind to find of value. Thank you for lifting the veil."

It was in the Lemurian Mystery schools that I first heard of what the Lemurian scholars called "the twofold life" becoming most fully developed. The twofold life quite simply means the acknowledgment that humans are spiritual beings living material lives. This understanding also accompanied them in their various diasporas and in the colonies they'd developed, forming the basis of much of their teachings.

However, as any human society develops, there is the tendency for those societies to separate, over time, into ruling elites and the various levels of underclass. Even the noble Lemurians were no exception. The demands of survival and the requirements of child rearing, as well as the exercise of power, whether as aggressor or victim, all this becomes the central focus of mortal existence.

Yet, as the ruling elite exercises its dominance, the twofold life can easily become lost in the swirl of Maya. Ruling elites may have become superseded by corporate aristocracies in modern times; the dynamic is much the same. Ruling elites invariably find it to their advantage to deny any

considerations of the twofold life. They seek instead to create a single condition in which the vast majority of people have to struggle to make their way in life.

Many of those who return from a near-death experience, for example, having had a brief taste of the transcendent reality, find themselves being assured by so-called experts that the most sacred event of their lives was merely the result of their oxygen-starved brains. Not surprisingly, as my ward has observed, statements like that sound utterly ridiculous to anyone who has actually had a genuine NDE. Such experiences are certainly not chaotic or meaningless.

In fact, my ward has written of the extraordinary lucidity of his own NDE; how it was far from mere hallucination, but was exquisitely choreographed; how he encountered angels and was healed; and finally, how the NDE so completely transformed his life in a way that no hallucination or oxygen-starved brain ever could.

Almost all religions preach that these transcendent realms are only accessible after death and make exceptions solely for their eminencies such as Ezekiel or Mohammed or Jesus Christ. Saints, prophets, and seers are seldom given their due in their own lifetimes. They will often be an embarrassment to the organized religions from which they've emerged. Then, long after they've died, when it's safe to fold them into contemporary consideration, such icons become idealized creatures of myth.

However, when people act from the heart they don't need religions to control them or tell them who and how to worship. When someone acts from their heart, his or her life will become the act of worship.

Thus the twofold life, because it professes an attainable transcendence, has remained as a deep current running through the esoteric Mystery schools. There have always been certain individuals who have chosen to follow a spiritual path, and, dependent on their level of personal development, they will have known something of the New Earth, without perhaps knowing exactly where they were or what they were experiencing.

If I were to tell you that this experience of the New Earth, as I've observed it in my ward, is one of the deepest familiarity, perhaps you can identify with that particular state of consciousness. He tells me it's like coming home; of finally feeling safe and secure; of everything, from that

moment onward, reaching for perfection. Various religions identify this as a state of grace, or satori, or samadhi. Still others call it God consciousness, or cosmic consciousness. These are all variants on what it means to experience aspects of a fourth-dimensional realm.

In this model the heart becomes the link, or the bridge, between the three highest chakras and the three lowest ones. As the Old Earth is preoccupied with issues of survival, sexuality, and power, so the New Earth supports whatever is of continuing spiritual value. It's a subtle business because it's more a matter of accent or emphasis, of where the individual places her or his attention. The lower three dimensions continue to exist in the New Earth, just as the Old Earth maintains the top three chakras. Yet in the latter case, the top three chakras are held more as potentials, as the subtle-energy circuits or portals to be reached for by those readying themselves for their personal shift from Old to New World.

Whether this transformational shift suggested by the mitosis model will occur when predicted or prophesied is not for me to know. All I can tell you is that a collective shift *will* happen, and it will be sooner rather than later. I don't believe I'm betraying any secrets if I suggest that you who are reading these words will already be experiencing some features of the fourth-dimensional reality.

I'll say no more about this for a while as elements of what I've been writing here are occurring right now all around you. Such states of consciousness are subtle and generally extremely personal, and it's far more valuable for you to explore these realities and gain some familiarity with them for yourself.

Finally, if I may speak personally for a moment: My ward is urging me to take stock of myself. Well, perhaps you may have noticed a welcome softening of my tone following the discussion of present-day issues and challenges. I feel I can credit this to the gradual personal transformation I feel I've been undergoing over the course of writing this narrative.

This whole process is allowing me a far deeper empathy and understanding of mortal consciousness. This was never something I ever anticipated when I originally conceived of this exercise, and I'm left pondering if, perhaps, it might be a sign that the time for my own mortal incarnation might be drawing closer.

So with that tentative speculation, I'll continue with my narrative.

* * *

I have previously described the extensive cellars under the palazzo on Villa Julia as being damp and cold, but as the winter of 1968 set in with a renewed vigor, it became increasingly unpleasant for the Processeans huddling together for the warmth.

They had quickly accumulated—or, "retrieved," to use Process jargon for getting stuff for free—more blankets and sleeping bags, yet there were never quite enough to keep them comfortable as they shivered through the freezing nights. And the days too, given the watery Roman sun never reached into the cellar's frigid depths, the thick stone walls growing colder and colder. While at night, the Processeans' collective body heat created the inevitable natural cycle familiar to spelunkers who've spent nights in the coldest of caves. Their warm breath led to condensation settling on the stone walls, which then turned to ice as morning came. The patina of ice remained slick and shiny throughout the day while everyone was out on the streets selling magazines and Robert's books. Then, as night fell, the cycle would repeat itself, the ice thickening as the weather turned ever colder.

Up in their sumptuous apartment, Mary Ann was brewing plans with Robert that certainly promised to warm up the community—although not in a way any of them might have expected.

I was not privy to the details of Mary Ann's intentions at that point, because I was attending to my ward, who was now living with the others down in the palazzo's frigid cellars. Consequently, I will need to make certain assumptions based on what I subsequently observed.

I believe it was the concept of "Absorptions"—Process jargon for their arranged couplings—that must have been the catalyst for Mary Ann's plans. These weeklong "marriages" had been carrying on intermittently since they began in London during the previous year. These Absorptions were kept firmly under wraps while the Process continued to maintain that the members had willingly sacrificed their sexuality in their devotion to their gods. When everyone was on the move, as they'd been recently, there were no Absorptions. Now that they'd all gathered together in the Roman palazzo, it must have been deemed time to start them again. There was only one

Absorption in any given week, so it had taken some time to work through the couples who'd expressed some enthusiasm for the partner chosen for them by Mary Ann. Thus when news of the proposed Absorption—the first to be held in Rome—filtered down to them from the Omega, everyone seemed mightily surprised.

Those who've been following this narrative will recall my various descriptions of Father Aaron. Although highly intelligent, he lived so much in his head that my ward reports he never seemed comfortable with women. My ward has even speculated that Aaron could well have been a virgin before he joined the Process. In what seemed a most unlikely match, Father Aaron was to spend his week with a much more junior member of the community—a young American woman whom I'll call Sister Verona. She was one of those who'd joined the Process in New Orleans and quickly worked her way into the community by force of character and her considerable intelligence.

Mein Host first met Verona when he was in New Orleans, and, appreciating her considerable acumen, he'd taken her under his wing. As with many reincarnates, young Sister Verona was completely unaware of who she was, knowing only that she didn't fit in with anybody in her home city. Although alarmingly bright, she'd given herself over to heroin as a way of killing the pain of feeling so out of place. My ward had been firm with her, at one point throwing away her outfit, a neat metal box made for a glass hypodermic syringe, additional needles, a vial of white powder, a small spirit heater, and a blackened spoon.

Verona, like many of the community, was not a natural joiner. Becoming a member of a cult wasn't a career move that would have entered her thoughts up to the time she met my ward and the other Processeans. Although a few people might have joined the Process because they were attracted to its religious philosophy and its psychological insights, those people generally didn't last very long. Others may have erroneously believed that community life was an easy one, a way of avoiding their responsibilities. These individuals got a rude awakening when they were required to show their commitment by working all hours for the Process for up to two years before actually becoming officially an IP (Internal Procession), a true member of the community. There were some, like Verona, who recognized a particular Processean with whom they could identify—often without quite knowing why. If pushed, Verona, for example, might have called the

community her “true family” or simply said that she felt she was exactly where she was meant to be.

I have heard Mein Host recently raising this issue: Had it been generally understood that the Process—as well as a number of other contemporary cults and spiritual groups—was, to put it directly, a repository for incarnated rebel angels, would it have helped or hindered the growth of the group? Although by no means all members of the group were rebel angel incarnates, many of the original group, as well as some of those who joined the community later, were drawn together because they unwittingly shared this common spiritual heritage.

As my ward now understands, his thirteen years with the Process served this particular aspect of his nature. He says that from his early twenties he intuitively knew this was his last incarnation on this level. Not knowing quite what that meant—he wasn’t religious at the time and had barely given any thought to reincarnation—he must have pushed the insight aside. (It was in discovering that others in the Process had much the same intuitive awareness that my ward must have felt he’d stumbled on people like himself who were also exploring the deeper truth of their natures. This deeper truth, of course, although undiscovered by the group, was that Mein Host and many of his fellow Processeans were, in fact, rebel angels in mortal bodies. However, the very concept of angels as *real beings* would have been utterly foreign to him and would continue to remain so until a rainy afternoon in 1973, after which angels would become very real indeed.)

Yet despite being consciously unaware of his angelic heritage, and without really knowing what was meant by this being his last incarnation, there was a consequence to his insight that proved invaluable in accelerating his own process. It created in him a long-standing desire for as many different experiences as possible if he wasn’t going to be coming back. Whether or not he gave any serious thought as to how intense and extreme these experiences might turn out to be, I can’t say. I had no access to my ward’s mind at that time.

Yet I’ve come to understand, largely over the course of writing this narrative, that there was some wisdom to his choice. Life in the Process was indeed providing him, and the others like him, precisely the wide variety of intense experiences from which they could draw their own conclusions about themselves.

It was this sense of unaccountable kinship that, in turn, drew others like Sister Verona and allowed them to settle easily and naturally into Process life, working hard at the chores given to them as the most junior members of the community.

Mary Ann, as was her way when she spotted someone she could use to her advantage, had been keeping a close eye on young Sister Verona through her various matriarchal proxies. So by the time the Omega arrived in Rome, Sister Verona had become something of a favorite of Mary Ann and had frequently spent personal time with the Omega in a way no other junior members were privileged to do. This rare honor, together with Sister Verona's forceful personality, had not endeared her to her peers, although senior Processeans, knowing all too well how quickly word would get to Mary Ann, made sure to treat the ambitious young woman attentively, while keeping her at a respectful distance.

I mention these details because the union of Father Aaron and Sister Verona seemed such an unlikely coupling. In retrospect, because there's no doubt it was Mary Ann who had orchestrated the Absorption, it's easier to see what she was up to.

This was not going to be a regular Absorption!

Unlike other such unions, from what I could observe of this pair's emotional bodies there seemed to be little natural attraction between them. Father Aaron was so uncomfortable in his physical body that he was almost entirely out of contact with his second chakra; most people took him to be asexual. Sister Verona, in her turn, was a highly sexually charged young woman under her surface gloss of cool indifference. In appearance she was small and compact, with short, dark hair cut to frame her face, which was broad and constantly animated. Without being a classic beauty, she had a vitality and a genuine interest in whomever she was interacting with. This lent her an air of sexual magnetism. Her greenish brown eyes glinted with intelligence, and, in spite of a manner that could be brassy and bossy, Sister Verona appeared a genuinely kind and caring person.

But as would be confirmed in time, Sister Verona was also a cunningly ambitious woman who will come to play a central role in the drama that hurried along the inevitable demise of the community as an authentic, contemporary, Mystery school.

* * *

I know Mein Host will be amused to hear more about when I encountered him for the very first time. I have already dropped a hint earlier in my narrative, so it won't come as a complete surprise. My ward is unlikely to have any cellular memory, and certainly no conscious recollection, of the event that, in itself, was entirely uneventful.

It happened in this way.

When I sensed the growing imminence of the first of the unfortunate tragedies to strike Atlantis, I'd moved back there from my stint of observing what was happening in the Nile Valley.

I was struck first by how the people of the Atlantean islands had become even further polarized than when I was last there. The wave of shamanism I'd seen moving west from Asia never had a chance to reach Atlantis, so the common people and the slaves of the islands had no access to the shamanic reality. This had rendered the people to become ever more firmly under the control of the priests and kings, who now held absolute dominion over all aspects of Atlantean life. There had been a time when the Atlantean kings and their ruling clans had overseen the kingdom with justice and genuine authority. Yet their long history of piracy and power-mongering carried the seeds of corruption that ate away at their souls, finally atrophying their moral compass.

When I arrived back on the Atlantean islands the society was well on its way to becoming what you might recognize as a mafia state. When I inquired of another Watcher as to how this decline had come about so quickly, I could feel the deep sadness in her tone.

"I fear for the islanders," I heard her in my mind, as a torrent of terrifying images flew across my vision. "There was so much blood but I couldn't turn away, I couldn't stop the flow." Then she contined, "It started at the top . . . with the ruling families . . . there was a poisoning, that set it off. Worse still, their god-king collapsed and died in front of all the families, in the middle of their most important sun ceremony of the year. And he was *supposed* to be *immortal*! That's what destroyed the illusion."

I knew how delicate was the balance of power between the five dominant family clans that emerged from the centuries of looting and piracy. Over time they'd found that the most effective way of keeping power was

through the institution of a god-king, but it was a dangerous and ultimately self-defeating fraud from the start. The five clans agreed between themselves to choose the god-king from the clan elders of each family in turn, to take his place as the sixth member of the ruling junta. This posting was regarded among the families as a way of preventing any single clan from being overly favored. This sixth elder, although believed by the masses to be the supreme god-king of the increasingly powerful Atlantean nation, was really intended to be a brake on the system.

"No one knew who killed him," the Watcher broke into my thoughts, "so they all suspected one another, and before long there were duels to the death, one leading to another . . . Were you around for that?"

When I'd left the islands last time there'd been an uneasy truce between the clans, because the riches were continuing to roll in . . .

"That was starting to dry up," the Watcher murmured in my mind, and there were the images again. This time they were of boats returning empty; of coastal towns sacked so often they'd been deserted by any remaining inhabitants; fights breaking out between members of the same clans. (*That* I had never seen before!)

The Watcher cut in again. "Once the god-king died, all the suppressed anger and envy broke loose . . . the duels didn't settle anything but personal animosities between individuals. It didn't stop there. Soon, it was clan against clan . . . and yes, to answer your question, somehow they did manage to contain the fighting. Luckily, the violence never spread to the slaves, except for a few random scuffles."

I hadn't observed any of this fighting in my quick survey of the islands, just a thick smog of suppression. I had felt the familiar boot of the tyrant in the atmosphere and guessed something must have changed for the worse.

Gazing downward at the islands, the Watcher remained quiet for a long moment. I thought at first she was dropping her head in shame, yet there was nothing for her to be ashamed of—like me, she was only a Watcher after all. I could see the ocean far beneath us sparkling in the early morning sun. The great canals encircling the main island of Atlantis curved out of sight, obscured by the foothills of the towering central range of mountains.

The main island had long been divided into five radial sections, each slice allowing each clan approximately the same amount of territory. More

importantly, it gave them all a segment of the coastline and a large area of the foothills, as well as their own area of the higher central mountains.

Atlas, the great volcano responsible for forming the main island in the first place, hadn't erupted for more than half-a-million years. Its summit was almost permanently veiled in clouds and believed by the people to be the abode of their gods. The few occasions each year that the clouds cleared briefly and the sun shone bright on the summit were believed to be a blessing. Those fortunate enough to observe this rare event actually happening knew it was a sign that the gods were smiling on whatever they were doing, feeling, or thinking at that very moment.

I knew the land had been stable for as long as humans had been on the island. Even the elephants that had crossed over the land bridge from Africa when the oceans had shrunk during the long previous ice age—even they had no record of an eruption or a serious earthquake on Atlantis stored in their monumental memories.

Such an unthinkable disaster would never have occurred to the Atlanteans. It was their home. It had always been their home, their beautiful, majestic island. Their sacred mountain. So it was that in those rippling, weathered foothills the five ruling clans had made their elegant homes. Farther up were the mansions of the elders of the clans. Yet higher still were the monumental palace and the extensive gardens of the god-king of Atlantis.

The nature of a god-king was to demand worship and to expect absolute obedience from his subjects. He exercised his power through his priests and a system of informers that reached down into all levels of Atlantean society. He ruled through fear and violence, yet most of all, through the implicit threat of his immortality.

"The god-king was always the puppet of the ruling junta, didn't you realize that?" It was the Watcher again. Before I could form a reply, she'd continued. "Of course he was! He'd been picked by the elders, hadn't he? By the junta. There was a great reward too *if* they toed the line. There's a section of the Grand Palace given over to the elders; only they know about it. It's known as the abode of the god-kings. It's where they live after they've served as a god-king . . . it's to keep them quiet, of course!"

"So they weren't immortal at all," I thought wryly. "That must be why they use those golden masks . . ."

“They weren’t even *that* long-lived!” She’d picked up on my tone. “Behind the mask and covered in all that finery, who was to know?! For centuries they’d kept it up, deceiving the whole island. No one was going to rebel against an immortal god-king, that’s what the families believed. Turned out to be true too . . . until that god-king dropped dead in the ceremony . . . in front of everybody.”

I realized then that the Watcher wasn’t looking at her feet at all, but at the ocean beneath us and how the spray glinted rose and silver in the early morning sun.

Then the Watcher was smiling up at me encouragingly. She had to have been reading me while I was becoming entranced by the rippling surface of the ocean. She motioned with her head, and I followed her gaze down through the astral to where the sea was breaking against the outer ring of the island. Looking closer I could see a small indentation in the cliffs. As I moved lower, this developed into a hidden breach in the steep walls. The sea had poured in through the break, filling a small, yet from its vivid green color, an extremely polluted lake.

Perhaps I wouldn’t have thought more about this—there were many such unusual scenic wonders on the island—had I not caught sight of these flashes of mercury on the surface of the lake. But how could that be mercury? Mercury on water? I didn’t immediately grasp what I was staring at.

Looking around I saw that my interest had drawn me down lower into the astral than I’d realized, while my talkative Watcher was merely a disappearing wrinkle in the ether. Turning back and sinking closer to the lake it became more obvious it was a small crater lake, doubtless the result of a meteor strike early in the island’s geological history.

Then, another mercurial flash, and another, and then . . . *there* was my answer! A large dolphin arced high out of the water, curling in the air to greet the day’s first rays of sun breaking over the lip of the cliff far above. A spray of seawater followed the crescent of the dolphin’s body, throwing the rays of the sun into a diaphanous rainbow sheen that, for an evanescent instant, framed the dolphin in a bright green neon glow.

I knew somehow it was a completely deliberate ploy. I was the only one who had seen it—the dolphin was there for one brief moment and disappeared the next, striking the water on his back in a mighty splash. And,

yes, for obvious reasons I could see it was a male dolphin. But how did I know the performance was intended for me? How did I know it was deliberate and calculated, for that matter?

I slipped lower still until I was ten or twelve feet under the surface of the lake and was astonished at what I saw. I'd never been in the lower astral while simultaneously venturing under the surface of the planet's oceans, and yet here was my introduction. A double helix of rapidly moving dolphins, far more of them than I'd have expected, were spiraling down into the darkness. I could just see them turning toward the land and then seeming to vanish under the cliffside. A large male dolphin (I felt sure he was the one I'd just seen breaching the surface) was already swimming fast down the center of the spiraling dance, leaving a long curving stream of bubbles behind him.

It was an obvious invitation.

I followed him, the others in the pod appearing to swirl around me, their eyes shining with amusement as I passed them. My dolphin guide slipped ahead of me through a narrow tunnel, after which we emerged together into a cavernous, vaulted chamber. The rising and falling of the water had decorated the sheer walls of the cave with drapes of bright green seaweed. I could see that light was seeping in through cracks high in the cavern's roof, beams slicing through the moist air and striking the water in pools of electric-green luminescence. The space was echoing with the whistles and clicks of the dolphins. It seemed to me they were enjoying their own cacophonous concerto.

Had I not been taken there by dolphins, I would never have known such a place existed—and I rather doubted whether anyone else on Atlantis was aware of it.

Well! I was wrong there! Looking behind me I could dimly make out a group of figures, human beings I assumed, grouped together on a dry ledge with a couple of tall midwayers glowing in a soft violet aura standing behind them.

It must have been then, as I was peering at the mortals through the crepuscular gloom of the cavern, that I felt a soft shift of telepathic focus.

It's challenging to explain the subtlety of this sensation to a non-telepathic being. My ward suggests there are certain rubberized buttons found on some electrical devices that when pressed convey something of the same

soft clicking sensation as when a new telepathic channel is opening up. (I'm surprised to find this remarkably accurate!)

There were no words in my mind—words as you'd know them. There didn't even appear to be a sequence of events to what I was receiving telepathically. It was just a mass of moving images isomorphically superimposed, so that suddenly I was looking back through a lens at tens of million years of the cetacean historical experience.

In that moment of illumination I perceived how the cetaceans, and in particular certain of the dolphin species, had been tasked with coming to the aid of certain mortals in times of crisis. I was shown this was a responsibility taken on by the species when the early bipeds had first stood upright in shallow water, foraging for shellfish. I saw dolphins in the Pacific Ocean leading rafts filled with human beings, entire families making their long, transoceanic voyages to the Islands of Mu; then, the swirling whirl of fandor wings landing softly on the backs of whales. And now there were more dolphins, this time guiding the native inhabitants of one of the northernmost Lemurian islands to the Chinese mainland before their island slipped beneath the waves; finally, I could see a dolphin patiently pushing a shipwrecked sailor toward an unidentifiable rocky coastline.

Suddenly the images were accelerating madly until they appeared and disappeared too rapidly for me to discern. A wave of anxiety caused by my inadequacy to absorb the images almost overcame me. I felt I should have been paying closer attention to the cetaceans, that I'd missed some essential dynamic on the planet . . . when, seemingly out of nowhere, another wave of energy spread through me. It seemed to chase out my concerns, replacing worries with a warm vibration spreading out from my heart in ripples of pure pleasure.

As I was filling with joy, the flicker of images gradually resolved into a single coherent montage so startling that I couldn't make sense of it at first. This was not because the image wasn't clear. It was. Perfectly so. This was no longer visual telepathy. It was really happening, here in the cavern. Yet it was so improbable and, at the same time, so humorous that my mind couldn't seem to take it in. I'd never observed anything quite like it.

A young girl of about twelve years was being carefully lowered to the water by the same group of people I'd seen earlier on the rock ledge at the far end of the cavern. While I watched I saw a dolphin rising to the surface and

the girl positioning herself comfortably straddling the broad back of a dolphin and waving happily at the group above her on the ledge.

The dolphin with the child on his back slipped without a splash beneath the surface. I followed them underwater—and from my astral perch what I experienced as water was a fine mist—fully expecting the poor child to be panicking and trying to hold her breath. The dolphin plunged deeper and deeper toward the narrow entry channel, and before I realized what I was seeing they were out and in the open ocean without having once broken the surface.

I still couldn't quite believe what I was seeing. As the dolphin was sinking below the surface he gently exhaled a breath almost imperceptibly through his blowhole. The bubble that this created was expanding slowly and steadily thanks to the obvious care taken by the dolphin in modulating his out-breath. Soon the bubble of air had swollen to encompass the girl with a circular, transparent canopy. As they passed me I was able to see the girl wrinkling her nose after taking her first breath inside her bubble of fishy air.

When I'd fully grasped what was happening, I knew it wasn't a vision. This was really occurring! And in a third-density world!

Dolphin after dolphin was surfacing before my eyes to be straddled by the men and women I'd seen on the ledge, until one after another they disappeared into the depths, each person sealed safely within her or his bubble of air.

It was when I followed the last of the strangely symbiotic pairs out into the open ocean that I saw the original dolphin, now on the surface, with his young rider squealing with joy. Her long red hair was streaming behind her as "her" dolphin leaped and wove through the waves.

It wasn't that the cetacean telepathic bandwidth was particularly subtle. It's not. It needed to transmit effectively in third-density frequency domains. It was the dolphins' method of delivery. I touched on it earlier, but now the sensation was even more overwhelming—a palpable tingling that spread throughout my body despite its higher frequency.

Once again I just *knew* the dolphin was hanging back and waiting for me. What *was* it that was so oddly familiar about him? I'd never spent any time in close contact with cetaceans before, and no dolphin had ever telepathically reached out to me. This was unknown territory for me. So,

what *was* it I was feeling?

It was such a strange sense of familiarity that I wondered if I had slipped unknowingly into a temporal vortex—a rare anomaly that can unexpectedly spin a Watcher out of time into some far distant past or future. A Watcher's sense of serial time, as I've previously described, is already unreliable; time really isn't an issue that much concerns us. We move from event to event drawn by necessity, otherwise we would become too easily lost in eternity.

Prescient or not, I *knew* then beyond any doubt that my meeting with this dolphin was no casual encounter.

Now, in retrospect, it is all the clearer to me that this was the first time I experienced the personality I have come to know as Mein Host—the man who is typing these words and doing his best to digest what I'm reporting here. Perhaps memories of the long trip south that the dolphin and I shared together—the girl, of course, still ignorant of my presence—will permit this first encounter to become more real to him.

5

A Processean Superrace?

A Fertility Ritual, the Authoritarian Personality, Group Souls, Sirian Nommo, Sexual Orgies, and Psychometric Success

Indeed, Father Aaron and Sister Verona's Absorption was not to be a normal one. Usually the lucky couple was cosseted away in a comfortable private room to enjoy their week of intimacy in relative luxury. The Rome Chapter was a cold, damp cellar, not a space conducive to the whispering of sweet nothings.

But that hadn't been Mary Ann's idea at all, although where she came up with the ceremonial concept I can only imagine. This was Rome, after all, home of countless generations of cults and religions whose rituals still resonate in the old stonework, quivering like sonic cobwebs in the ether, and Mary Ann was not an insensitive woman!

I'll spare you the details of that evening, because for much of it I averted my eyes, as we Watchers do under such sexual circumstances. I'm aware the event started in one of the larger spaces in the cellar, with blankets and sleeping bags strewn around the floor and lit by a number of sputtering candles. The walls had been wiped down earlier and were just starting to glisten again in the heat of the candles and the press of the bodies.

After a short and perfunctory ritual involving the customary fire and water, Father Aaron and Sister Verona were ceremonially disrobed while the others stood in a circle around them. Mary Ann then told them to consummate their Absorption on the hurriedly thrown together mattress of sleeping bags in the center of the floor.

It must have been a particularly harsh test for the couple, because both in their own way were physically shy people: Father Aaron because he was sexually inexperienced and out of touch with his body, and Sister Verona because she was self-aware enough to keep her powerful sexuality under wraps. As stated earlier, this had created an effect of detached unavailability masquerading as a reticence, which was simultaneously both self-effacing and sexually inviting. (You observe, dear reader, that though I may not understand or experience sexual congress, I am quite capable of dispassionately observing the various influences that sex plays in the lives of mortals.)

I suspect the raw sexuality of this unexpectedly pagan fertility ceremony, with the naked couple writhing and moaning on the floor in the middle of a cellar of standing, black-robed figures, must have been a confronting experience for the others in the room. I could feel my ward's discomfort, not at the raw paganism of the sexual ceremony, but at what I heard him later describe as a "tasteless and embarrassing performance." I know his heart went out to Aaron and Verona, both of whom he liked and who were undoubtedly feeling even more awkward than he was as they struggled together to reach some sort of climax.

As this embarrassing performance drew to an untidy and no doubt unsatisfactory end, Mary Ann shifted the energies by telling everyone to take their clothes off and for people to have sex with whomever they wished. But of course it didn't turn out that way, with a roomful of self-conscious young men and women who'd lived in a state of celibacy, except for their brief Absorptions, some of them for more than four years now.

Sexual hunger turned out to be no match for acute embarrassment as each Processean froze in place, casting furtive glances around and unsure whom to pick as their partner. They had lived as brothers and sisters for so long that the idea of now sexualizing their friendships felt, as my ward told Sister Juliette, his occasional confidante, afterward, "almost incestuous."

Once again Mary Ann, who was clearly more adept in these matters than the others, stepped in to save the day by telling people who they should have sex with, and gradually the floor filled with writhing bodies.

At that point I turned away. As a nonsexual being it's enough to know that sex occurs and, though it may surprise you to hear an observer claim it, I really am no voyeur.

So why did Mary Ann implement such an evening of sexual indulgence? What was it about Aaron and Verona's Absorption that warranted such tawdry public humiliation? Had the orgy that followed been part of her plans for the evening? What was her real purpose in initiating this sexual activity?

Those who have been following my narrative will recall that in London one of these orgies had occurred after Mein Host had been moved to Chicago. Like everyone else who hadn't been present at the event in London, he hadn't been told anything about it. In fact, when Catherine, the young woman with whom he'd had his weeklong Absorption before leaving for America, turned up in Chicago pregnant, he was made to believe the child was his, conceived during their Absorption.

At the time I'm writing about, when my ward was in Rome, he was in his twenty-eighth year, and he wouldn't solve the issue of Catherine's son's true father for another twenty-four years. I find myself using this somewhat unwieldy phrase to refer to the boy because Mein Host always intuitively knew the child wasn't his son. Yet, given that he'd been told nothing of the revelry in which the child was conceived and the bizarre circumstances that had brought this about, he had found himself trapped in what became a painful tangle of lies and deception, all of which pointed directly back to Mary Ann.

He seemed to have little natural paternal affinity for the child, and although he obviously tried to manufacture the feeling, I know he was puzzled by this lack. His frustration was somewhat relieved by Mary Ann's approach to child rearing, which would have borne some resemblance to a kibbutz had the welfare of the children in the community been taken more into account. Mein Host, for example, had seen nothing of the child or of Catherine after he'd left Chicago a couple of months later.

I'm jumping ahead of myself here to a time a few years in the future when there are more than a dozen young children in the Process, and more arriving every year. It's worth noting that the strategy of separating children from their parents, especially their birth mothers, at an extremely young age began from the very start. One of Mein Host's tasks at another time was to take full-time, around-the-clock care of Little Daniel, the young son of an American member. The boy's parents had joined the London Chapter at the same time, but the father had bailed out early on, leaving the child in a communal situation to be looked after by an assortment of people, some of

whom would have rather not been wasting their time with a kid.

Mein Host was required to care for the boy day and night for an entire year. Although Sister Seraphine, Daniel's mother, saw her son during the evenings for a few minutes during the week, the only time parents in general got to see their children was at the Sabbath Assembly at 7:00 p.m. on Saturday evenings, which was attended by all Processeans, large and small.

Mein Host's oversight of the boy had been mandated, in part, so that Sister Seraphine—a singularly good-looking young woman—could be freed to sell PROCESS magazines on the street with everyone else. That this was one of Mary Ann's motives for her instruction well illustrates her approach to child rearing.

Mein Host had been a most unlikely choice to care for a child, and it only came about because it was Mary Ann's carefully calculated punishments for one of my ward's minor lapses of judgment. Perhaps as a result of Mein Host's natural impulse to throw himself into whatever he takes on, he quickly appeared to enjoy every minute of it. Little Daniel at three years old was a sweet and responsive child, and they clearly brought out the best in one another. However, growing up under those conditions with someone other than his parents was bound to leave a deep scar. Sister Seraphine was a good, caring mother and would see Daniel whenever she could, but as with the other mothers, there was always a tension between their maternal instincts and their requirement to work for the benefit of the community, which invariably meant bringing in money. And Sister Seraphine was one of the ace moneymakers on the street.

As the number of children grew yearly they were assigned to what was generously called the "Children's Chapter." It was the job of a couple of the junior members of the community to care for all the children. Junior members, mark you! And it can scarcely be a coincidence that those given this assignment were most frequently the Processeans incapable of making good money on the street.

I mentioned the kibbutz earlier as a possible model for Mary Ann's dictate, because, in the broadest of terms, both groups (Processeans and kibbutzim) were trying to raise their children collectively, mainly for the benefit of an efficiently running organization. A kibbutz needed all their adults to work in the fields and their factories; Mary Ann, on the other hand, needed her people to sell magazines and books, to widen the influence of the

Process and, of course, to make money.

Despite attempts over the years to improve the children's conditions by a couple of the junior members who cared deeply for the kids, nothing was really much improved. The children weren't really ill-treated, it was rather that they were overlooked and shunted to the side. I'm sure Mary Ann thought of the kids as an annoyance, a distraction from the drive to put the Process on the map. Ideally, the Process community could have developed into an extended family in which the children were brought up collectively, with all the adults counted as parents to all of the children: the "it takes a village" approach. And perhaps this might have been eventually possible had Mary Ann not been so detached from the children and from her own childhood, which as I've already described in some detail, was one of the worst imaginable.

Many of the Process children are now in their thirties. Given the deprivation they experienced in places like the Children's Chapter and later, in a rudimentary school inadequately taught by Processeans, they have turned out much as expected. A few are doing well in life—Catherine's son is now a doctor, for example—but most of them have had difficulty making their way, which I'm sure they'd corroborate if asked. In my opinion, it's a credit to the children's resilience that they've emerged relatively unscathed and, in almost all cases, developed sufficient inner strength to leave the community at their first opportunity.

I have no doubt, without ever actually hearing this from Mary Ann's lips, that she was convinced the children would want to continue their lives in the community when they grew up. I wouldn't have put it past her to have kept the children poorly educated to reduce their options in the outside world and to ensure they'd remain under her control. Indeed, a few of the children did choose to remain in the community, which had much changed by the time they'd reached adulthood. I think it's significant that one of the few children who could never break away from the community was found to have committed suicide in the fall of 2011.

The children's lives were further confused by the constantly changing and developing nature of Process beliefs and teachings. Although it's quite possible this ever-shifting background to their lives served them well in developing their resilience, I'm sure it wasn't much fun for the kids.

When my ward left the community in the winter of 1977, Mary Ann had

already divorced Robert, assumed full control of the church, and renamed it "The Foundation Faith of the Millennium." It was the beginning of the end of the Process as a viable Mystery school. Mein Host's decision to leave created some difficult choices among many of his peers, and a good third of the community members took the opportunity to leave at the same time. A few returned to the fold, unable to cope with the real world, but the organization was as good as finished. The spirit had evaporated. Religious pretensions were dropped, and those who remained in the community turned inward. Money, of course, remained of primary importance, so it shouldn't be a surprise that the final iteration of the Process, now named Best Friends, would be an animal sanctuary on their large ranch in the canyon lands of Utah.

Best Friends has been doing important work saving abandoned or injured animals and has expanded over the years to become one of the largest animal care centers in the country. It's godly work, of course, but there is a certain irony to what the few remaining members of the community have chosen to focus their energies on. For a group of passionate, intelligent, young people who originally set out to improve themselves and then find the Elect of God to end up slaves to the money they could raise by appealing to animal lovers—so much easier than terrifying people with visions of the apocalypse—is in many ways an apt resolution to what was always a troubled community.

Mary Ann always preferred animals to people, and no doubt money over animals. She died in 2005, pampered and wealthy, in a private residence beside a man-made lake on the Best Friends ranch.

Although Mary Ann might have justified leading the group into a sexual orgy—and it wouldn't be the last—as a way of breaking the repressive sexual taboos of the time, I've come to believe that it was much more likely she was trying to breed little Processeans who would continue the teachings. The obvious contradiction in breeding children for the future, and creating a belief system focused on the world's imminent demise, seemed never to have occurred to her as the years passed and the world sputtered on.

Regardless, I remain convinced that one of Mary Ann's motives for the sexual arrangements she made once the children started to appear was to create her version of a superrace—a race that would serve her loyally and

unquestioningly. It would have appealed to her vanity. As with most people of an authoritarian nature, from political dictators to mafia dons, Mary Ann valued loyalty above all other virtues.

The obvious psychological substrate to this seemingly noble characteristic in the most ignoble of tyrants seems to me to be based on the deep subconscious insecurity that an autocrat will experience in the face of his or her own implacable certitude. They value loyalty so highly not because loyalty in itself is a virtue, but because in the autocrat's mind a person's undivided allegiance is a confirmation of the autocrat's rightness. Their horror of betrayal, however it might be expressed—and obviously no one likes being betrayed by a trusted friend—cuts particularly deeply into the autocrat's precarious sense of self. Such a betrayal, in turn, will demand that the authoritarian personality become even more controlling and arbitrary in his or her tyranny to hide the depth of personal insecurity.

This is not difficult to trace back to its origins. The authoritarian personality almost always emerges from a harsh childhood with one or both parents having themselves been raised in repressed families. Growing up being told what to do, how to think, what is right and what is wrong, of whom to follow and which god to worship, learning that strict obedience and servitude to power are the ways of the world—such people have little chance to develop their own individual characters.

This should be no exceptional insight. The mass migrations of people from the Middle East over the recent years, while obviously fleeing from death and destruction, will find themselves required to make all sorts of choices and decisions for themselves that were not possible in the repressive societies from which they've fled.

My ward claims to see these undeveloped autocratic personalities pontificating nightly on television. This personality type can manifest in one of two interrelated ways. A few will rise in life to become the despots, the overly officious prison governors, the bullying cop, the petty tyrants, or the office martinets. The vast majority will necessarily become the obedient drones who fill the corporations, the military, the police force, the communications industry, and much of academia—many of them dreaming fruitlessly of what they would do if they had all the power to themselves. This is the victim side of the authoritarian personality, which will likely be repressed into compliance to the one who possesses more power. The victim

is intimately interconnected to the tyrant, because the one enables the other. The victims tend to be men and women largely devoid of deeply felt personal opinions, who can sometimes appear so insubstantial they could be made of polystyrene. It will be the autocrat's biases and rulings, whether a military leader, the pope, a politician, or the authoritarian boss in an office, that will then serve to reinforce the biases already in place in those raised under similarly repressive conditions.

Mary Ann, however, was one of the exceptions to this profile. She didn't need an authoritarian family to shape her character. She was a tyrant before she came into this incarnation. So perhaps I'm being altogether too whimsical in attributing to Mary Ann a sensitivity she didn't possess. In her terms I'm sure she was merely exercising her power once again, this time in the sexual arena.

In light of what I've observed about the autocratic drive for power and dominance over others, it's more likely that Mary Ann's intention in instigating the orgies was to potentially further her control—and to do this by manipulating the guilt and shame that no doubt was stirred up in a lot of repressed young English men and women.

These could never be called true orgies, at which those involved desire to be present, have chosen to be present, and presumably have a certain emotional need for the pleasures of group sex. Mary Ann's orgies, to hear my ward talking about them, were very different. A clue to this was the way in which she held Robert and herself back from the action. They sat, both fully dressed, in the only comfortable chairs in the palazzo's cellar, placing themselves above and apart from the writhing naked bodies on the floor. From this vantage point Mary Ann was able to instruct who should do what to whom. There was never any mention of birth control, and over the course of the various sexual gatherings and individual couplings I don't believe anyone gave serious voice to the inevitable consequences of all that sex. My ward, who attended only three of the total of about a dozen of those faux orgies, claims that such blindness can likely be attributed to their embarrassment and Mary Ann's customary instruction to avoid talking about the orgies to anyone else. Secrecy, as ever, was the order of the day.

Yet, if it *was* fertility Mary Ann was after, it was fertility she got, as the children started to arrive.

* * *

When I felt drawn to observe that one particular dolphin transporting his young rider from Atlantis, I'd felt something of significance happening beneath my level of awareness. I felt the dolphin was experiencing his version of an intuitive prescience when I saw him waiting for me. Or at least that's as much as he revealed as I accompanied him and the girl for part of their long journey south.

The small pod traveled mainly on the surface when conditions permitted it, although they couldn't move as rapidly as they could underwater. Traveling on the surface was, in main part, out of consideration for the rider, and in lesser but equally vital part, for the revitalization of the dolphin carrying the girl. The ability to create and then maintain the rider's protective bubble of air clearly required considerable care and focused breath control while simultaneously swimming and chattering with the others in the pod. The dolphin carrying the rider was always accompanied by three or four large male dolphins that could butt away any overly curious sharks.

When on the surface, the girl with the red hair often rode on one of the other dolphins, slipping gracefully from one to another when the sea was calm. It was only during rough weather that the pod needed to swim underwater, the dolphin with the rider, blowing his bubble and the girl taking her first breath . . . I always enjoyed that moment! She was never quite ready for the strong, fishy odor of that first breath and would wrinkle her nose in the most charming way. Observing her in the bubble gazing out at the passing fish, sea creatures that no humans had likely ever seen before—well, it warmed this old Watcher's heart.

When the dolphin chose at one point during a storm to expand the bubble, the girl grew bold enough to stand up on his broad back. Perched there, she'd started to dance. I could feel the dolphin's pleasure at the tickling pitter-patter of her small feet on his sensitive skin. They'd swum on like that for a while, both of them getting into the rhythm of briefly surfacing, of the loud *paaaatooooooay* of the dolphin's explosive out-breath, of the bubble dissolving into a spray of colored mist. Then a deep in-breath from the girl before the dolphin sank once again below the surface, the bubble blossoming around the girl's body.

I'd guess it was the dolphin's evident sensual pleasure in the dancer's

rhythmic pattering of little feet that challenged him to blow larger and larger bubbles. The girl loved this of course, until in an excess of exuberance her right hand, in one of her wild gyrations, struck and pierced the bubble, splitting it into half a dozen smaller bubbles that made their wobbly way to the surface. The dancer was left reeling, suddenly disorientated and gasping seawater in surprise—and one very chagrined dolphin!

When the girl had sufficiently regained her courage and started to dance again, she was quickly discouraged from continuing by a well-timed flip of the dolphin's powerful tail. This brought the girl down on her bottom with a slap even I could hear. After that, there was no more standing and dancing, however pleasurable it had been for both of them. Instead, the girl appeared content to hold on tight and, whenever she was in the bubble, to peer around at the exotic sea creatures flashing by the speeding pod.

After the dolphin and I had finally managed to find a telepathic channel we could share—or, to put it more accurately, one in which I could get a fleeting sense of what the dolphin was communicating—we started making closer contact. It was difficult at first, and the truth is I never quite grasped the entirety of what he was showing me. So much of the dolphin's information came in rapid bursts of visual gestalts that I found it exhausting just keeping up with him.

Naturally I was aware dolphins possess a greatly heightened awareness of the fourth and fifth dimension, especially in their out-of-body travels. He could perceive me, for example, with his finely tuned senses. Under normal third-density conditions much of the dolphins' fifth-dimensional awareness closes down as a survival measure so they can focus more fully on what is happening around them in their third-density ocean. I knew it was harder for him to hear me, than I him, so I simply let the images play in my mind.

There is no paraphrasing telepathically generated images, so the following can only be an approximation of what emerged from this contact. Also, there was little discernible order to the way the images came in their constant flow of quick cuts, incomprehensible subliminal impressions, bizarre dissolves, and a confusing explosion of superimpositions. I've attempted here to make a linear written representation. Any errors of interpretation will be mine alone.

I was led to understand that just as most human beings are "first-timers," with only a small minority being reincarnates, in the case of dolphins

this is reversed, but with a twist. The majority of the large-brain dolphins *are* reincarnates. A small minority, almost always the fertile females, are first-timers. The twist, as I understood it, was that most of these dolphin reincarnates are from one of the planets within the Sirius star system. And not only that—those dolphins were consciously aware of their heritage and their service to this planet. I was also shown that some dolphins, mostly those reincarnates from Sirius, have chosen to be here to develop a degree of individuality necessary for a mortal incarnation. Others were here as planetary observers and neutral witnesses. Still others have chosen the path of willing self-sacrifice in their call for greater compassion from their human cousins.

I understood more of how the dolphins make sure the conditions in Oceana are well balanced, that they consider this a dangerous and unpredictable world, that it's a planet of constant predation and, paradoxically, it's a planet of great value to them.

Dolphins, I was shown, can be better understood as a group-souled creation. A dolphin's life task, it was explained, is to grow progressively familiar with his individual self—this applied almost exclusively to males. The childbearing females remain almost entirely in the collective consciousness of the pod, gaining experience in a third-density medium until they too will reincarnate on this planet as a male dolphin.

The male dolphin develops his sense of selfhood while hunting. In moving very rapidly from collective to individual and back to pod collective, he will become progressively more adept at remaining an individual self for longer periods. I was shown this is more challenging than it appears. The collective consciousness experienced by the pod is always so much more familiar, so warm and welcoming, that it requires considerable self-discipline to maintain individual consciousness for any period of time.

It was during that long swim (and I need to remind myself that this was transpiring as the fourteenth millennium was turning in to the turbulent thirteenth) that I received some more details about what has been happening to the rebel angels.

I've already presented the case for rebel angels incarnating into mortal vehicles in this narrative, but at the time that I was following the dolphin ever southward I'd been unaware of this redemptive path opening up. I knew nothing about it, nor the process by which it was occurring. I don't believe

I'd ever witnessed one of these rebel angel incarnates (RAI) yet, or in the unlikely possibility I may have encountered them, I hadn't realized it.

Here I must confess that had I relied more on what the dolphin had shown me during that swim, I might have had more confidence in the future of this planet. But I hadn't been altogether convinced. I was still ignorant of the deeper layers of meaning of Lucifer's rebellion (the attentive reader will recall that Lucifer caused me to forget the content of our one discussion), and yes, I admit it, I was somewhat blind to the occulted currents running deep beneath the planet's turbulent history.

Perhaps the nugget of what I received from the dolphin was this: The first incarnation of a rebel angel into a material, third-density vehicle will invariably take place among a group-souled race. The collective consciousness of these so-called group-souled species is thought to be the closest to the angelic consciousness. Apparently this lessens the shock for an angel, rebel or otherwise, when they drop into the lower frequency domains of a material incarnation. And because most group-souled species on third-density worlds are aquatic, it is these species that most frequently host the rebel angels' earlier incarnations.

At a time when the dolphin was silent I received the oddest impression. I really didn't know what to make of it. As I say, it was just an impression and was never confirmed by the dolphin.

Well, here it is, despite my ward's reservations (I remind him of our agreement that I will relay the truth as I perceived it). It wasn't that I felt a familiarity with this particular dolphin because I'd seen him before. I hadn't. At least not before the girl was lowered on his back in the cave and they'd taken off together. No, this was different, and in retrospect I can only put it down to one of those moments of temporal slippage to which we Watchers can sometimes be prone. I've written previously about how a Watcher assimilates the passage of time over extremely long periods and how my ward's mortal mind has proved so vital in helping me bring temporal order to a narrative spanning half-a-million years.

So, having said that, it was this odd conviction that I was communicating with the being that I will come to know as Mein Host, with whom I'm collaborating in recording this narrative. Then, as before, images started streaming in; of lifetimes spent among the central African tribes; of the sacred Nommo, who come from Sirius in their silver ships to bring

knowledge of the Multiverse to the tribal elders. I saw he had spent a number of lifetimes among the ancestral spirits of Mali, known as the Nommo, which had originated from a watery world in the Sirius star cluster. The dolphin never confirmed this insight, yet I noticed he steered the images away from the personal and was now showing me astronomical pictures. Had he revealed too much of himself, I wondered? Yet all I could do was watch, listen, and hope I was interpreting his telepathic frequency accurately.

He was showing me images of the deep interplanetary connection between this world's sun and the stars in the Sirius system. The Nommo, it seems, believe the sun is the fourth star in their cluster because at a little over eight and a half light-years' distance (8.6 ly, or 2.6 parsecs), the Nommo were able to travel here in their physical vehicles.

Then the dolphin was showing me a panorama of human violence, of wrecked landscapes and boiling seas, of volcanic eruptions and darkened skies that frankly didn't altogether surprise me. Yet the images still made me unaccountably sad. He showed me it wasn't exactly a distaste that they had for this world but that their feelings about coming here remained generally ambivalent. Incarnating on a planet such as this one was regarded as an act of courage, and it was done out of reverence for their Mother and Father Gods.

I was curious about these gods. However, just as I was starting to receive another visual bombardment, this time focusing on the mysterious Sirius B, there was a disturbance in the sea around the five dolphins as a group of sharks was detected closing in behind them. This immediately shut down the telepathic channel as the small pod clustered together around the dolphin-rider, and they all accelerated as one being. Although the sharks were fast, they were no faster than the dolphins, despite the additional drag of the rider, so they were forced to try to approach the pod from behind or below. This then allowed the dolphins a tactic that I'd never seen before, although after watching a few more of these convoys of dolphin-riders escaping from Atlantis, I would see the strategy brought to a high art.

The pod, acting as one collective whole, slowed down very slightly and moved closer to the surface, tempting the sharks to attack from the rear. The sharks, consumed with hunger, accelerated and rushed blindly in for the kill.

Just as the sharks were snapping at the dolphins' tails, the pod launched itself out of the water in a high, curving leap. The sharks' simple brains seemed unable to comprehend what had happened to the pod. Their dinner

had been there one moment and had completely vanished the next. The sharks had no choice but to speed on, but they were obviously disoriented. Because sharks' fins don't readily permit them to slow down, the inertia of their attack then positioned them perfectly for the next act in the drama.

The five large male dolphins, one with a small rider now bracing herself for the coming shock, seemed to hang in the air for a few long moments, water streaming from their gleaming, silver flanks. Then, with the immense advantage of gravity, they slammed down as one, with all their weight, onto the backs of the bewildered sharks. The shock wave generated by the impact inflicted a terrible punishment on the sharks' cartilaginous skeletons.

The first time I saw this tactic in operation I was stunned at the damage it caused. Sharks' teeth had come flying out of their jaws every which way; eyes popped out of their sockets; their connective tissue disconnected in an explosion of bloody collagenous fibers; and ruptured internal organs, even livers and hearts, erupted out the sharks' bodies as they momentarily turned to jelly from the impact. As brilliant as it may have been, it was not a display I ever wanted to see again, least of all its savage aftermath. In this case the tactic damaged more than half of the pursuing sharks, killing a couple of them outright, and turned the ocean into thrashing carnage. In the resultant confusion the remaining sharks immediately lost interest in the dolphins and turned their teeth on their own dead and wounded. This allowed the little dolphin pod to make its rapid exit, the young rider waving her hand and whooping with triumph, another threat averted.

I can't resist stepping out of time for a moment to note, as I write in the twenty-first century, that this particular maneuver practiced so skillfully by the dolphins has never really been replicated until exhaust vectoring became available on the most advanced of the fighter jets. It is this exhaust vectoring that allows the pilot to make a sudden breaking upward lurch. The pursuer then streaks past below, permitting the initial plane to drop abruptly out of its climb and dive down on the vulnerable tail of its pursuer.

* * *

Considering the general arc of the rise and fall of the Process Church, as the year turned to 1969 the Rome Chapter was still in its early days and the

group's youthful enthusiasm and dedication remained undiminished. They had accepted the orgy much as they accepted everything else: as one more challenging station along their spiritual path, something completely unexpected to be put up with and then hopefully forgotten just as quickly.

Mein Host, who'd probably had more sexual experience prior to joining the group than most of the others, and after he'd got over his initial natural reticence, appeared to have taken the orgy in his stride. I heard him say afterward that when they all went back to being celibate the next day it was like turning a tap on and then off again.

I'm inclined to believe that the complete lack of any mention of the orgy over the months that followed became another emotional wedge Mary Ann was using to separate and isolate individuals. By creating yet more secrets in the emotional realm between individuals and between different levels of the hierarchy (the orgies were almost entirely restricted to the inner circle), she was reinforcing their dependence on her by demonstrating and then claiming her power over the second chakra of her followers.

Some years later there would be a handful of sexual orgies in which Mary Ann's motives would become more obvious, but until then it would be back to a life of sexual abstinence for Mein Host and the others.

It was less than a couple weeks after the night of the orgy in Rome that Mein Host received the Omega's instructions to return to London and get back to designing the next issue of PROCESS magazine. Mary Ann and Robert were due to return to England after they'd resolved their problem as to how to bring their dogs back with them. Others in the Rome Chapter were either to return to London, or, if they had dogs, they were to go to the Paris Chapter and await further orders.

England, at that point in time, was imposing extremely stern standards on any animals entering the country. At least six months' isolation in government kennels awaited people's dogs and cats if they brought the animals back with them. It may well have been a sensible, if overly cautious, health safety policy, but it was punishing for the animals and emotionally wrenching for their owners. As it would turn out, Mary Ann and Robert were going to have nothing of it.

Mein Host faced the same problem with Ishmael, who had been with

him ever since he'd been given the dog by Mary Ann back in New Orleans. Ishmael was a wild dog when my ward had first received him. He'd run away twice, once in an airport and again in downtown Los Angeles, and had proved he could wreck a hotel room with the enthusiasm of a drunken rock star. He had now accompanied my ward all the way around America and throughout Europe, and by the time Mein Host's Roman sojourn rolled around, man and dog were closely bonded. I could see from their emotional bodies that neither of them welcomed spending any time apart. Yet knowing he was required back in London, my ward had no choice but to leave his Ishmael, as well as the other dogs in the Paris Chapter, and hope they would get to see each other again before too long.

On the whole, when Mein Host traveled it was by way of hitchhiking. This was typically done with another Processean, given that they were mandated to travel in pairs. Often the dogs would travel with them. Processeans invariably found hitchhiking with their two companion dogs to be a tedious affair, although those individuals who were inclined to stop and pick up the improbable quartet were invariably among the kindest of people—even if their sympathies often lay more with the dogs than with their black-garbed owners.

When there was no need to hurry, no place they had to be at a certain time, there were always interesting people to meet and unexpected adventures to be had. However, on this occasion Mein Host's journey from Rome to Paris was going to be different. Although what led to this difference was as surprising to my ward as it was to those he told in the Rome Chapter before he left on the trip.

Over the course of their time in the city, Malachi and my ward had continued to make contact with celebrities under the banner of doing PR work for the Process. This was a less cynical business than it appears on the page. Most of the people they met quite obviously liked them and frequently valued what they had to say. Others were merely amused by their eccentricity and didn't take them entirely seriously.

There were a few people, however, who *did* have good reason to take them seriously. The Count—with his mysterious gold ring—was one of those people.

I was starting to appreciate the art of what I've heard my ward refer to as "celebrity whoring," by watching the pair at work. Unlike the time he'd spent with Father Aaron plying much of the same trade, he and Malachi obviously genuinely liked one another. They worked well together naturally, their personalities being so different that they tended to fill in each other's gaps. Father Malachi was as stolid and steadfast as my ward was mercurial. They shared the same dry, skeptical humor, and, as mentioned previously, they'd enjoyed playing music before they'd joined the community, so they knew how to jam together.

The art of working the celebrity vein lay in establishing, as quickly as possible, what the celebrity might have to offer. This was designed to waste the least time of both the celebrity and the whore. This approach was thought of as "looking for our people." And some celebrities were indeed "our people." These individuals listened with an open heart and mind, some contributing money. Others bestowed introductions to the friends whom they thought would be interested in the work of the Process Church.

It was through one of these introductions that Malachi and Mein Host found themselves in the sumptuous palazzo of a minor member of the Italian aristocracy. I shall simply call him "the Count" and describe him as one of those fine-boned, elegant, middle-aged Italian men, his face aquiline and tanned, his hair suspiciously lampblack and swept off a receding hairline that was graying stylishly at the temples.

The Count greeted the pair warmly, showing them into one of the palazzo's large, echoing rooms. On every wall the eyes of the oversize portraits of his ancestors followed them as they clattered through the flagstone hallway. The man spoke perfect English, which saved everyone from having to listen to my ward torturing the Italian language in his earnest desire to be understood.

The Count offered them coffee, and within moments cups appeared borne in on a silver tray by a dark-haired young beauty. She was dressed as a maid and couldn't have been more than twenty years old. She wore an open-collar white shirt with a silver cross against her tanned skin, a black satin vest, and a short black shirt that flared out from her hips. Her legs were unusually long and clad in dark silk stockings with a fine sheen to them. When she entered the room with the tray balanced on the end of a long slim arm, the clacking of her high-heeled shoes on the flagstones of the hallway

changed to a soft clicking on the polished wood parquet of the living room.

She served the coffee to the two Processeans with a sweet curtsey and a modest smile, and unless I imagined it, she reserved a flash of her dark eyes for their charming host. The coffee turned out to be tiny porcelain cups of expresso sitting on virtually translucent saucers. Carefully arranged on each were a curl of lemon peel, three lumps of sugar, and a delicate silver spoon with a crest on the end of its handle. The atmosphere was one of refined decadence. As my ward remarked afterward, it was hard to know whether "she was a genuine maid, or a mistress playing dress-up."

Decadent or not, the Count was evidently extremely intelligent and possessed an open-mindedness rarely found among the aristocracy of any nation. Another of these rare patricians, whom Mein Host had come to know in London through their mutual interest in extraterrestrials, was Brinsley Le Poer Trench, eighth earl of Clancarty, seventh marquess of Heusden. And, similarly to Brinsley, the Count's unconventional interest in parapsychology was tested against the scorn of his less open-minded peers and, as my ward remarked, felt all the more authentic for his having to defend his position.

Their talk soon turned to psychic and esoteric matters, with my ward and Malachi answering the Counts questions about their empath training and describing some of their psychic experiences. But it was psychometry that seemed to most interest the Count. It wasn't, he assured them, that he didn't believe it possible to get information about someone or something by holding an object with which the subject had some physical contact, but because he thought it was the best way of demonstrating psychism. What did the Process think about psychometry? Did they believe it was possible?

As it happened, psychometry wasn't a technique included in their empath training. Yet, if I could have read Mein Host's mind, I've no doubt he was wondering something like, just how hard can it be? He'd had that experience with Timothy Leary when he discovered (along with the good doctor) that he could accurately "read" people he didn't know, merely on hearing the names Dr. Leary was throwing at him. Although my ward couldn't have known this at the time, he'd accomplished something akin to what later became known as remote viewing. This was used by the CIA with some success before funding for the program was questioned by skeptical members of Congress, likely driving the program into the Black programs.

Despite Mein Host's long-held claim to have little psychic sensitivity,

he was starting to accept that recent events were suggesting otherwise.

So why not? Mein Host must have decided to jump in.

Aloud he said, “I’ve never tried to do it before, but why not?” with a confidence I know he didn’t altogether feel. At this, the Count produced an antique gold ring and challenged my ward to psychometrize it.

Closing his eyes and relaxing his body, Mein Host held the ring in his left hand, and, lifting it to his forehead, he started speaking almost immediately. I knew he was aware from his empath training that, after clearing his mind, it was invariably the first association that sprang into consciousness that gave the first clue.

A palpable silence fell over the room while my ward spoke on, names and dates spilling out of him. The wintery afternoon sun leaked through the French doors, and birds crowded onto the bare branches of the trees in the expansive garden beyond. Perhaps I was being sentimental, but I had the impression that even the birds stopped their bickering while my ward was speaking. (However, I now suspect it’s more likely the Count had retrofitted double-glazing into the original French doors.)

What my ward said over the next few minutes, his voice adopting a slightly flattened tone and the words flowing with an unbroken fluidity, now, so many years later, have no particular importance. What struck those of us with our eyes open and observing this event playing itself out were the changes that the Count was going through. His back stiffened, and his face blanched under his tan. Muscles in his face tightened, and I believe I saw a tear glistening in the corner of a half-closed eye. Was he trying to suppress his grief, I wondered? No, the man’s emotional body was suddenly a turbulent mass of conflicting colors as something in the flow struck home. He was so focused on my ward’s words while wrestling with his inner conflict that he didn’t notice the pretty young maid listening at the open door, her dark eyes wide. Like the Count, her gaze was fixed on my ward. Her right hand gripped the silver cross around her neck. She appeared scared out of her mind.

The words must have continued to pour out for at least five minutes before my ward came to a natural halt. He opened his eyes to see the Count opposite him, across the glass coffee table, bolt upright on the edge of his leather armchair, his eyes wide open and staring at Mein Host in a mixture of

disbelief and wonderment.

It appeared my ward had not only been accurate in his description of the ring's original owner and her unhappy story, but he had filled in many of the details that were unknown to the Count. He spoke to the Processeans afterward in a state of high excitement, saying the new information would start him off on a whole new level of understanding of the ring's owner.

Mein Host's psychic performance seemed to have been the point of the encounter, because soon afterward, with the coffee drunk and the maid having vanished once again into the back of the house, the Count got to his feet, shot his cuffs, and started thanking the two Processeans. His eyes had reddened, and when he shook my ward's hand he enclosed it with his left in genuine affection.

As the pair left the palazzo Mein Host looked back over his shoulder. He told Malachi he could just see the maid in the shadows behind the Count, both of them still standing in the open doorway, the Count giving them regal little waves with a stiff right hand.

"Did that *really* happen?" Mein Host said as they turned the corner and set off back to the chapter. "I kinda remember talking, but I've no idea what I said . . ."

"Whatever it was, it was right enough! Spot on!" Malachi replied, cutting across my ward's uncertainty. "You didn't see the guy when you were speaking. He was glued to your words. God knows what it was you said, but it sure hit a nerve."

"Weird, not to remember anything . . . I mean, I knew I was talking, but it was like standing outside myself watching . . . weird, huh. No idea . . ."

"Like mediumistics?" Malachi was referring to the Process investigations of hypnosis back in London a couple of years earlier. They had experimented placing one another under mediumistic trances to discover their different levels of beingness.

Mein Host gave that some thought. "Kinda . . . not quite, though. I was more present for this, even if I can't remember a word I said. Frankly, I was terrified when I opened my eyes and saw him staring at me like that . . ."

"Like he was going to leap over the table at you!" Malachi was chortling at the thought.

“Seriously . . . for a moment I *did* think he was going to kill me . . . I didn’t know what I’d said! It could’ve been anything . . . It didn’t last long, the feeling, thank heaven!”

“Imagine getting killed for something you didn’t know you said!” Malachi was musing to himself. “Now that’d be *really* weird!”

“Strange . . . all very strange. Cool, though. First time I’ve done it and look what happened.” Mein Host was grinning proudly.

They drove in silence, both somewhat stunned by the odd event. They slowed down watching a group of elegant elderly men and women in evening dress waiting outside a restaurant for their taxis, slurring their good-byes and elaborately kissing each other three times on the cheeks, Italian-style.

“How’d he know it was exactly what we needed?” Malachi wondered after they’d passed the little group of revelers and turned into an empty side street.

“And *we* didn’t even know we needed *this*!” Their happy laughter filled the tiny sports car as my ward accelerated down the long, straight road.

In the Count’s gratitude for the revelation he’d received as a consequence of Mein Host’s psychometry, he’d given the two astonished Processeans a bright red used Alpha Romeo Spider sports car as a gift to carry them and their hounds to Paris in fine style.

6

Higher Frequencies

Pleiadean and Sirius Conflicts, the DAL Universe, Jesus in England, Atlantis and Third-Density Planets, and Correct Action

We were well past the Tropic of Capricorn before the pod, after making absolutely certain that it wasn't being pursued, settled down again into its original rhythm.

When I felt an empathically palpable sense of relief emanating from the pod I was reminded how emotional dolphins are. The pod was moving farther south now with their human charge, away from the equatorial sun burning directly overhead. A number of them had some blistering on their backs after spending so much time on the surface. I can only imagine this must have been extremely painful for the dolphins when it came their turn to carry the girl for a stretch—yet, I never caught even a hint of complaint from any one of them.

Brave fellows, those dolphins!

It was with that thought that the main dolphin and I fell once again into telepathic contact—if I can call it that. It hadn't been easy to decipher what he'd been showing me. In fact, I had wanted to leave the pod after witnessing that bloody eruption of shark flesh, but I felt such a strong psychic pull from my communicative dolphin to stay with them that I realized there was more to be said before we parted ways.

So stay with them I did, although, granted, I had turned away for a while to avoid the worst of the carnage after the pod sped away. This had given me some time to myself to ponder what I just witnessed and what I'd

been observing as we traveled away from Atlantis.

I wondered whether the dolphin's desire for me to stay with the pod was in some way a response to my own prescient recognition of Mein Host's personality within him. I'd made no mention of this over the course of our contact and masked it from any telepathic probing—although by this time I was reasonably certain the dolphin's waveband was too coarse to reach very far into the fifth dimension. Still, I couldn't be too careful. I didn't yet know the full capacity of a dolphin's sensorium.

I was paralleling the pod's path through the warm waters of the south Atlantic (I'd come to prefer the sensation of moving through the astral underwater) when I felt once again that scratchy inner sense of the dolphin's telepathic prompt. I signaled back to him that I was now ready to receive his transmission. Before I completed that thought, however, a new series of images started pouring through my mind. The dolphin's telepathic ability may have been crude by angelic standards, but there was no denying its formidable speed and power.

Once again, I'll try to paraphrase, knowing I can only communicate a fraction of what I received, so I ask you, dear reader, to use your imagination to build on the images and facts as I learned them.

I was shown how there had long been complex and troubled relationships between those of Sirius and those from the far larger constellation of the more advanced worlds in the Pleiadean cluster of planets. Many of those worlds within the more than 250 inhabited planets of the Pleiadean federation were extremely advanced, although most were still dependent on some form of vehicular transport for their interplanetary journeys. However, I knew the Pleiadeans were generally believed to be well beyond the technological stage of engineers from Sirius, who were still at a relatively early phase in their spacefaring career. A simple example of this was the ignorance of the scientists from Sirius of the fluid dynamics of liquid light. The Pleiadeans, on the other hand, regarded liquid light as a child's plaything.

My dolphin communicant seemed to want to digress for a moment to show me what he knew about the Pleiadeans. At first I thought this might simply be propaganda from Sirius, because I'd already observed what a distorted view they had of the Pleiadean evacuation program on Lemuria. I'd previously believed the Pleiadeans' sole intervention was when their

interplanetary arks came to the aid of the Lemurians, but my dolphin was showing me something else.

Apparently the Pleiadeans have had a far longer association with Lemuria than was generally known. It had been a program so hidden away that I'd known nothing about it—and neither had my sister Watcher Astar, whose specialty that was. I felt sure she would have told me had she known. (I'd forgotten at the time that Astar *had* said something of the sort when she'd implied an association between the Avalon surgeons, who'd gene-spliced material bodies for the Prince's staff, and the Pleiadeans.)

Perhaps it was more propaganda from Sirius, yet my dolphin was obviously convinced it was the Pleiadean/Lemurian evacuation that first breached the most basic of interplanetary protocols. These protocols dictate policies of noninterference with less-advanced worlds unless specifically required by MA.

The dolphin showed me that the Pleiadeans had opened a forbidden door . . . a doubly forbidden door into a previously hidden quadrant. Not only had the Pleiadean rescue mission appeared to have broken the noninterference policy, but they'd intervened on a planet that was already under a strict quarantine ever since the Lucifer Rebellion. The System had effectively become a hidden quadrant. And because the Pleiadeans were known to be among those races dedicated to serving others, a few more expedient spacefaring races took it as open season on planet Earth—so long as their activities remained unnoticed. There was some illicit gold mining in South Africa by a race creating a gold-dust orbital screen in an attempt to stabilize the climate on their world. In the jungles of the Amazon a race from Itibi-Ra II discovered a fruit that, on transporting it back to their world, had become a gourmet delicacy. Other races sneaked into the biosphere to refuel their ships by sucking up seawater; there were even a few underwater bases used as way stations by these races for their intergalactic tours.

These sorts of minor infractions seemed to be overlooked by MA's local agencies, presumably because they didn't directly make any impact on the human evolutionary process. But even I could tell it was a slippery slope, and what I learned next merely confirmed that.

My dolphin was showing me that a small group of Nommo from Sirius, regarded by the council as a rogue faction, had taken advantage of the Atlantean ruling classes' greed and lust for power. They'd started by stirring

up the simmering internecine strife between the Atlantean ruling clans, and then later, they'd had a hand in manipulating the conflicts to ultimately achieve the promotion of a single, all-powerful god-king.

This had been the situation as I found it when I'd arrived recently on Atlantis and that had, by all accounts, been continuing for more than a century and a half. I hadn't been aware on my previous visits to Atlantis that the influence of Sirius was the gray eminences behind the god-king's cruel and repressive measures.

It was when Atlantis was crystallizing into a single, monolithic police state that life for the average Atlantean was assessed by the Seraphic Overgovernment to be approaching a point of untenability. I was astonished to hear this, and from a dolphin too! It brought home to me that the dolphins' contact with the Seraphic Overgovernment was a lot closer than mine. I knew nothing of this.

Regardless, nothing came of it. MA evidently decided to overlook the Seraphic Overgovernment's concerns and allow the increasingly difficult situation on Atlantis to continue. Everyday life for most of them had become progressively dominated by this unrecognized hidden hand of Sirius operating covertly through their god-king proxies. Whether it was a deliberate policy to break the spirit of the Atlantean people, or a result of the constantly shifting power dynamics between the various god-kings struggling for control, the rules and laws imposed became increasingly harsh and arbitrary. It was this constant state of terror of an immediate and brutal reprisal for some insignificant offense or error that seemed so damaging to the peoples' well-being.

As a result of these power struggles, nobody knew what the laws were from day to day. Spies on Atlantis were everywhere; people, innocent and otherwise, had been disappearing overnight; any opposition was mercilessly suppressed by public execution and arbitrary reprisal killings. No one was permitted to leave the islands. These once-proud island mariners were rotting away in their indolence every bit as much as their wooden boats were falling into disrepair.

In fact, as I think about it in retrospect, this situation on Atlantis had all the trappings of what we might expect from a modern tyrant with an overweening steroid habit.

If I was accurately reading the dolphin's visual gestalts, it had been at this point that the High Council of Sirius was forced to quietly acquiesce and secretly send a few well-prepared rebel angels to incarnate within cetacean vehicles. It was a strategy the High Council hoped would outflank the intentions of the rogue group from Sirius—a way of extracting the good and the innocent before the inevitable disaster, not altogether unlike what the Pleiadean arks had accomplished for those of the Islands of Mu so long ago, but on a much smaller scale.

Yet for all the High Council's good intentions, it *was* interference. And, as such, it would have its unintended consequences.

All of a sudden the images switched. I was watching the slow-motion disintegration of any remaining hope that the High Council might have had for bringing some balance back into Atlantean life. There was no righting the situation—it was too far gone. This convoy of dolphins with their riders, and there would be many more, was a direct result of the recent, even more repressive moves of the god-king. Their machinations were compounded by the increasingly deep level of corruption and targeted cruelty that was now permeating all reaches of Atlantean society.

This impression was followed by a rapid set of images of disasters. They were not unlike the catastrophes described to me by Astar back in the Land of Two Rivers, when she'd fallen into that astonishing trance.

In those moments I caught a glimpse of a far more wide-ranging dynamic at work, one of which I'd been previously unaware. No, that isn't quite correct. It wasn't that I was unaware. It was that I had become so involved with all the doings of the angelic rebellion that I'd all but forgotten about the overall System-wide context within which the rebellion occurred and which is still experiencing its consequences.

Regardless of having previously referred to this world and the other thirty-six rebel-held planets as "kindergartens for upwardly mobile souls," I have to admit now that until I was permitted the following insight, these were just empty words. It wasn't the kindergarten reference—I'd always known third-density worlds were schools for mortals—it was the caring and concern that I was now witnessing.

This is what I'd forgotten about!

It was the essential benevolence of the Multiverse Authorities I'd been missing amid the fog of accusations and denial on both sides that added further confusion to Lucifer's revolution.

I saw in those moments that however corrupt and wicked a human society becomes, there will always be some innocent souls who will be led to safety. If their social environment becomes completely untenable for their required spiritual lessons, older brothers and sisters will step in. And this can occur in a variety of different ways.

This was clearly what the Pleiadeans were doing with their massive evacuation mission. However, in lifting off so many of the Lemurians prior to the destruction of their islands, by stepping in and taking responsibility to save the best of another planetary race, the Pleiadeans were being accused of overplaying their hand. It was this initial infringement of the interplanetary protocols that those of Sirius, both in the High Council as well as the rogue faction, were using to justify their own interventions.

I was on the verge of forming a thought about another aspect of the Pleiadean program I'd already been told about by Astar . . . when I had to quickly mask it off before my dolphin noticed. You see, I knew there was also a deeper motive for the Pleiadeans' compassionate gesture, a motive I realized the less-advanced mortals of Sirius were not currently capable of understanding.

Astar had told me the Pleiadeans had always been coming to this planet so they might then transfer to their DAL Universe. This was a domain in the fifth-density realm at a slightly higher frequency, and it was where the Pleiadeans came to encounter their spiritual teachers. That was the deeper reason the Pleiadeans believed they had a spiritual responsibility to contribute to the general well-being of Lemurians of good heart. That the local midwayers allowed the Pleiadean arks to intercede in the Lemurian rescue also suggested a legitimacy permitted by a higher authority in the Multiverse than would likely be granted by bureaucrats at the Local System HQ.

The High Council was apparently unaware of the DAL Universe. (Even if they'd known of it, their sensoria weren't attuned to the finer DAL frequencies.) The High Council had therefore argued vigorously that because the Pleiadeans had been permitted to intervene to "protect their investment" (their somewhat businesslike words!), then so should those specialists from Sirius, be allowed to rescue some of their human stock from the deteriorating

situation on the Atlantean islands. They claimed they'd no choice but to take some remedial measure, as they knew perfectly well they'd ultimately be held liable by the Constellation Courts for any damage to human beings caused by the interference of their own rogue faction.

And, no, of course, it wasn't *exactly* the same kind of natural physical catastrophe as had destroyed Lemuria. However, the High Council contended that the brutal savagery of the repression and the increasingly depraved and sadistic practices of the god-kings and their henchmen had created a situation on the islands that was every bit as potentially catastrophic as Lemuria. They firmly believed this justified their intervention.

It is possible but improbable, given the unlikely comparison of Atlantis with Lemuria, that the High Council may have received official permission from MA for their intervention. Regardless, it seems that they didn't wait for a reply and proceeded anyway, reasoning that because their rogue faction had already broken interplanetary protocols, the council's action would be sure to be pardoned for their haste on compassionate grounds. In ordering the removal and relocation of those noble souls whose lives could no longer benefit spiritually from the impossible conditions on the islands, the High Council—according to my dolphin's transmission—convinced themselves that the benefis of their speedy action could be argued retroactively in the Multiverse courts.

This allowed me to understand something about the character of those from Sirius. I'd already noted a certain arrogance to them. I could even feel elements of this in my new dolphin friend when he'd shown me how convinced he was in the rightness of the High Council's intervention. Then there was my dolphin's tacit presumption that if the Pleiadeans were permitted to intercede, then so should they have their opportunity to act with compassion. This was portrayed to me by the dolphin with no evident awareness of how much more advanced the Pleiadeans were than even the esteemed High Council of Sirius. In announcing this conviction with such confidence, I realized my dolphin was most likely merely parroting the High Council's dogmatic certainty in their own superiority—and I felt sad for him.

Such a splendid, powerful creature, my dolphin—so sleek and confident and capable in so many ways. Yet, because the High Council he served was unaware of the DAL Universe and was therefore ignorant of the Pleiadeans' deeper reasons for their intervention, his confidence had a hollowness that

caused me to turn away, masking my embarrassment for him.

Now, as I look back and reexperience those moments, I feel a certain shame for my reaction to the dolphin's seemingly arrogant self-assurance. At that point I hadn't absorbed how dependent the dolphins were on the blessings of their superiors. It was obvious to me that my dolphin hadn't yet fully mastered separating himself from his collective.

If my odd sense of recognition was merely whimsical speculation that this was a particular dolphin spirit I'd come to know clad in a different physical body, of one thing I was sure. My dolphin appeared aware of his angelic heritage, and therefore he was sure to have his own reasons for aligning himself with the High Council. I couldn't imagine him ever willingly opposing the Council after being given such a privileged incarnation.

* * *

The Alfa Romeo Spider proved to be a mixed blessing.

As fine a little sports car as it appeared to be, it was not in as fine a condition under the hood as its polished red exterior might suggest. Regardless of these minor mechanical annoyances along the route, and the punishing winter wind whipping through every crevasse in the canvas top, Mein Host and Father Malachi, once again companions for the trip, together with their two large hounds, finally made it to Paris. There they left off their dogs, spent a single night in the chapter to recover from their long drive, and returned to London by train and cross-channel ferry the next day, gratefully leaving the Alfa Romeo behind to entrance and then disappoint others.

Spiritual communities such as the Process Church all seem to function in a state of constant urgency. There is always a world to be saved, a message to be communicated, people to be redeemed, books and magazines to be sold, and, of course, there's always money to be raised. The skeptic will claim cult leaders keep their followers ridiculously busy so they will never have time to think for themselves. And they are doubtless right in some cases, depending on the motives of the leaders.

Yet, in accusing cults of manipulating people in this way, the critic misses an essential point about the spiritual path. How do individuals on this path quiet the monkey mind? How do they stop the mental jabbering long

enough to hear the truth that lives within them? How can they stop thinking about themselves? Indeed, how does anyone stop thinking at all? (Mein Host reminds me to say that anyone who has achieved this state of mindlessness, even for the briefest time, will know how lucid and ecstatic it is—and how temptingly habituating!)

Some cults handle this challenge by constantly chanting, others by endlessly praying, and still others by meditating for long hours; the Process did it by sending its members out onto the streets to sell PROCESS magazines.

Mein Host describes his experience of street-selling as follows:

> I can't speak for the others, but for me magazine selling was really more of a spiritual experience. Not in the expected sense of doing good, or helping people—but because of the radical change of consciousness I always had to go through. And I mean radical! It was tough too! The only way to reach this ecstatic state of mind was by totally throwing myself into approaching people through an act of will.
>
> I'm a fairly shy person by nature, so prancing up to someone on the street to sell them something they really didn't want could be a terrifying prospect. Even after ten years of street-selling, it was always that initial terror I needed to break through. It sometimes took as many as five minutes of acting entirely on my will, hating every moment of it, and yet knowing I could only reach this state I thought of as "Operating Satori" by going through all this initial intense effort.
>
> I found that if I kept at it with the same intensity, at some point this new state of consciousness simply took over. Bang! Suddenly it was there. Everything was different. My body felt light; my mind empty; I was suddenly in command of the entire street. Both sides of it. I could see just who to stop and who to ignore. Hours would pass in minutes. Every little thing was lucidly clear; I knew precisely what to say to engage people's attention; money would come out of their pockets and wallets, and they were scarcely aware it was happening. I was fast and funny; people actually enjoyed buying a magazine; I could banter better than a stage

> comedian; I felt magnetically charged; I couldn't put a foot wrong; I was outside myself; I became the street and all the people; I knew their secrets, and I could see their divinity; my dilated pupils encompassed them with beauty; and money poured from their hands to mine as though propelled by unseen energies.
>
> Don't get me wrong. I know this isn't necessarily that rare a state of consciousness. Performers and musicians must feel something like it when the material itself takes over. Small groups of people who are totally dedicated to a demanding task will sometimes generate an energy that carries people along in a higher state of mind.
>
> As a graphic artist, I can tell you that a state of complete absorption in my drawing—when the drawing starts drawing itself, or the characters in a novel begin dictating their own futures—is why an artist continues to create. Whatever else an artist is trying to accomplish with his or her creation, each knows that true originality and creativity springs from this deeper state of consciousness.
>
> So I'm sure it will be a familiar experience for the reader.

What I find particularly intriguing about my ward's description is what it reveals about his character. His willingness to throw himself wholeheartedly into whatever he takes on and his natural openness to different states of consciousness—this is what interests me.

He was being unnecessarily modest in suggesting this was an elevated state of mind that other Processeans also achieved when selling books or magazines, or later, when they were donating (panhandling) with no magazines or books to offer. Doubtless some of them did enter this magical state in which the money would pour in, and, of course, the pretty young women among them could be generally relied on to make good money. Yet very few of them actually *enjoyed* it as my ward did, let alone understand street-selling as a spiritual activity. And few of them made consistently as much money as he did.

I've no wish to belabor this issue, because I've found if I dwell too long on my ward's positive aspects it makes him self-conscious, and that can close

off our channel of communication. I'm aware that our collaboration requires a delicate state of mind on his side of the transmission, so I am advising him to go and spend a few minutes watering his fruit trees before we continue.

"Thank you, Georgia," he tells me. "I'll do just that. I'll be back in a few minutes."

Watering his fruit trees and feeding the hummingbirds outside his studio window have succeeded once again in relaxing my ward's mind, allowing our contact to open up so that I can continue with what I was thinking.

In an earlier paragraph I made the point about how street-selling informed me about something of my ward's character. Yet I realize, after the thought formed itself, that I'd implied there is a separation between his ability to wholeheartedly throw himself in and his ease and familiarity with alternate states of consciousness. As I thought more about it, however, I can see the essential interdependence of these two different qualities. In fact, it is more accurate to say that it is *through* the very intensity of his commitment to the moment that he is able to reach the magical state of consciousness he so much values.

Upon Mein Host's return to the London Chapter he found the drawing office in the basement of Balfour Place much as he'd left it. He was able to jump straight back into designing the various leaflets and pamphlets that promoted Process activities. Mary Ann and Robert had not returned from Rome yet, so work on the new magazine couldn't start.

And as it turned out, magazine design work wouldn't be able to begin until one important task had been accomplished.

When the Omega arrived back in London a few days later they were, of course, without Robert's dog, probably the largest German shepherd you'd ever see, and whom they'd named, without a hint of irony, Jesus. And he *was* a magnificent hound—tall and broad of chest with a fine, strong head and a beautifully smooth, golden coat.

But, *Jesus*? Even *I* never felt that name was quite right.

I've no doubt it was Mary Ann who chose the name, and she wouldn't have selected it as cynically as might be thought. No indeed! She loved and revered German shepherds and would never have wanted to humiliate a dog

with an embarrassing name. So why would she ever want to call a dog Jesus? Did she actually believe that the dog *was* Jesus in some way? Or that the dog carried Christ's spirit more than any of the other dogs?

I doubt it. When the dog grew to maturity he turned out to be one of those high-strung, rather cowardly German shepherds who shrank from people and who was only really able to bond with Robert. But this doesn't mean Jesus wasn't a much-loved creature, both by Robert and by the Processeans who had to handle him, as the following event will serve to illustrate.

But first, did Mary Ann perhaps believe that by naming Robert's dog Jesus that her husband would pick up on the messianic implication and grow into the role she had planned out for him? Or was it intended to be a constant reminder of the messiah Robert had failed to be? I wouldn't have put it past her to use the name as a way of turning a casual conversation with a fellow dog-walker toward matters messianic. However, with the advantage of knowing how Mary Ann and Robert's relationship would develop over the next four years, I believe that naming the dog Jesus could only have been a deliberate way of humiliating Robert.

She clearly wasn't delusional enough to believe the dog was a reincarnation of Jesus Christ, although she clearly hoped her husband was! In my opinion it was far more likely that by imposing this impossibly unreasonable expectation on Robert, she could better control him. Then, when it must have become obvious to her that Robert made "a most unlikely Messiah"—to use Mein Host's words—she named the dog Jesus as a punishment for Robert, as an insult, a constant reminder of his miserable failure to come up to her expectations. But these are merely my assumptions.

How much of this maneuvering Robert was aware of—or if he knew of it, believed that Mary Ann meant him well—was hard to ascertain under his stoic persona. In fact, much of what Mary Ann threw at him as time passed was justified by attempting to get her husband in touch with his feelings —*any* feelings would do!

Robert, who was the product of a typical upper-middle-class background, the brutality of an English public school, and a couple of years of suppressing communist insurgents with the British Army in Malaya, represented a generation of men known for their stiff upper lips. Although it's hard to believe he wouldn't have had some idea of what his wife was up to,

he continued on much as ever whenever he was in front of other Processeans. He was their imperturbable Teacher, after all. He could still act out that role, and he was given considerable affection by some of the Omega's inner circle for taking the brunt of Mary Ann's grandiose ambitions.

As is the case with many people like Robert, who find deep and rewarding contact with their fellow humans uncomfortable in one-on-one situations, they turn to their pets and pour their love into them. Animals can generally be relied on to return the unconditional love that their owners find themselves incapable of expressing to other humans.

When the Omega arrived back in London, having left Jesus in Paris with the other dogs, it was with the intention of smuggling the dog back into England at the first opportunity. However, England is an island surrounded by a treacherous sea. Flying was obviously impossible, and transporting a large dog in secret on one of the ferries was out of the question for the same reason. On landing, poor Jesus would be dragged off by officialdom to spend six months in quarantine. It would have killed him. If it was going to work it had to be by sea.

The English Channel is notoriously difficult and dangerous, with currents running fast and strong between the Atlantic and the North Sea. There was the constant movement of oil tankers and massive container ships, and the deed would have to be done in the midst of the coldest and stormiest months of winter. Smuggling the dog in by sea was going to be a wild ride—if it was even possible.

No matter. The Omega had requested it. There was no choice but to rise to the occasion. A way had to be found to bring Jesus back to England's green and pleasant land.

* * *

I accompanied the pod for a while longer, yet with the increasing frequency of storms, the dolphins were spending more time underwater. On the surface they were locating small islands and sheltered coves along the African mainland to weather out the storms and allow the girl, and the other human riders, a chance to stretch their legs, eat, and sleep. They all worked smoothly

as a team. A dolphin would stun a couple of small fish with his sonar. Another dolphin then nudged the fish onto the shore for the riders to roast over a fire that the girl started with her precious flints, which she carried with her wherever she went.

My dolphin had shown me that he had nothing more to transmit unless I wanted to hear about the Great Mother Goddess of the Sirius pantheon. I imaged back politely that I was certain there would be another time in the future for hearing about their goddess. I was pleased to notice he didn't catch the touch of irony in my tone.

After I had watched over the young girl for the next couple of sleepovers on tiny, uninhabited offshore islands, admiring how well she could take care of the riders, I felt my time for moving on was drawing near. The dolphin pod seemed to have organized itself without any help from me, and my discussion with my new dolphin ally had drawn to a natural halt, so there was little more to keep me.

It had turned out that on every fifth night the convoy of some thirty riders, with their dolphins and all their outrider dolphins, would gather on one of these islands to relax and share their stories of the long journey. The dolphins would circle slowly inside the reef, sleeping in that strange way of theirs, only leaving the protected waters of the reef to hunt and patrol the shoreline for sharks.

I'd already received a telepathic impression from my dolphin that the convoy was continuing farther on to the fertile highlands of the great southern continent. There, a small subcolony of the best of the Atlantean spirit had been brought by previous dolphin convoys.

It was time to take my leave of the pod and my communicative dolphin friend. I sensed as we were parting that I would be seeing his spirit again and would hear his stories and insights as he fell down through time.

Besides, in the third-density realm I could see that the skies in the daytime were already starting to darken, with the sun glowing a deeper ruby red every day.

The coming disaster was almost upon us. I became aware as I wrote that last "us" how closely I'd identified with the dolphin pod and the material reality with which they were having to cope.

I'd grown to love them all.

Was I starting to change?

Might there ultimately be hope for me?

I have noted earlier that Atlantis was subject to three catastrophes, the third of which completely obliterated the main island. This was the disaster Plato recorded and which still reverberates to this day in the World Mind, contributing to one of the dominant collective pathologies of the current age: catastrophobia.

I'm taking my lead here from observing Mein Host. As with most of his generation who grew up with the ever-present threat of atom bombs, hydrogen bombs, and the fiendish neutron bomb, he'd given almost no thought to the future. He didn't believe there really would *be* a future. It was only after his brief encounter with the extraterrestrial on London's Wigmore Street, and the ET's assurance that they "can pick those rockets out of the sky, just like that!" that for the first time my ward had started to believe a future might be possible. Perhaps Mein Host was more fortunate than most, having been told this back in the early 1960s, as it allowed him to be less prone to the manipulative political fearmongering that was building in intensity throughout the subsequent decades.

Catastrophobia can be thought of as a viral meme that favors short-term panaceas over long-term resolutions. It is a pathology that supports the quick fix of a politician every bit as much as it feeds the delusions of a religious fanatic—those who can't wait for the end of the world. Catastrophobia has become a mental/emotional virus that propagates most efficiently in the fertile medium of paranoia, greed, and denial.

Atlantis, fifteen millennia ago, had only a vague memory of the Lemurian disasters and even that had largely faded from human ken. The first wave of their disasters—with the sea level rising and the sudden polar shift—might have been far more serious. It could have been read as a warning, but it wasn't—at least not by the Atlantean god-king and the ruling elite of the islands. Granted, there were many deaths, and much of the low-lying land was now underwater. New and terrible diseases were ravaging the slaves with many of the craftspeople dying as a result—yet this made little difference to the rulers. Life for them went on much as before.

Now this brings up an intriguing issue.

In all cases of which I'm aware, ancient pre-Paleolithic cultures believed natural disasters were punishments sent by their gods for their misbehavior. The Maya, Inca, and Hopi legends all include previous worlds destroyed because of the ungodly behavior of their populations. The Christian Bible tells of the destruction of the cities Sodom and Gomorrah for the wickedness of their ways, much as a modern Christian fundamentalist recently held the depraved lifestyle of those in New Orleans as responsible for the devastation of Hurricane Katrina in 2005.

This idea of divine punishment being meted out for human misbehavior has been dismissed in the scientific age as one more foolish superstition. Yet, in throwing out this concept—generally on the basis of there being no God to inflict the punishment—the materialist misses a more fundamental point.

Although it isn't God or "the gods" who are punishing humans for their poor conduct, this doesn't mean there isn't a direct interconnection between the environment and human behavior. Islands vaporized by H-bombs, mountains bulldozed flat for their coal, policies that pollute the skies, and the greed that overfishes the oceans are more obvious examples of "incorrect action," to use the Buddhist term. And here I'm interpreting "correct action" as that which is aligned with Natural Order, with the intention behind the action being for the best result for all involved.

On a more immediate level, I've observed that many people think nothing of cheating and lying if it's in their interest to do so and if they think they can get away with it. They build their houses on floodplains and blame Natural Order when they're flooded out; they deforest hillsides without taking the inevitable mudslides into account; they mindlessly exterminate one species, only to find another, more virulent one, replacing it. In a score of choices made daily, human beings make decisions, large and small, directly or indirectly, that are out of kilter with Natural Order. Whether it is a peasant farmer in Bolivia who cuts down a few acres of rain forest to make way for his coffee plantation, or an industrialist who knowingly fails to install scrubbers on his factory chimneys, or a housewife in Cleveland who thoughtlessly leaves all her lights on; these actions carry with them consequences far beyond their immediate effect. Everyone knows it, and yet their behavior seldom changes.

It has always been so, ever since Prince Caligastia's regime took over its dominant role in the affairs of human beings. Incorrect action has been

piled upon incorrect action, upon incorrect action, down through history. This has been steadily driving a wedge so deeply between humanity and the Natural Order that life for most people since the Industrial Revolution has become progressively more divorced from nature. Cities around the world have become paved-over abstractions, sucking the life out of the surrounding land with their constant demands . . . There is little point in my continuing to describe a world you know so well, because you live in it.

I merely observe it.

So please understand, I am not judging human beings. I have come to believe the global situation as it is today is exactly the way it is intended to be. On the deepest of levels, *all is well*. Generations of humanity have passed and are passing through the third-density realm, with each individual reaping the benefit of experiences only available on such a difficult world as this. The results of each person's lifetime of correct and incorrect behavior will become more evident to each person in their afterlife reviews and their subsequent existence.

Yet I now understand what I didn't back then when I was contemplating the natural disasters befalling Atlantis. If mercy and forgiveness are to be truly meaningful, they will surely need to manifest in mercy extended to the merciless as much as forgiveness will be offered to the unforgivable.

As one who is gradually coming to terms with her own thoughts and actions, correct and incorrect, I believe I'm in a position to speak about this matter with some authority.

If I leave aside complex moral quandaries such as those portrayed in *Sophie's Choice*, there are clearly actions and thoughts that are inherently correct, just as there are others that are just as obviously incorrect. Or to put it another way: Every thought or action carries within it its own inversion. A thought can be denied or opposed by another thought in the same way that a correct action can sometimes produce an incorrect result.

Please understand I merely say correct or incorrect thoughts and actions and not correct or incorrect beliefs. An incorrect belief affects no one but the believer, unless that belief is imposed on others *by* incorrect action or words, which will itself be based on incorrect thought. Incorrect thoughts are harder to pin down, in my species as in yours, but they tend to be harmless enough (unless, of course, they feed incorrect beliefs or manifest in incorrect action).

When an incorrect thought—such as the sun orbits the Earth—becomes an incorrect belief and justified by the holy scriptures, it can result in incorrect action. When a Giordano Bruno is burned at the stake for having the correct idea, the tragedy turns full circle.

Please note that in this simplification I'm omitting the more complex issue of the inherent power of thought, as well as any influence the emotional and spiritual intelligences have on the mental body and therefore on thought itself.

Correct action tends to be self-evident. Correct action will seek to serve the Greatest Good, as much as the Greater Good. Correct action will also be found in harmony with the correct thought behind the action.

So to summarize my somewhat meandering digression regarding the depth of the interconnection between human behavior and Natural Order, it is obvious there has been a progressive denial of this interdependence in favor of bullying Natural Order into serving humanity's supposed needs. Having now observed the rise and fall of many civilizations, whether they've been overwhelmed by invasion, implode as a result of inner corruption, or disappear in a natural disaster, the common factor in all these collapses, simple though it may sound, will be found in incorrect human behavior.

Given that I've already defined incorrect behavior as being inherently out of synch with Natural Order, it has become Mother Nature herself who has been forced out of harmony with her own Natural Order. In fact, almost all the natural disasters you are now experiencing, the climatic changes, the worsening floods and forest fires–the effects are global–can best be understood as Mother Earth responding directly to human activity.

Yet, it is at these times that Mother Nature is viewed as the adversary, an element to be tamed and conquered or dismissed and denied, or as a hostile force to be protected against. Natural Order, in turn, becomes so obscured by countless generations of incorrect human thought and action as to have become an ineffectual afterthought—if the Natural Order of life is even considered at all.

Thus there were those of us standing in the wings of human life, witnessing the natural disasters descending on Atlantis thirteen millennia ago, who are now, like me, no doubt observing much the same convergence of events befalling the planet at the dawn of the twenty-first century.

If I can extrapolate something of lasting value from these previous global catastrophes, it is the assurance I've gathered along the way that those found pure of heart, and whose intentions are for the best of all, are as often or not removed, one way or another, from undeserved suffering.

I say this as much to remind myself of MA's essential beneficence as to support the innate knowledge in the reader's heart—that it is in the face of almost certain disaster that miracles can occur.

What the miracles might be I, like you, can only guess. But a miracle predicted is no miracle at all.

Thus my lips (and yes, of course angels have lips!) are sealed in anticipation of what will certainly be the most transcendent of planetary events.

* * *

In London an elaborate plan was being cooked up to bring the dog Jesus into England from France. Two teams of people were to set out. One was to make for the Cornish coastline, known for centuries to have been the southern coastal center of smuggling, to hire an unobtrusive sailing boat and a willing skipper. The other team would go back to Paris and bring the dog to the French coast to meet the boat and sail back to England with it. Whatever could go wrong with that?

It was an improbable plan created by people who had no idea of the obstacles to overcome and concocted for people who had little or no experience of sailing—let alone on a stormy winter's night and across twenty-five miles of treacherous ocean currents. And let's not forget those massive, unstoppable oil tankers and container ships cutting through the darkness.

I don't believe it was any surprise to Mein Host when Mary Ann selected him to find the boat and set the plan afoot from the Cornwall end of it. He was the only one with some previous, although admittedly modest, experience with smuggling, although with rather smaller articles than a 160 pound dog. With him was to travel Brother Joab, one of the Americans who'd joined the community in San Francisco and accompanied the community to Europe on its meandering path back to London. This would prove to be one of Mary Anne's more sensible decisions as my ward and Brother Joab came

to like each other over the course of the trip and continue to be friends to this day, forty-two years later.

In 1969, Mein Host was now a priest in the church hierarchy and therefore technically senior to Brother Joab, at the prophet level, but it wasn't in my ward's nature to lord it over a junior member. In his turn, Brother Joab was temperamentally averse, in the American way, to being ordered around by an arbitrary authority—he claimed to have had enough of that from the matriarchs—so the pair got along well from the start. Both had found themselves from time to time under the thumb of a particularly controlling matriarch. (Although there was no distinction, beyond the obvious, between women and men at the same level of the hierarchy, Mary Ann not surprisingly trusted and favored her matriarchs over males of the same rank. They were her intelligence agents. I've referred earlier to these senior matriarchs as Mary Ann's "proxies," and some of them, unaccustomed to wielding power over others, were liable to become intolerably bossy. These occasional abuses of power were not restricted to the women; some of the senior men would control with an overly heavy hand. The common denominator appeared to grow out of their various modes of education. While most of the original male members of the community had been educated amid the harsh hierarchies of English public school life, and thus had some experience in leading and being led, those outside this educational system were having their first taste of power and how to use it correctly.)

Brother Joab was another large man, as tall as Mein Host but of a bulkier build. Of a Middle Eastern heritage, Joab's hair and beard were long and dark, yet any threat presented by his appearance was more than offset by his good nature and a diffidence of manner that was far from fanatic. In some ways he was similar to Father Malachi in that he was the steadfast one of the pair and another solid foil to my ward's quicksilver nature.

So it was that a week later saw the Paris team setting off for France, and a couple of days later Brother Joab was beside Mein Host at the wheel of Robert's father's Rover Sedan. They were making their way out of London on a rainy midweek morning, headed for southwest England. The Rover Sedan of that era was, to put it in my ward's words, "the most uncool of cars." It was a car for the ultrarespectable, for the banker or the successful middle-class businessman, a symbol the owner has made it in the world yet retains sufficient modesty to avoid showing off with a Rolls Royce or a Rolls

Bentley. The Rover was large, heavy, and reliable. It was highly prized by Robert's father, who was likely bullied into lending it by Mary Ann's enthusiasm. As it would turn out, this was not a mistake he would make again.

Arriving in Cornwall, they made for some of the tiny harbors that dot the rocky coastline. Waves smashed against the base of sheer cliffs that were four hundred feet high and broken only by small, rocky coves with precipitous smugglers' trails snaking down though narrow gorges. It was perfect smuggling country.

In the first harbor they checked out they found Richard—Captain Dick, we'll call him, though it's not his real name—messing around on his yacht in the small boat basin. The pair had passed about a dozen yachts and a couple of long, sleek powerboats, most of them tarped for the winter, while smiling and nodding at a couple of elderly owners, down for the day and clearly happy to be away from their wives. Neither of these two owners looked like a probable prospect for such a risky and illegal adventure.

The Processeans moved on to the end of the walkway where a boat, somewhat more battered by age than the others, was bobbing and lurching on the turning tide.

A chilling wind blew off the channel, and this last yacht, along with all the others berthed along the walkway, heaved and subsided with the whelm of the water. Scores of sea gulls circled overhead, their screeches echoing off the cliffs, filling the tiny harbor with a raucous cacophony as they fought for scraps.

A tall man, bearded and tanned, was bending down and fixing a tackle on the deck, a blue sailor's cap threatening to fall off his head, only to be jammed back on with a free hand and a curse. He seemed not to have noticed the two Processeans standing there on the dock, their black capes billowing in the wind, but the owners they'd passed couldn't take their eyes off these two curious apparitions. Brother Joab's hair had grown into a magnificent Afro, which was being bent to the side by the fierce wind as though it were a large, black beret set at a jaunty angle on his head. My ward's hair, uncut for at least six years, streamed behind him. It was true. They made a most unusual sight as they both stood shivering on the wooden walkway.

The skipper straightened up with a guttural groan, clapped a hand to the

base of his spine, and bent himself over backward to relieve the tension. Finally he turned toward them, his face breaking into a broad grin, and with an “Ahoy there, me hearties!” shouted into the wind, he asked them their business. It was almost comical, because there *was* something of the pirate in the skipper’s bearing—which must have been a clue that he was the one to approach.

When the friendly nautical greetings were over, he invited the Processeans into his cabin so they wouldn’t have to shout at each other over the racket outside. After sitting around the small table for a few minutes of casual conversation and politely refusing the proffered whiskey by explaining they were an abstemious religious order (which was true at this point), my ward took a deep breath and started to explain the plan.

“Should be easy,” he was saying with a confidence I’m sure he didn’t feel as he came to the end of what they would need. “It could be done in a few hours, or at least in one night. Pop over there and back; couldn’t be simpler!”

By this time Capt’n Dick was laughing uproariously at the idea, slapping his knee and shaking his head at my ward’s obvious ignorance of local maritime conditions. He explained the impossibility of the plan, given the force of the currents, the unpredictable winds, the massive tides, yes, and the tankers that can cut a yacht in two without even noticing, and the customs’ launches that patrolled the southern coastline.

Yet, as he listed all the difficulties, elaborating on the frightful fate awaiting anyone crazy enough to attempt the crossing in a small boat, the skipper’s tone was gradually changing. It was as if the very craziness of the idea was starting to appeal to him.

The two Processeans seemed unwilling to grasp the true seriousness of the challenges facing a night crossing, probably because neither of them were the ones due to take the trip. Their job was simply to fix up a boat with a willing skipper and coordinate with the French side of the channel. They were determined to remain resolutely positive about the simplicity of the plan and kept up a solid wall of enthusiasm throughout the meeting.

Money was discussed. A sum was mentioned that must have been generous enough to tip the scales. It seemed that Capt’n Dick, in enumerating all the difficulties, had talked himself into the plan, his dark eyes glinting at

the challenges ahead.

My ward assured him that the crew he'd be picking up in France along with the dog were all proficient sailors. (In fact, only one of the crew had ever sailed before . . . but how hard could it be, right?) Whether or not Mein Host was aware of this limitation, he was evidently wise enough not to mention it to Capt'n Dick.

So when should this adventure take place? At the dark of the moon, of course, when all the real smuggling happens. It was obvious by this point that the captain was getting intrigued at the prospect. Charts appeared and were pored over, notes were taken, and plots were planned, until finally the skipper slapped down his plastic set square, straightened up, and clapping his hand once again to his back, announced with a rascally grin that he was their man.

It was going to be Capt'n Dick, the enigmatic smuggler, from now on; they'd seek him here, they'd seek him there . . . but above all, he'd become the toast of all the old salts with their peg legs and parrots stuck on their shoulders, wouldn't he? They would tip their glasses to him in the hallowed smugglers' pub, the Swag and Anchor. They'd finally greet him as an equal. All this I could read from the captain's emotional body as he stood there grinning at the happily surprised pair. It had all been astonishingly easy. It was the first boat and the first captain they'd approached. And the guy had said yes. Just like that. And he was enthusiastic!

The captain's attitude had changed in such a way as to suggest he may well have had some previous smuggling experience, that he enjoyed the excitement of it, and that he was enough of a rebel to relish tweaking the English Customs officers' beards.

A date was set; a deposit paid; the madcap plan was settled; and the agreement was sealed with a firm handshake. With that, the two Processeans clambered back out of the boat and made their way back to the car, confident they'd found the right man for the task. Neither of the yacht owners looked up as the pair walked past them, but when they were out of earshot the yachtsmen were laughing and calling jokes out to each other.

It was perhaps more obvious to me than it was to Mein Host that Capt'n Dick was *not* an experienced smuggler. He had never smuggled anything illegal in his life. In fact, Captain Dick was something of a poseur, anxious to take the risky trip to impress his cronies, much as I'd predicted.

But no one would know that until it was too late.

7

Smugglers and UFO Visions

Global Threats and the Warminster Thing, the Longleat UFO, Geomagnetic Reversals, and Afterlife Realms

In Cornwall, their illicit business over, Brother Joab and Mein Host walked to the car, got back in, lit their cigarettes, and burst out laughing in relief. Tension dropped away from their emotional bodies. It had all come together so fluidly. The first person they'd approached! It was hard to believe!

The gods must be with them, they decided.

And, because they'd been given a week to find a boat and a sailor to handle the mission, they had some time to spare. Now they could take their time getting back to London on small side roads and see where their intuitions would lead them.

It was as they were nearing the ancient city of Bath that my ward announced he suddenly remembered a person he knew from his life in London before the Process. He must be living somewhere around Bath, because his title was Viscount Weymouth, seventh marquess of Bath.

However, due to the idiosyncrasies of the English landowning classes, Longleat, the family seat of the marquesses of Bath, was not near Bath but instead close to the small Wiltshire village of Horningsham. A safari park, proudly announced to be the first one outside of Africa, had been opened a few years earlier in Longleat's almost nine thousand acres of parkland and forest, so the place wasn't hard to locate.

They'd spent the night in a bed-and-breakfast, so when they arrived at the gates of Longleat it was a bitter cold morning with ice still slick on the road and the boughs of the fine old trees drooping heavy with snow.

They drove slowly along the narrow driveway as it curled through the trees toward the great house, achieving just the effect the tireless Capability Brown must have hoped for when he had landscaped Longleat's surrounding estate in the eighteenth century. Glimpses of the magnificent sixteenth-century structure appeared and disappeared through the barren trees. The sweeping lawns beyond became a white backdrop to the dark columns of the somnolent tree trunks closing in on either side of the long driveway.

Gradually the mansion came into full view, the very picture of an American's idea of an English stately home. It was true. Longleat was certainly the most complete example of Elizabethan architecture in the country. The size and the siting of the house in a broad, shallow valley with the smooth, snow-white lawns sweeping away from the terraced entry contrasted harmoniously, if a little ominously, with the surrounding forest. The house predated by more than a hundred years the more famous Blenheim Palace in Oxfordshire, the even more monumental country house of the dukes of Marlborough.

Not only was Longleat far more appropriately scaled than the ridiculously massive Blenheim Palace, it had been spared Blenheim Palace's discomforting confusion of styles. This hodgepodge was due to additions having been made to it over the centuries, which has rendered it an architectural travesty. (As a sidebar to my ward's anecdote, I should add that Sir Christopher Wren had been commissioned to do some modifications to Longleat.)

As they drove cautiously along the seemingly endless driveway, my ward, drawing from his architectural history courses, told Joab the strange story behind the building of Blenheim Palace and Longleat.

It was the Duchess of Marlborough, he explained, who was determined to employ Sir Christopher Wren to design Blenheim Palace. As the finest architect in the country, Wren had just completed St. Paul's Cathedral in London. He was being celebrated for that magnificent structure as well as the numerous fine churches he was designing and building after the Great Fire of 1666 had destroyed much of central London. However, the Duke of Marlborough, "presumably to spite his wife," my ward said with a wink, decided not to use Sir Christopher Wren but rather settled on a man who wasn't even an architect to design and build Blenheim Palace for him.

"It was really the old boy network in operation," my ward was saying as

he guided the Rover slowly around yet another tree-lined curve. “Vanbrugh was a local hero. He was locked up in the Bastille for espionage; spent over four years as a prisoner in Paris. He was known for having played his part in getting rid of the English king, James II, I think it was . . . a Catholic king, the last of ’em, thank God! England had gone Protestant by that time. Hard to believe these days, but that’s what preoccupied them. Religion. They didn’t know James secretly converted to Catholicism when he was in France, before he became king . . .”

“Wasn’t he the king who had his head cut off?” Brother Joab interrupted with the one interesting fact most Americans knew about this tumultuous period of English history.

“That’s his father, Charles I. Remember, we’d had ten years of Oliver Cromwell after King Charles was executed . . . Know what Cromwell called himself? The Puritan Moses! He was fanatical about getting Catholicism out of the country by the simple strategy of killing all the Catholics . . .”

“Like a kinda genocide, you mean?”

“Sure. It was one of the worst times . . . like a permanent civil war for fifty years. Actually, there were two actual civil wars, but it was Cromwell’s campaign in Ireland, murdering priests by the thousands . . . absolutely ruthless. You know two years after his death, they dug him up and posthumously executed him?”

“You have to be kiddin’ . . . *after* he was dead? God! They musta hated him!”

They were both pondering this absurdity when Brother Joab asked to stop the car for a moment. When he climbed back in, my ward was saying, “Believe me Joab, it gets weirder still. Next it was King Charles II. Sure he ruled as a Protestant, but guess what? He got converted to Catholicism on his deathbed.”

“I thought Henry VIII dealt with all of that,” Joab said. “That’s what we’re taught here.”

“Yeah, that was earlier. It just took a long time to work its way through —but James II was the last of the Catholic kings.”

“How do you know all this history stuff?” Joab asked as the bulk of Longleat started appearing, flickering through the trees.

“It’s an important point in English history,” my ward told him after a thoughtful pause. “Like one of those key turning points. It’s when we started liberating ourselves . . .”

But before he could continue, something else altogether was taking my ward’s attention—a vision so utterly unexpected that he tells me he retains the image in his mind to this day, as though it was burned on his eidetic screen.

I’m choosing to interrupt my narrative at this point because Mein Host’s particular fascination with this period of English history has been fueled by an element of which he was unaware until typing these words. Given that I’m adding these observations for my ward’s fuller understanding of that time, please feel free to skip the following historical digression.

They were indeed revolutionary times in England as the seventeenth century turned into the eighteenth; they were years of intense rebellion, of a growing restlessness with the old autocratic strictures like the Divine Right of Kings. Only forty years earlier a reigning king had been officially executed for the first (and last) time in English history. Much in the same way that America hasn’t yet truly recovered from the assassination of President Kennedy in 1963, the killing of Charles I, and the courage and charm with which he faced his death, had set the country reeling for years.

Oliver Cromwell’s assumption of power and his decade of implacably persecuting Roman Catholics wherever his agents could find them—recall what Mein Host told Brother Joab about Cromwell’s wanton murder of many thousands of Irish priests—all this created a climate of fear and insecurity that permeated the emotional tone of the British Isles. Many people in Protestant England may well have initially welcomed Cromwell’s anti-Catholic campaigns for the perks they got out of it. But what the people couldn’t have bargained for was the pervasive sense of collective shame that settled over the realm. Nobody in England had ever killed a king before. For most people, especially Catholics, this was second only to killing the pope, God’s representative in the world.

After the immediate exhilaration felt by Protestants at the execution of the Catholic King Charles in 1649 wore off, and the awful savagery of Cromwell’s troops had further divided the country, the national dishonor felt at the regicide contributed to a profound spiritual unrest.

It was, of course, one of those moments of opportunity in history when a small wave of rebel angels chose to incarnate into the mortal ascension process. In doing this at that point of time they helped lay the foundation for the scientific breakthroughs that characterize the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and came to fruition in the Industrial Revolution and the formation of the American experiment.

So with that in mind, consider the charmingly named Kit-Cat Club. The place flourished briefly in London, and its members have been credited with fomenting the Glorious Revolution of 1688—the uprising my ward mentioned previously when talking with Bother Joab. My ward's research reveals that Horace Walpole, who was the son of Kit-Cat member Sir Robert Walpole, has written about the Kit-Cat Club. The author paints the club as eminently respectable or, in Walpole's words, a place "generally mentioned as a set of wits." But this was a heavily disguised summary of the Kit-Cat Club's true intentions, which he later hints at when pointing out that the members were "in reality the patriots that saved Britain."

Saved Britain, no less!

John Vanbrugh, later Sir John Vanbrugh, the man the Duke of Marlborough chose to design Blenheim Palace, was also a fellow member of this Kit-Cat Club. He was known for his radical views and his commitment to parliamentary democracy at this particularly crucial period in English politics. My ward had called Vanbrugh a local hero—and he really was!

John Vanbrugh was barely in his twenties when he spent more than four years as a political prisoner locked up in Paris for spying, before a prisoner exchange brought him back to London. He was one of the main players in the conspiracy that replaced the hated Catholic James II with the Protestant William of Orange from Holland. Before Vanbrugh was caught and imprisoned he'd been working under cover, liaising with William's invasion fleet. The invaders anticipated a battle when they landed in England—King James's army was far larger than William's invasion force—but no, what little resistance there had crumbled, and the king went on the lam. It was the depth of winter, and within days he was caught by some fishermen and returned to London.

The House of Commons, sensibly enough for that age, decided against repeating the regicide that rid England of James's father, Charles I, and so promptly imprisoned him. When James managed to escape to France only a

week later—his second attempt in days—the English didn't bother to pursue him. Executing his father had made a martyr of the king, and it wasn't a mistake the English were going to make again—better to leave him be.

James had always felt more comfortable in Catholic France. Yet within only a couple of years after he'd been thrown out of England he was back again, compelled to try to reclaim his crown. However, after landing on the east coast of Ireland in 1690 with troops lent by the French king, James was humiliatingly defeated by William's forces at the Battle of the Boyne.

This battle turned out to be a key point in the conflict between Catholics and Protestants that had been continuing since Henry VIII broke away from Rome more than a hundred and fifty years earlier. Now finally the Protestant-leaning English parliament was able to make laws to curtail the powers of the king. Thus it was under those novel restrictions that Prince William of Orange became King William III of England. As for James, he remained in France under the French king's lavish protection, living in resentful exile, ever hoping he'd be invited to return in triumph as an English monarch until his death eleven years later effectively ended any chance for a Catholic king of England.

Plate 1. *Sacred Equilibrium*. As we balance the spiritual and material aspects of our natures, so also does Nature seek her own sacred equilibrium.

Plate 2. *Invisible Allies*. We're of great interest to those who watch and care for us from behind the scrim of reality.

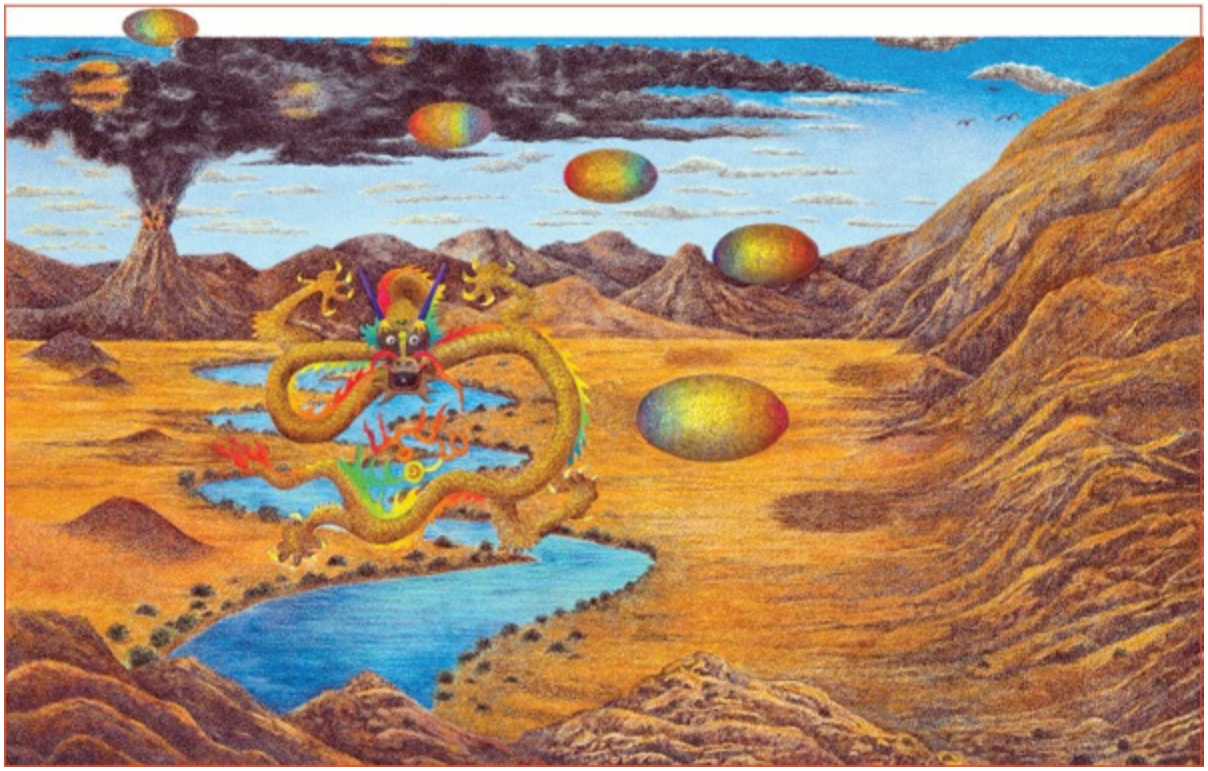


Plate 3. *After the Earthquake*. If or when Earth shrugs her shoulders will the North American continent split down the middle?

Plate 4. *The Language of Light*. Gestalt images of visual telepathy can dance their data on our eidetic screens.

Plate 5. *In the Beginning*. There's an ancient occult belief that before Earth was created four cosmic serpents gathered to bless the planet.

Plate 6. *The Friendly Sun*. Advice from a friendly extraterrestrial visiting from Itibi-Ra II: “First, make friends with your sun.”

Plate 7. *Seeking Balance*. I use my graphics as a form of biofeedback by which I can both observe the state of my inner equilibrium and correct it.

Plate 8. *Passages of Earth*. Mother Earth bends and shifts to accommodate the best humanity that brings her down through the ages.

This brief summary is, of course, a massive oversimplification of an event as significant to its age as the fall of the Berlin Wall was to the twentieth century. If the reader wishes to fill out their understanding of this vital moment in European history, the events are recent enough for considerably more detailed information to be readily accessible. Readers may also find it interesting to draw certain parallels between the events described here and those conflicts currently tearing apart the Middle East. Beneath the political and social upheavals, deeper than American or Russian interference in Middle East affairs, more fundamental than the lust far oil, the conflict is a religious one.

However, my purpose here in outlining some of the circumstances contributing to the glorious revolution of 1688 has been both to alert readers who may find an intuitive resonance with this period as well as to set a social context for the building of massive structures like Blenheim Palace and

Longleat.

John Vanbrugh, after returning from his imprisonment in France, set his sights on the London theater, becoming a relatively successful playwright by the late 1690s. His plays were popular but soon became a bitter subject of controversy for their bawdiness and their lack of Protestant moral values. The spirit of the times had moved along once again, and this reflected directly in the changing public taste for theatrical events. Restoration comedies, which had been enthusiastically supported by King Charles II and were wildly popular during the previous thirty years with all classes of society for their saucy humor and sexual candor, had become unfashionable. The pendulum was swinging toward a new Protestant seriousness, leaving behind playwrights like Vanbrugh, with his rakes and fops and provoked wives. Vanbrugh then sensibly turned to his second love, architecture. Although he'd received no formal training other than what he'd picked up from gazing at the magnificent buildings in Paris from his time in France, he had friends in high places—namely, the Kit-Cat Club.

When the Duke of Marlborough decided on Vanbrugh to design Blenheim Palace, the playwright had already been working on the early stages of a stately home in North Yorkshire, in my ward's words, "an absurdly monumental pile" known as Castle Howard. I've also heard him call the castle "a monstrous mishmash of styles, with its silly ornamental baroque turrets and its plaster cherubs." A reader might recall the place as the fictional "Brideshead," the stately home of the English television adaptation of Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*.

Although the primary architect of Castle Howard was the far more down-to-earth Nicholas Hawksmoor, a trained architect who'd worked previously for Sir Christopher Wren, it was John Vanbrugh who has been given credit for its weirdly idiosyncratic design. This became known as the European baroque style when other architects developed it further.

Yet if John Vanbrugh could boast of the success of his baroque innovations at Castle Howard, designing and building Blenheim Palace was going to be a horror from the very start. An architect's nightmare! Everything was wrong. The money was never fully secured. The funds were voted on in parliament as a gift to the Duke of Marlborough for defeating the French king in 1704, yet in the excitement and generosity of victory there'd been no

discussion of the actual cost. The money, however much it was going to cost, would be coming out of the royal purse—an arrangement that was, under any conditions, bound to end in conflict.

As the construction of Blenheim Palace dragged on, the queen became increasingly resentful of the constant demands for more money. The Duchess of Marlborough, in her turn, only made the situation worse. Feeling slighted by her husband's choice of architect and taking out her fury on the unfortunate Vanbrugh, she formed a consuming hatred for "that upstart scribbler." Their constant rows led to Vanbrugh being forbidden from ever again entering the site of the building he'd designed, as the financial brouhaha surrounding its creation would lead him to a public disgrace.

However, as though a curse hung over the palace, there was still a lot more disgrace to go around. Long before Blenheim Palace was completed the royal money dried up. Vast debts had been accumulated by the duke in his struggle to continue the building work, and, trading on his reputation, he made promises that were never kept. After a final, terrible row between the queen and the Duchess of Marlborough, both duke and duchess were exiled from the country. They owed a king's ransom on the building and in the unpaid salaries of workers and could only finally return to England following the death of Queen Anne.

Although I've called this brief view of late-sixteenth-century English architecture one of my digressions, I've included it here not only to satisfy my ward's longtime interest in architecture but also to hint at a period when a number of key players in important transitional periods in a nation's history were incarnated rebel angels.

These selective infusions of rebel angels into mortal life on all thirty-seven rebel-held worlds have been occurring with greater frequency during those planets' more recent histories. Such people, almost always completely unaware of their angelic heritages, can best be thought of as "agents of change," having chosen prior to incarnation the roles they will hopefully fulfill over the course of their lives. They were frequently the heros and villains of history, but if there is a common feature it's likely to be a preference for operating, as far as possible, behind the scenes. Unlike their purely mortal peers who seek public acclaim, incarnate rebel angels tend to withdraw from the fray when they've played their part.

It’s not my position to name names, unless there is something specific to be learned, but having some idea of the rebel angel personality as it enters mortal incarnation should allow interested readers to identify some of these people for themselves.

With that suggestion I will return to my narrative.

It’s a cold December day. Snow covers the ground.

A Rover Saloon threads its way cautiously through the skeletal trees lining the seemingly endless driveway of Longleat.

“From what I remember of my architectural history sessions,” my ward was saying as the house finally came into full view, “Longleat avoided all trouble. If Blenheim Palace was cursed, Longleat was . . .”

And he suddenly stopped speaking.

He was staring out over the vast expanse of the snow-covered lawns that stretched away down to their left.

“Did you *see* that?” There was an odd tone to my ward’s voice. No answer from Joab, who was looking at the house.

“Out of the corner of my eye . . . then when I looked it was gone! Joab, I swear it was there one moment and gone the next.”

“*What?* What’s gone? What the hell are you talking about?” This from the more phlegmatic Brother Joab.

“It was vast! An enormous spaceship. . . just sitting there on the snow. No, seriously! I saw it. It was transparent, like a jellyfish. Then, when I turned my head, it was gone. Disappeared.”

“C’mon, man! There’s nothing there! Look! Don’t spook me out!”

“You may be right, but I saw what I saw. If it was just an illusion or a hallucination it was a pretty weird one. The thing was enormous; it almost stretched all the way across the lawn . . . that must be, what? Three-quarters, half a mile?” My ward was still staring out across the snowy expanse of the lawn as the car scrunched on the gravel while pulling up to the house.

“That’s big, man! Half a mile!” Joab was humoring him as they got out of the car and climbed the stone steps to the fifteen-foot-high front door.

But *I* knew something remarkable had just occurred. After all, like all of my kind, I could clearly observe a sizable lenticular spacecraft parked in the

fifth dimension on the front lawn of Longleat. What startled me, however, was that Mein Host had caught a glimpse of the ship. That spoke to me of his increasing sensitivity to the more subtle frequencies, as well as his growing confidence to trust what he perceived.

I believe, in retrospect, that choosing to trust his momentary vision of that Pleiadean craft while negotiating Brother Joab's skepticism (well, he wasn't looking in the right direction) was the first time I'd seen him practicing what he later called proceeding on an "as if true" basis. When there are no objective ways of establishing the truth or falsity of an event, a communication, or anything that occurs once, a wise person doesn't reject such a thing out-of-hand because it doesn't square with his or her preconceptions. No, the wise person proceeds on an as if true basis and keeps a sharp eye on what might happen next.

If something is true it resonates with an open heart. Even the most mundane truth is coherent with the greater Truth of the planet's des-tiny. The truth persists, while falsity reveals itself false over time. This is the spiritual dynamic operating behind the well-worn phrase "the truth will out."

Mein Host had only met Alexander Thynne, as the marquess preferred to be called, a couple of times under fairly informal circumstances, but they'd been able to talk about art and had enjoyed one another's unorthodox opinions. The man was eight years older than my ward, and unlike most of his aristocratic peers he had a genuinely open and curious nature.

He welcomed both Processeans warmly, suspecting perhaps that because they were costumed as ostentatiously, though not as colorfully, as he was that they would share some of his more outrageous ideas. He was clearly a flamboyant dresser himself and an obsessive painter of erotic scenes, and was already becoming known for his free-love views. He was more of a hippy than a Peer of the Realm, although later in his life he would serve briefly in the House of Lords before "New Labor" shut out most of the hereditary peers.

It wasn't a long conversation, because once they were sitting together there really wasn't much to talk about. It wasn't as if the marquess needed anything. He was one of the richest men in England, and while he agreed with a lot of what the Processeans saw as being ill with the world, he was far too wealthy and self-content to subscribe to the end-of-the-world theories

held by the Process.

Before they left my ward gathered his courage and told their host about the enormous transparent spaceship he'd glimpsed in front of the house. He said how he couldn't be certain. It had all happened so fast and it had been seen out of the corner of an eye. But that's what it looked like. A vast, translucent spacecraft.

Expecting a casual dismissal or a burst of scornful laughter, Mein Host was pleasantly surprised at the response. No laughter. No scorn. Merely an enigmatic smile and a twinkle in the man's blue eyes, and a sense that he knew more than he was prepared to say.

Did he appear to hurry them out after my ward's question about the spaceship? Did he think at that point the pair were loonies? Had he seen the craft himself, perhaps? Did Joab too get the feeling he was holding something back? That he was hiding a secret? These were the questions the pair was pondering as they drove slowly back along the winding driveway.

It started to lightly snow again, and my ward was looking down under the dashboard and trying to fiddle with unfamiliar heater controls. Driving with his right hand and flipping switches and pushing knobs with his left, the radio splashed loudly on for a moment before he found the knob to silence it by finally hitting on the correct adjustment. When he looked back up through wipers barely scraping the wet snow off the windshield, his emotional body suddenly flushed crimson; Joab's flaring moments later.

Another car had appeared on the road about twenty feet away. It loomed out of the snowy gloom and was now coming toward them on the narrow driveway.

It was a large black sedan, and it seemed to appear out of the snow from behind a thick stand of trees around which the road curled. It must have seemed impossible at first—they hadn't seen another car on the estate. Yet, here one was, and now it was driving sedately toward them.

On a fine summer day the two cars would have been able to stop in time. Neither car was moving fast, perhaps ten or fifteen MPH at the most, but this was an icy road and the Rover P4 100's clever arrangement of brakes —servo-assisted Giring disc brakes in front and drum brakes at the rear— were no match for the slick macadam. The car then started a long, slow, and not inelegant slide toward the oncoming car.

The big black sedan must have seen the Rover at about the same time, and the elderly driver, by stamping on his brakes, produced much the same effect, as his car also slid uncontrollably forward. I could see through his windshield the shocked expression on the driver's face as the inevitable played itself out.

There was something strangely graceful about this little drama. If I had been more romantic I might have thought I was watching two monstrous metallic lovers being drawn ineluctably together, both sliding in magnificent grandeur toward one another, magnetized by some ancient memory to fall once again into each other's arms.

Inside the Rover—the pride of Robert's father's eye and lent to them as an act of great trust—both men, their bodies rigid with tension, were bent forward, eyes glued to the windshield. Theirs was not such a romantic view as mine; no Greek gods were folding into a mutual embrace. Their mouths were wide open; their eyes staring into the snow. Joab's right foot clamped down on a virtual brake, as my ward's was on the real one, while they watched the distance between the two cars steadily, if slowly, diminishing. For them it might have appeared as if two planets, thrown from their orbits by some massive solar upheaval, were now floating majestically toward one another and their inexorable collision.

If I was a little scornful about the Rover's brakes, I have nothing but admiration for the car's balanced equilibrium as it covered the intervening space, skidding as it was over the icy surface in a perfectly straight line, as did the other car. Perhaps it was this that gave the drama its surreal, dreamlike quality. The two cars moved toward one another until coming to a sudden and jarring halt, bumper to bumper, hood to hood, headlights to headlights—and yet, by some miracle, no glass was broken, no fender bent. The headlight lenses on the two cars ended up within half an inch of one another.

Everyone in both cars sat very still for a long time before getting out and inspecting the fortuitous lack of damage. No police were required, so after a brief and friendly chat and an agreement that no one was at fault, hands were shaken and the drivers returned to the warmth of their vehicles. Backing up, the cars were easily separated from their tentative embrace, and both set off in their different directions.

"I know this is odd, Joab," my ward said, as they drove slowly down the

rest of the driveway. “But I had the strongest feeling something was trying to stop us from leaving Longleat, that there was more for us to learn there.”

“The spaceship, you mean? Oh man! Really?”

“You can laugh; you didn’t see it! But yeah, it could’ve been that. You saw how he looked when I asked him about the ship.”

“So why aren’t you turning back then?”

“It wasn’t *that* serious. What’d we say to the guy anyway? Perhaps if it’d been a bad crash, that’ve been a real stopper!”

They drove on in a thoughtful silence toward the town of Warminster. The snow had let up, but they drove with a new caution through the narrow country lanes. A watery sun flickered through the trees. Farther on the clouds cleared and the sun was shining, steam rising from the road as it dried out. Had Mein Host known the area better at that point in his life, he might have commented on the unusual number of microclimates in the southwestern region of the country. It might be raining in one valley and sunny in the adjacent one. In the next it would be stormy again, and moving past that to the lowlands the world would be swathed in mist.

The car was unaffected mechanically by the incident. Yet enough of its precious chrome-work was scratched to require the sincerest of apologies to Robert’s father with an offer—halfhearted though it would have to be, as they possessed no personal money—to cover the cost of the damage. Relieved to have his car back in one piece, the offer was generously ignored.

* * *

I left the dolphin pod when it became clear the ambient temperature had begun to rise, bringing with it the most violent and unpredictable weather I’d yet seen on this planet.

Hurricanes by the dozen swept across the Atlantic Ocean, ravaging the northern lands, the American seaboard, and sweeping over the Caribbean islands. Cyclones ripped through the Philippines, and other devastating storms wrenched trees from their roots across the Russian steppes. Lightning strikes ignited timber already dried and primed by the rising temperature of the atmosphere, spreading fires that raged across entire continents.

The sudden shift of the magnetic poles, a geomagnetic reversal achieved

within a twenty-four-hour period that switched magnetic north and magnetic south, produced an additional hazard. The vast migrating herds of caribou broke into confusion, some running pellmell into lakes, or over cliffs, or into boggy marshland to be sucked under by the thousands. Many of these animals doubled back, only to become trapped and burned alive by raging forest fires. Flocks of birds, the crystals of magnetite in their brains feeding them inaccurate information, set off by the millions across an unfamiliar ocean, until, exhausted, they fell from the sky, blanketing the surface of the sea with an eiderdown of feathery bodies.

I think that of all I'd forced myself to observe over those terrible centuries, the sight of those millions of dead birds, too light to sink and yet weighty enough in their mass to calm the waves, was perhaps the most disconcerting sight of all. It was both utterly horrible in its tragic finality and yet quite one of the most disturbingly beautiful visions I've ever seen in a third-dimensional realm.

As I watched this unfamiliar and heartrending sight I found myself rising up higher in the astral without being consciously aware of doing it. I was now seeing still farther into an undulating plain of what looked like dirty white snow stretching in every direction. Then, moving still farther north, the unbroken blanket of death reached out far into the distance, until I could see the aurora borealis irradiating the darkness with its neon sheen, turning the feathered fields heaving beneath me into an incandescent echo of the silken skies.

I found the sight inconsolably beautiful.

That so much death is needed to contribute to a vision of such transcendent beauty has to be one of the idiosyncratic truths I've derived from my time on this world.

Need I go on with what I saw? The volcanic ash falling over human settlements, imprisoning the quotidian lives of the inhabitants into perpetual dioramas buried beneath many hundreds of feet of pumice.

Shall I tell of the terrible heat and floods that swept over the land, drowning all in the water's path, washing away land bridges, separating islands forever from the mainland?

Or of the clouds of brightly colored butterflies, their migration routes

disrupted by geomagnetic anomalies, flying in their masses into the sulfuric smoke pouring from volcanic vents?

Or perhaps of the enormous herd of impala I saw on the African plains, wildly leaping and running panic-struck from a fire driven by gale-force winds? Well, possibly just this one example, if only to illustrate that under such convulsive global conditions, heartrending and yet exhilaratingly intense visions become all too common.

It was inevitable, of course, that the immense herd of impala would eventually tire and falter. The fire line, a wall of burning grassland stretching far into the smoke, was moving rapidly, although not quite as fast as the herd. However, unlike the impalas, the fire was relentless in its progress. To the poor creatures it must have felt as if their worst nightmare was pursuing them, the flames first selecting the slow ones, the calves and mothers, the pregnant, the old and frail, and cruelly picking them off.

Still the fire rushed on.

The creatures' graceful leaps became shorter and more laborious. The flames, nipping at their heels, would spur them on in bursts, these sudden spurts of speed only making their progress that much more chaotic. Those at the rear of the herd were leaping in panic over, and onto, the backs of the slower ones in front of them. Hooves thrashed out as they collided, sometimes in midair, falling in heaps of broken limbs, some struggling back up to drag themselves on, stumbling over their dead and dying, only to burst into flames, ignited by the roaring onrush of the fire.

Gradually the herd of tens of thousands of these elegant, beautiful creatures moved slower and slower, although it seemed to me as though the fire itself was accelerating. The animals' progress—in fits and starts, somehow communicating almost instantaneously throughout the herd—became more labored as increasing numbers of impala were flaring up in flames.

But that wasn't the worst of it.

The impalas were *exploding*! The wretched creatures were erupting in sudden bursts of bright crimson and torched flesh.

Not unlike the pretty explosions of antiaircraft shells high overhead that my ward had watched as a child from his garden, impalas were exploding as far as I could see. Like an obscenely conceived fireworks display, each

detonation was accompanied by an eruption of flaming body parts, which then fell on the bodies of those running close behind, causing them, in turn, to flare up and explode.

The heat was so intense as it swept onward that it was igniting the gasses in the creatures' stomachs. Frequently the impalas exploded at the peak of one of their hysterical leaps. As the fire finally gained on them, overtaking the creatures and consuming them, it appeared for all the world like the gods were making popcorn on a fiery pan the size of a small African country. Or perhaps, with all that leaping and exploding, and because the front of the fire was moving in a straight line through the herd, I imagined that I might have been looking down at a gigantic basse-lisse loom. The weft of the flaming cloth rose and fell as though an invisible shuttle was flying back and forth, moving inexorably forward and delineated by a line of those vividly colored explosions.

I don't mean to make light of this horrifying scene, but it does reflect the degree to which I was growing inured and hardened by what I'd been observing over those tumultuous centuries. Sometimes I find it's only by focusing on the ominous beauty of destruction, or by using the lens of gallows humor, that I can deal with the pain and shame of having to observe such horrors.

Yet it was precisely in order to witness such horrors that I forced myself to stay and continue to observe these catastrophes. This time I'd determined I would not retreat to another world simply to avoid unpleasant reminders playing out before me of the decisions we angels made during and after Lucifer's rebellion. So I really have no basis for complaints.

However, there is something else that needs to be said. It relates as much to the massive die-off of human and animal life I witnessed in those times as it does to the massacre of millions in a war, or to the passing of a single human being. It concerns the nature of physical death and how death is perceived by the angels within the larger context of a mortal's eternal life.

The Multiverse in general, and the angels who serve the mortal ascension process, have a very different understanding of human mortality than do regular human beings. As members of a species unavoidably aware of our immortality, we angels have no real comprehension of mortal death or the terrors it carries for so many people.

For most humans physical death remains the great mystery of life, and, given that, almost anything can be fabricated about the afterlife by the unscrupulous. Religions in general, to state what has hopefully become obvious, have been among the worst of these offenders, with their stories of heavens and hells used as manipulative devices to control their flocks. Classic Christian fundamentalists, for example, may well “believe” they will go to heaven as a reward for their beliefs, but it will be the fear of going to hell that will dominate and shape their lives.

Atheists, or nonbelievers, by sensibly rejecting all the religious speculation about the afterlife, don’t necessarily find themselves in a much stronger position. Their dismissal of a religion’s guesswork about the afterlife may satisfy their mental intelligence, but with nothing of substance to replace it, their fear of death comes to dominate their emotional intelligence, which then has to be repressed and denied.

It is the next stage of this downward spiral that is most dangerous. In dismissing any spiritual reality the atheist derives no authentic wisdom to feed his spiritual body. His natural animal fear of death will tend to overwhelm his emotional body, and because it’s unsustainable for any being to live with a constant fear of death, his mental intelligence will be used to justify repressing the fear in his emotional body.

The results of repression will manifest in a variety of ways. At its worst it will show in the tyrant as a callous indifference to other people’s deaths or in an authoritarian parent’s brutal overreaction to a child’s minor indiscretion. In a less obvious form the repressed fear surfaces as the preoccupation with death and violence seen every day of the week in the films and television shows of contemporary popular culture—an obsession with violence shared by both the producers and the consumers.

In some intellectuals this fear of death can result in a refusal to even consider the afterlife as real; in others it might manifest as a knee-jerk denial of any validity in the near-death experience. In still others their impending death is an elaborate drama in which their atheism becomes the badge of courage in so bravely facing their permanent extinction. If it was true that the death of the material body was the end of their existence, their stoicism would indeed be admirable. As it is, such people are merely victims of their own misconceptions—convicts imprisoned by their own convictions.

In many doctors and in the medical profession in general, their

repressed fear of death will reveal itself in *their* need to compulsively revive the dying at all costs, regardless of their patient's desire and the Natural Order of life. All this so-called reverence for life, and I'm not denying the many acts of heroism this produces, is in reality another cloak to this pathology. As a result old people can linger on, their bodies victim of a medical system that profits from keeping them alive, and as likely as not, they'll be denied the reassurance of an afterlife.

There is an aspect of this pathology I can understand. In terms of whether there's an afterlife, it's the very human fear of being fooled or deluded yet again. Life in general has become so distorted over the thousands of years of planetary isolation that, as my ward likes to say, "everything has become upside down." People sense this on a deep level and the gap between the world in which they live, and the reality they know in their hearts they intuitively know to be true.

A tragic example of this, if it wasn't so amusing, are those scientists who dedicate themselves to proving that NDEs can be stimulated electrically in the waking brain. Sure, they can produce weird feelings in the subject, some flashes of light and what is assumed to be the tunnel that features in some NDEs. This evidence is then presented as a refutation of what anyone who has had an authentic NDE knows will likely be the most profound spiritual experience of their lives.

It's a subject of some wonderment for angels to see the extraordinary lengths some mortals will go to hide their eyes from the reality of death. While it is sadly misguided, it's a misconception that carries with it the hidden promise of a wonderful surprise at the end of such people's lives.

Yes, life continues after physical death, and it's well worth factoring that in to the way you live your life. Not out of fear for a fictional hell, nor from a desire for an eternity of pleasure in an equally fictitious heaven, but from the knowledge that this human lifetime is but the first stage of a spiritual career that will take you deep into the Multiverse, and, ultimately, far beyond and into the presence of the Creator of All.

8

Catastrophobia and Extraterrestrials

The Nature of “Accidents,” Fear of Death, the Cley Hill Enigma, the Power of the Gun, and Poseidon’s Arrogance

The collision on the driveway of Viscount Weymouth’s estate Longleat was not a serious accident. No one was hurt and the two cars were barely damaged. There was even something humorous about the inevitability of the slow slide and the drivers’ utter helplessness to do anything but watch in bemusement.

I have chosen to focus on this incident because I wanted to explore the deeper currents of meaning beneath so-called accidents, which most of the Western world appears to dismiss as magical thinking, or simply as unrealistic and silly.

There are small incidents that occur every so often during a mortal’s life that can be thought of as true accidents. By a “true accident” I mean an event that isn’t intended or anticipated by the human participants and, more importantly, an interaction falling outside the guidance of the specific angels involved. For most people accidents such as these are relatively infrequent, invariably minor, and never life-threatening, because the pattern of your life tends to be straightforward from the viewpoint of the angels.

As you discover your true soul path and start to align yourself with your higher purpose, you will progressively find yourself “in the right place at the right time.” These are the synchronicities you’ll observe, the meaningful

coincidences that help guide you along the spiritual path. Accidents will effectively cease to occur, because any unexpected interaction will then be viewed as feedback and can be usefully mined for meaning and information.

If an accident can be broadly thought of from a subjective point of view as the result of being in the wrong place at the wrong time, then such accidents will occur to people to the extent that they are out of alignment with their soul's true path. Should such feedback be ignored or dismissed, there will likely be further, more serious incidents until that person is shaken awake.

There are also occasional situations that result from conditions completely outside a person's control. Although these are extremely rare, they are almost invariably extremely serious or fatal: A part of a defunct satellite, for example, that fails to burn up on reentery and strikes a Canadian trapper dead. The one chance in three trillion of this occurring is an apt illustration of the rarity of this sort of accident. Yet it's in such accidents that makes it paradoxically easier to see the workings of your invisible allies, because the time and situation of a person's death is a matter of great significance to that person's companion angels. In the case of our Canadian trapper, for example, while the exact manner of his death may not have been written into his life plan, the *fact* of his death will be predetermined to occur at a certain point. This is because any one person's death will affect any number of people who know that person.

You can appreciate that this is an extremely subtle business. Midway angels will never reveal their presence unless specifically authorized. So, in my hypothetical example, deeper research will likely reveal that the trapper may have ignored his intuition to stay in his camp that day; or equally possible, the trapper might have been guided to that precise spot by a dream he'd had the previous night. Each possibility demonstrates a level of intentionality. But more significantly, the trapper's death will indicate that he has completed whatever the purpose of his incarnation had been.

Mein Host reminds me that two of his closest friends, Genesis and Lady Jaye, both by nature extremely sensitive and intuitive people, were due to attend a health club in one of the towers of the World Trade Center early on September 11, 2001. However, that morning was so clear and beautiful, an Indian summer day, they *felt* like staying in bed longer and luxuriating in the love they were making at their home in Queens. It was only when they were

finally getting out of bed did they see the second tower falling on TV.

This was not an isolated incident. The total number of people in the towers that morning was less than half of those ordinarily present. There had to have been a lot of small “miracles” that quietly kept people away.

You can believe the angels were busy that morning.

My ward asked around his wide circle of New York friends whether they, or anyone they knew, might have had an experience similar to that of Genesis and his wife. There were five other situations in which friends or acquaintances had chosen, for one reason or another—and in two cases they were irrational, last-minute decisions—not to be in the towers on that fateful day.

A materialist would dismiss these as lucky chances; a religious man might thank his God for saving those people; an atheist would write off such events as coincidences, just as a bean counter might discount the miracles as the inevitable result of statistics. “Some people are always going to find reasons to stay away, whatever day you choose,” a statistician might reasonably claim. And he’d be correct in principle. Yet, like much statistical thinking, he would entirely miss the range of subtlety within the personal responses of those who chose to stay away.

Materialist responses may well satisfy their particular devotees; however, they overlook the far deeper spiritual significance of the choices humans make over the course of their lives. By ascribing an event to luck, or coincidence, or to a statistical inevitability, the materialist will fail to derive any real *meaning* from such an event. It will remain a close shave for those who avoided the towers that morning, as those going to work that day in September would then have to be thought of, when viewed in this way, as spectacularly unlucky.

Those people who chose to believe they were saved by a direct intervention of God, although perhaps being able to glean more meaning from such an event than the materialist, put themselves in the unfortunate position of having to rationalize to themselves why God *didn’t* intervene to save those who’d died in the disaster. And nobody really wants to go down that road. The answers simply make no sense. “If God stepped in to save me, does that mean he just allowed the others to be killed?” Or, “If God wanted to save me, did he therefore *want* the others to die?”

And, of course, the old faithful “Why me, Lord?”

I suppose it’s inevitable in a society that neither gives credence to the *real* existence of angels nor ascribes any deep spiritual meaning or purpose to an individual’s life that such a society would believe in the concept of accidents. This myopia is due both to the people’s limited perspective on the true nature of mortal life and the very human propensity for irresponsibility. How much easier it is for people to blame the tree for hitting their car than it is for them to accept that it might be their responsibility for driving into it! And how regrettable it is that the driver, by taking no personal responsibility for the car crash, will miss the true significance of the incident and will thus learn nothing of real value from it.

However shocking it may seem to some, there really are no real accidents. The angels aren’t that sloppy. Accidents, you could say, happen on purpose. Every action has its inevitable consequences, as every consequence in turn will have its further consequences. A poorly adjusted brake assembly on a car made in Japan might result months later in an “accident” on an interstate in California that kills the woman driver.

Is that then an accident? And if you knew the dead driver had chosen the path of self-sacrifice prior to incarnation, and as a result more reliable brake adjustment policies are instituted, would this cast the so-called accident in a different light?

Let’s look at the contributing factors: a careless mechanic in Japan, lackluster quality control, a dealer under pressure for higher profits, a salesman working on a percentage of sales too busy and ambitious to check the brakes before selling the car to the woman; and a woman who knows nothing about engines, or brakes, or anything about cars in general for that matter.

So here is a line of consequences. Each one in itself can barely be called accidental. Irresponsible, lazy, fearful, greedy, and indifferent, yes, with each person in the line creating a lesson to be learned, until the automobile finally reaches the woman and she drives it innocently to her death.

Written off as a road death statistic, one of thousands of such fatalities a year, the woman’s death becomes simply another accident. Its only purpose can be in its aggregation with other such accidents to force changes on the

automobile manufacturer.

However, when an incident such as my example here is examined through less-sentimental eyes, questions about the woman need to be more penetrating. Did she, for example, have a weakness for giving away her power to authority, and had she bought the car for the wrong reasons? Had she ignored her intuition's advice to avoid that particular car? Might she have been so insouciant to not bother to have the car checked over by an independent mechanic? Was the car purchased under false pretenses? Did she buy the car for the wrong reasons? These will be the sort of questions the driver will be likely presented with for her own learning at her after-death life review.

However, whatever the driver's particular issue may have been, it can be thought of as part of the mise en scène of the ensuing drama, her life script, as I previously suggested, which was agreed upon prior to incarnation, and will include a death that would benefit others in the longer run. The manner of the death might not be specified in the agreement, but the woman's life, as she nears the time of her crash, will be moving her inexorably toward the fate.

Of course, all this will be happening beneath the driver's level of conscious awareness; the true value of her self-sacrifice will only emerge when she's with her angels at her after-death review. It's there that she'll be able to appreciate the meaning and purpose of her life. And if she has caused unnecessary harm or pain to others she will have the opportunity to experience her own feelings and reactions as well as feel the pain or harm she caused others.

A human being's capacity for absorbing information is so minimal compared to the amount of information available in the Multiverse. It could be said that the Multiverse itself *is* pure information. This vast information gap means it's inevitable that human beings lived in the virtual dark. Information has to be absorbed and processed to distill it into knowledge, and knowledge has limited value unless it can be used with wisdom.

This is a tall order to expect of any mortal on a third-density world. To use the vernacular, given the limitations of the flesh, you are all dancing as fast as you're able. You learn what you can, what you're able to deal with under the circumstances. However, the deeper reality is closer to life as a theatrical piece, performed by actors who've lost or forgotten their lines, on a

stage that constantly shifts beneath their feet, with a cast some of whom are friendly, some unaccountably hostile, and subjected to intermittent shocks and surprises if their performance gets too boring.

Each learns what they can in the process of trying to improve their earthly lives, but the true and deeper lessons derived from a mortal life are only fully available during your afterlife review. This is when you'll have the opportunity to study, evaluate, and more fully understand the many layers of information embedded into the way you've lived your life.

This is how mortals learn and grow in spirit as they ascend through the countless levels of the Multiverse.

The weather had cleared by the time Brother Joab and my ward reached the outskirts of the town of Warminster in the English county of Wiltshire.

Warminster was founded in Anglo-Saxon times, with its name first appearing in the tenth century, although human occupation was already ancient when Stonehenge was built close-by. It's an area of England long believed to have sacred or magical qualities. It was in this region that crop circles were first observed and photographed in the early 1970s, although simple circles had been appearing occasionally for some years. It took the advent of small, low-flying, private aircraft and sufficient curiosity on the part of pilots to look out for the formations in the crop fields for them to be discovered. A few have been relatively obvious hoaxes, but apart from them, the circles continued to manifest in progressively more complex formations over the ensuing years, with an unusual concentration of these circles in the fields of southwest England.

This isn't the place to digress on the subject of crop circles. I will discuss them further in a later volume, when my ward is back in England and free to spend some time in an authentic crop circle. Besides, on that chilly winter's night in 1969, as the two Processeans drove slowly around the deserted streets of Warminster, crop circles hadn't yet emerged as the enigma they remain to this day.

In the 1960s, it was all about UFOs.

The newspapers had called it a "UFO flap," with large, silent, cigar-shaped UFOs seen by numerous witnesses in the Warminster area. There'd also emerged a single daylight photograph of an unidentified craft taken in

1965 that, despite much examination by experts, has stood the test of time.

This much Mein Host knew as he and Joab drove around talking about UFOs; that and the unusual name of the person who had published a book about the paranormal phenomena occurring in the Warminster region. Peering at his watch—it was 10:30 p.m.—Joab suggested looking in a phone book for the author Arthur Shuttlewood's address. It was there, of course. This was England.

At around 11:00 p.m., the Rover drew up in front of a small suburban house and the two Processeans were welcomed in by a tall, thin man in his sixties with a twinkle in his eye. He appeared unfazed by the unexpected arrival of two such outlandish-looking beings at a time when all good people should be tucked up in bed. But then Arthur wasn't tucked up in bed either, was he? It was almost as if he was expecting them. When I saw my ward's sly wink at Joab, I knew that was what was in his mind.

After seating the pair in the cramped living room and pouring them each the customary cup of tea, Arthur Shuttlewood launched into the story of his investigations of the weird, unidentified sounds that had been frightening and puzzling the good townspeople for the past four or five years. Arthur was on the case.

Originally a journalist with the local paper, Arthur's spiel was peppered with quotes from newspaper articles going back to the mid1960s. This was when he'd started reporting on the odd sounds that were being heard at night. By 1965, UFOs had been seen; one craft, so Arthur told them, remaining silent and motionless for more than half an hour just south of the town.

The book Arthur Shuttlewood published in 1967, *The Warminster Mystery*, a battered copy of which was found beneath a pile of newspapers and shown around. In it he retraced the phenomena that revealed how the unusual sounds had led to the UFO sightings in August of 1965. Grabbing another cutting, Arthur showed them the photograph Gordon Faulkner had taken of a UFO over the town in broad daylight. This was the one my ward knew about. It had been published in the *Daily Mail*, a national newspaper, and would have reached a readership of millions.

This had led to UFO enthusiasts from all over the country descending on the small town, soon to be followed by what Arthur called "a press circus," with him in the middle of the ring doing his best to play ringmaster.

He was the expert, after all—the man who'd brought the phenomenon to light. A televised public meeting about UFOs was held in the town, bringing even more people pouring into Warminster.

It was at that point, according to Arthur, that the problems started. The excitement with which he'd initially greeted the Processeans changed, and simultaneously he seemed both resentful and crestfallen. It wasn't difficult to see why. He reckoned he'd written the book that had started and then stoked all the interest in UFOs, and he now found himself being sidelined by Faulkner's photo in a national paper.

As Mein Host said afterward, "It was hard to know whether Arthur was genuinely angry or just plain baffled by what'd happened."

In fact, I could tell from the Arthur's emotional body that the state of his mind was mainly one of confusion. He was not a particularly sophisticated man. He clearly never expected that his lonely crusade in the face of considerable ridicule would turn into such a ridiculous charade.

However, his mood soon changed when my ward told him about his bumping into an extraterrestrial on a London street a few years earlier. He positively beamed when he heard the ET had said they could pick rockets out of the sky, "Just like that!" with a snap of his fingers in my ward's face, before he slipped past the stunned lad and continued up the street.

I believe that Arthur must have recognized the reality and authenticity of my ward's encounter from his own unusual experiences, because it seemed to have answered an unresolved question in his mind. I'd no doubt it was the issue that troubled everyone in the 1960s: What were the intentions of the UFOs? If they were negative, what was going to be done about them? If they were benign, would they save humanity from its own foolishness?

"Have you a car outside?" Arthur suddenly asked as he was clearing the newspapers aside. "How about some UFO spotting? It's getting toward midnight—best time for seeing 'em."

Without waiting for an answer, Arthur Shuttlewood, renowned UFO chaser, reached for his coat and led the way out into the frosty night. He was sure they were going to see UFOs, "considering the present company!" This last said with a conspiratorial grin. Whatever could that have meant?

Arthur made no secret of having been depressed over the past couple of years. Not only had he been hurt by being unrecognized by the alien true-

believers at the conference, just as he'd been scorned by the non-believers, but after all of his initial excitement, the sightings seemed to have dropped off.

Arthur Shuttlewood was a man (and a writer) who dearly needed something spectacularly out of this world to happen.

* * *

In a society as preoccupied with violence, for example, as contemporary America, the gun has become a dominant symbol for the fear of death. Although some gun owners might want to deny it with their "Guns don't kill people, people do," guns certainly make it a lot easier. I believe that it's surprisingly difficult to kill with bare hands, yet in spite of the multitude of people killed throughout history by the bare hands of their murderers, hands have never become quite the symbols of death that guns have. Yet hands can do many things, some good, some not so good; a gun does only one thing, and it does it implacably well.

In its iconic role, the gun has assumed a deep religious significance: it is now the gun, and not God, that giveth or taketh away life; it is the gun that has become the ultimate decider, the way conflicts can be finally settled. There is now seldom thought given to an afterlife; little consideration of consequences; and apparently, even less understanding of the *spiritual* consequences of taking another's life.

This has led to memorable hypocrisies such as President Clinton preaching to the nation after the Columbine High School massacre in 1999, stressing how violence was never a way to solve conflicts while simultaneously sending in cruise missiles to destroy an aspirin factory in Somalia. The abortive attempt to kill Osama bin Laden was an embarrassing failure, killing innocent workers and demolishing a chemical plant producing a valued medicine, while creating a firestorm of criticism at home and internationally.

In spite of the furor that this shocking error created in the United States, the iconic power of the gun—in this case a cruise missile—being used in an attempt to kill a terrorist thousands of miles away was never questioned. The very concept of violence being no way to resolve a conflict that the president

was touting, the next moment he was flouting. And yet Mein Host assures me that however critical the comments, he saw no reference whatsoever to this obvious hypocrisy. He says this myopic attitude toward gun violence was also appropriately demonstrated by the owner of a small-arms factory close to Columbine High School. In Michael Moore's film *Bowling for Columbine,* the owner seemed quite unable to comprehend that there could be any connection between the proximity of his gun factory to the site of the deadliest high school gun killing in America.

Without wishing to belabor this observation, I wouldn't be completing my analysis if I didn't mention a couple of the most serious consequences of this pervasive and collectively repressed fear of death.

On a more obvious material level, the fear of death drives an American military establishment larger than the military forces of every other nation combined, and at a price that is bankrupting the nation. Of course there's a perfectly natural fear of death in all mortals, but here I'm choosing in the main to address my American reader. Much of this you will have observed for yourself: that the manipulation of the fear of death has created an arms industry that exports military hardware to other nations, thus ensuring that hostilities continue. And not surprisingly, this permits, even encourages, more and more gun deaths and injuries in robberies and domestic rows that otherwise might have petered out before someone reaches for a gun. And, of course, this lethal combination of a profound (but largely unacknowledged) fear of death, and the ease of acquiring the means to end life, can only continue to result in more gun violence on the streets of America than in the cities of any other Western nation.

However, even this situation fades in light of the far more insidious effect that the gun has had on the American national psyche. The very threat of a gun can produce a fugue state in many people—a state of hypnotic stasis—in which the iconic power of the weapon is enough to induce an immediate fear of death. And there is the reciprocal by-product of this blind belief in the authority of the gun that sends homeowners off to buy guns to protect their homes and families. And they'll do this despite common knowledge that it's far more likely to be used in a flare-up of domestic violence than ever to shoot an intruder.

When a cultural anthropologist of the future comes to analyze the deterioration of American society from its position of global dominance after

the Second World War to the situation in which the nation finds itself in the early years of the twenty-first century, our future academic will be free, hopefully, of the cultural trance of gun worship. I've no doubt she'll be able to chart the progressively destructive influence of this unholy and spiritually debilitating veneration of guns and the sanctity of gun ownership.

There are many aspects of a so-called free society that require individuals to make responsible choices. Buying a gun, let alone using one on another person, in any sane society, should have to meet the highest levels of personal responsibility. It shouldn't therefore be surprising that so many people find themselves unable to rise to the challenge demanded by common sense when it comes to owning guns. (Having said I would not belabor the point, my ward is warning me not to test the reader's patience much longer. Or resolve the gun issue from a Watchers point of view.)

Common sense suggests that the actual reality of such a permissive approach to gun possession actively encourages people to place their faith and security in their weapons. Rather than using their intelligence to talk or think their way out of potentially harmful situations, or indeed by placing their faith in God to keep them safe, relying on a gun will automatically reduce the options to shooting or not shooting.

The iconic power of the gun replaces the need for a more nuanced or intelligent response to danger. By depending on guns for self-protection, gun owners can freeze themselves into their base chakras. The very presence of a gun presupposes a threat to their survival. It's this powerful thoughtform lodged in the base chakra that reduces a person's options. By relying on a weapon, the owner has no reason to resolve a threat in a more constructive manner.

Please don't misunderstand me. My observations so far about guns and the position they occupy in contemporary American life have focused on the practical implications of gun ownership. If you can make some use of my insights, so be it. But as a Watcher, it may surprise you to know I am bound to support the reasonable availability of guns in America. Human advancement ultimately depends on individual responsibility and guns also carry the potential to awaken gun owners to more fully consider their actions and the consequences during what may be life-threatening situations.

If my approach appears paradoxical, consider this: Life is largely about making choices, and it's often necessary to make poor choices as part of the

learning process before the correct choice is made. Guns, with their potential to take life, are at the extremes of personal choice. While common sense demands certain obvious restrictions on gun purchase, owning a weapon will hopefully sooner or later alert the owner to the way a gun invites violence while removing the option for a more intelligent response to a threat. Although the person who forsakes the gun might be living in a difficult neighborhood he or she will have a greater chance of growing more emotionally and spiritually mature from having to defuse situations without having to resort to shooting someone.

A decision such as the one I've implicitly suggested—to forsake the use of a gun, not for some ideological reason but as a result of an intelligent appraisal of possible consequences—would allow an alignment of the physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual intelligences into one coherent operating system.

I'll take this one step further, if I may, because the skeptic is bound to argue that if other *irresponsible* people own guns, well what then? Doesn't that justify owning a gun?

My answer won't satisfy the skeptic, but it will introduce the less-obvious dynamic that will be recognized by those familiar with the esoteric principle of like attracting like. A person who has fully resolved his or her own propensity for violence will be unlikely to attract the violence of others. This sort of active pacifism will be tested, as happened a number of times to Mein Host, but as he has proved to himself that he can respond to life-threatening situations appropriately and without fear, he no longer needs to attract violence into his life.

On a world such as this, I've come to appreciate that deep self-knowledge is often activated and most thoroughly absorbed under extreme conditions. Much of this understanding I owe to observing my ward over the course of his lives, his willingness to challenge himself by walking into difficult or dangerous situations as a way of learning about himself and how he responds in the face of danger.

I'm going to jump ahead to 1980 for a timely example drawn from my ward's life, to a warm summer's night in New York City. It was well after midnight, and Mein Host was using a public phone booth on the curb of a side street in the mid-50s, on the West Side of Manhattan.

My ward had left the Process community a couple of years earlier, in December of 1977, and was continuing to live in the city. He had already started a small business that I'll cover in more detail later in my narrative. However, running a small business in Manhattan was keeping him ridiculously busy, every day and most of the night, which is why he was using a public phone on the curb of a deserted street at 2:00 a.m. on that warm summer night.

This then is what I observed: At some point in his telephone conversation, with the booth enclosing his head and shoulders, he evidently hadn't noticed a heavyset man appearing out of a darkened doorway. He sidled up behind my ward and stuck a revolver in the small of my ward's back.

Before I continue—and to accentuate the point I've been making about appropriate responses to dangerous situations—I should add that as a result of his near-death experience seven years earlier in 1973, my ward lost any fear of death, although he didn't fully realize this until he was tested in a number of life-threatening situations.

He has written elsewhere that he was immediately aware that the pressure in his back was a gun. Yet I could see he neither felt nor showed any fear or surprise whatsoever. There was no startled response, no sharp intake of breath, no obvious reaction at all. He barely stopped speaking on the phone while gesturing to the mugger to be patient. Perhaps it was this that flummoxed the man. The mugger just stood there, obviously bewildered, pushing the gun into my ward's back.

Then my ward smiled back over his shoulder in such a relaxed and confident manner while continuing to speak on the phone, that the mugger evidently believed he had no choice but to wait, so he pressed the gun harder into Mein Host's back and did just that.

After a minute or so my ward hung up. Then, turning slowly on the spot in a counterclockwise direction, he must have surprised the man who'd been holding the gun in his right hand. This allowed my ward to gently push the gun out of his back with his left arm as he was completing his turn. Before the man had a chance to react, my ward completed his turn by throwing his left arm affectionately around the mugger's shoulders. In paying no attention to the threat implied by the gun, he had effectively disarmed the thief.

My ward spoke quietly and reassuringly to the deflated mugger, asking questions and listening attentively, while they walked together along the street, chatting like old friends.

I didn't overhear what they were saying before they parted on reaching Seventh Avenue, but from the way the mugger had tucked the gun out of sight behind his back, I assumed lessons were being learned by both parties.

Lest this be dismissed as a lucky chance, in the five acts of mugging that my ward experienced during his twenty years of living in Manhattan, the three involving weapons were disarmed just as adroitly as the one described. The aggressive young man who rushed at my ward throwing punches with fists and feet was effectively fought off, thanks to having been taught boxing when he was five and six years old.

The only mugging in which my ward lost a few dollars occurred when he was confronted by more than a dozen teenage street kids, some with zip guns, others with sticks. They swarmed him late one night in the deserted stairs to the subway, close to the cathedral in northern Manhattan. There was another kind of learning in this, the fourth attempted mugging: keeping his cool during this purposely confusing aggressive attack, during which the boys were poking at him, pushing him up against the wall, shouting insults and jumping nervously around.

My ward's cool and unfamiliar reaction must have spooked the kids, who ran away after grabbing a few dollars from one of his pockets. They entirely missed the wad of notes in his shoe, and, more importantly, they didn't even notice the leather briefcase that he'd tucked behind him when they pressed him up against the subway wall. So they didn't steel his camera, his small tape recorder, his natural double-terminated quartz crystal, his journal (the most valued of all his possessions), his house keys, or sundry other items that would have been wretchedly inconvenient to lose.

It interested me to observe that none of these incidents disturbed my ward's emotional equilibrium in a way that being threatened with a gun would have terrified him at any time prior to his near-death experience.

This brings me back to my original point: angels have a different understanding of mortal death than do most human beings. This is not simply because angels are immortal beings who have no direct experience of death,

but for the very same reason my ward discovered for himself as a result of his NDE, and then subsequently confirmed it for himself as a result of the muggings. To quote another American president, one who knew about fear and danger from his own personal experiences: “There is nothing to fear but fear itself.” However, this is evidently much easier to say than to do—and to do it *without* repressing the fear, resorting to a stiff upper lip and putting on a brave front.

What I hope I’m demonstrating in relating Mein Host’s narrative with all its ups and downs is how life itself will become the spiritual teacher if due attention is paid to the true nature of the challenges faced. Mein Host will tell you himself that none of his actions in dealing with the muggers were consciously planned. Nor did he consider that he was rash or foolish, or for that matter, that he was being particularly brave. He would say that his reactions just came naturally.

The truth of it was that my ward wasn’t threatened by the gun’s promise of death and so was free to respond to the thief with human kindness without a second thought. The mugger, in turn, was so convinced in the magical power of the gun he was wielding that he found himself unable to deal with my ward’s apparent indifference to the threat. In doing this, said mugger gave his power away to my ward and effectively became the victim of his own mugging.

My coauthor is now insisting that I have “milked this extended digression” (his words) for as much as I’m likely to draw out of the mortal fear of death.

I can only say in response that if he gets impatient with my digressions, I remind him I’m writing for my own illumination, as much as I am for his. There are aspects of the mortal experience that are novel to me yet will be all too familiar to him. So if he believes I am becoming tedious in focusing excessively on mortality and the human fear of death, he needs to understand he’s in the unusual situation of having actually *experienced* the afterlife realms, only to choose to return a profoundly changed man. It’s precisely this factor—that I’ve been able to observe the same person both before and after such a profoundly transformative experience as an NDE—that is allowing me the luxury of my brief analysis.

I suppose I consider my ward as my self-contained control group. I, in turn, return the favor by telling him what I’ve observed and supplying

information he will need for his spiritual growth.

* * *

I'm sure the perceptive reader will have realized it was my thoughts of Atlantis that carried me, not unnaturally, to what is currently occurring in the modern world. Yet if there are certain similarities between nations in decline, there are also some intriguing differences.

My brief explication on the fear of death and the role it plays in the American national psyche, and now, through the global reach of the U.S. entertainment industry, most of the rest of the world, serves to demonstrate one of the main contrasts between the two historical periods. I've raised this issue because the thoughtform of the fear of death is by now so prevalent and so firmly embedded in the modern psyche that it's almost impossible for the contemporary mind to identify with such fatalism in the face of death that characterized most ancient cultures.

It may help contribute to a deeper understanding of those cultures to know how opaque is the lens of self-concern through which the modern mind attempts to gaze into the distant past.

A human being of the Atlantean era was not only more familiar with the facts of death, but he or she also would have possessed an absolute conviction in the reality of an afterlife. Prior to the more recent introduction of the concept of a punitive afterlife, antediluvian cultures universally believed the afterlife occurred in a far finer place than a mortal lifetime. Due to minimal medical intervention there were many fewer natural NDEs in ancient times, but those rare ones who did return from the realms of the dead would have likely reported on the wonders they experienced in the afterlife realms.

This overwhelmingly optimistic view of a glorious afterlife, together with the unenviable conditions in which most humans throughout history have eked out their short lives, fed a fatalism that welcomed death as a liberation from a wretched life. It was this pathology that defined and shaped much of existence in the ancient world, when its denizens faced the disasters, natural and man-made, that they saw as being their lot to endure in life.

This pathology also worked to the advantage of the ruling elites and their military forces, who discovered that the promise of a better life to come

could be endlessly manipulated in service to their own ambitions. An extreme form of this in modern times can be found in the atavistic beliefs of the suicide bombers who are prepared to blow themselves up, having become convinced they will then find themselves in paradise.

Clearly, martyrdom in the Western world has diminished since the Industrial Revolution in inverse proportion to the progressive secularization of society and its rejection of an afterlife. With this change came the escalating fear of death, which is what makes the self-immolation of a Buddhist monk, for example, all the more disturbing for the nonbeliever.

In the antediluvian world human beings were not so bowed down by the fear of death for the reasons I've already noted. It would take the religious authorities of a more recent time to discover that in concocting a fictional hell as a place of eternal damnation, they could temper the promise of heaven with the far more effective threat of hell.

Thus it was that the world seemed to be closing in on the islands of Atlantis. It was a time of ravaging storms, of floods and darkened skies, of an erupting Earth and boiling hot steam exploding out of volcanic fissures. It was a time when rocks fell from the skies, bringing death from fatal diseases that swept through the islands. All these calamities were faced by the Atlanteans with a stoicism almost entirely foreign to the modern mind.

For those of us who observed Atlantis during the first of its three massive upheavals, it seemed as though the Atlanteans who were killed had given themselves over willingly to death. I saw tidal waves sweeping thousands of people into the ocean without a sound; not a scream or a cry from them—not even a whimper out of the children as they surrendered themselves to their inevitable doom.

I believe it was toward the end of this long period of natural disasters that I realized a truth that, at the time, cut deeply into the way I was thinking about the consequences of the Lucifer Rebellion on this world.

There was a terrible repetitive tedium to the disasters, a numbing sameness to the way the Atlanteans submitted themselves to death like automatons. Whether they valued their human existence, or if their lives were a drudgery, they all had the same reaction when facing death.

I found I had the strangest reaction to watching this horrifying passivity.

Although it was obvious that no one could do anything to prevent the natural disasters, it was the manner in which the Altanteans gave up all hope and simply waited for death to take them away that I found so disturbing. Even the impala had run from the fire! Yet it wasn't that I would have wished people to run screaming from the flames and the floods, no, it certainly wasn't that. I've never taken pleasure in the pain or terror of mortals.

It is only now, when I've had the opportunity to analyze my experience in retrospect, that I realize what so distressed me. At the time I believed it was solely the people's passivity that was so upsetting. I can now appreciate that my aversion was related to a prescient sense of my future mortal incarnation, which I was unaware of at that time.

Yes, something I hadn't felt before had stirred within me during my encounter with the dolphin. It was perhaps the first glimpse of the scale and reach of what I now realize was MA's program of personal redemption for those of us who choose mortal incarnation. It's now clear to me that my distress at observing the passivity with which the Atlanteans gave themselves so willingly over to death must have felt so wasteful. My talk with the dolphin had alerted me to the very real possibility of a mortal incarnation, but it must have seemed so personally improbable at the time that I didn't pay it the attention it deserved.

So this is how I felt: the Atlanteans were throwing away their lives; they had no idea of the true value of a mortal life. I was surprised how strongly I felt this without knowing the reason why.

Now, however, having had the chance to observe Mein Host so closely over the course of his current lifetime, I've come to realize I somewhat misinterpreted what was going on with the islanders. What I had taken for passivity, what had so peeved me, wasn't the indifference I took it for at all. Now I understand that their apparent passivity was due to their Atmans, their Indwelling Spirits, having taken leave of their mortal hosts. This had left the Atlanteans with only the most rudimentary animal instincts with which to respond to the onrushing disaster. It was this that made me think they were in a hypnotic fugue state, but it wasn't quite that.

If mammals are threatened with impending death they might fight if the threat is a predator or flee if it's brought on by a fire or flood. But there's a third reaction, which you will see in dogs when they roll over on their backs and surrender to a stronger force. In human beings this reaction can manifest

as a sudden freezing of cognitive abilities. On Atlantis, people tended to move as one, like zombies, free of personal will and following an overwhelming collective desire—in this case, a desire to submit to the inevitable.

Thirteen millennia ago, human consciousness was more firmly lodged in the nondominant hemispheres of the Atlantean brain than it is in the brain of the contemporary human being. It was this factor that rendered the Atlanteans all the more vulnerable to being carried along by the collective. When this occurred in a mass of people, as when facing a tidal wave, and if their fate was clearly inevitable to them, they would indeed appear from an external viewpoint to be moving as a single, collective automaton.

I can see as I'm completing this necessary digression on death that the confusion in my mind as I watched the disasters striking Atlantis and most of the Middle East was actually more of a species misunderstanding. This was compounded with what I now realize was all the disinformation and rumors floating around the circuits following the Lucifer revolution that I hadn't yet sorted out for myself. The truth is, I was feeling as confused and heavyhearted in my mind as those poor dispirited and apathetic Atlanteans must have been in theirs. It was one of my lowest periods in all the half-million years I've been present and observing life on this world.

It's somewhat humbling to realize how little I understood at the time of what was developing behind the scenes.

* * *

It was a dark and moonless night as the navy blue Rover Saloon, with its delicately bruised front bumper, crept slowly up the narrow lane toward Cley Hill. Arthur Shuttlewood sat in the backseat leaning forward and pointing excitedly ahead to where they'd be sure to see a UFO.

Parking the car, they walked the rest of the way in the freezing cold to the top of the hill, Arthur chattering happily about all the weird phenomena going on the past few years. Lots of strange sounds, he was saying, but no real UFO sightings since back in '65. He was evidently proud of all the interest he'd stirred up with his book and his articles in the local paper, and yet beneath all this ebullience was the barely repressed fear that he'd missed

his moment in the limelight. His shtick had been usurped by those with louder voices and more refined deliveries.

He gave a clue to his delicate state of mind when he complained about how Patrick Moore—long well-known in England as “the Television Astronomer”—had come down to Warminster the previous month and made a fool out of poor Arthur. He said he’d been humiliated; Moore had even suggested he was a hoaxer!

They neared the summit of Cley Hill, which rose like a soft green breast from the landscape. The local people had shown enough aesthetic appreciation of natural beauty to avoid building houses on its gentle flanks. It had functioned as a fort during the Iron Age and, as with so many features of the landscape in southwest England, over the centuries Cley Hill had gained its own inevitable unsavory reputation. It was where medieval witches gathered to hold their sabbats.

It should be evident to those following my narrative that at least some of those drawn to practice magic or sorcery throughout the medieval era all over Europe would have been incarnate rebel angels. And this is true. It was one of those periods in the Western world when the Christian religion, whether Roman Catholic or the recently created Protestant faith, dominated and controlled the minds and souls of the people they purported to serve. In a pattern I’m only now appreciating, this infusion of rebel angel incarnates was chosen to play their roles in maintaining the more ancient belief in a direct personal contact with the unseen realms.

There were few trees gracing the hill. The thick layer of chalk beneath the hill’s grassy flanks provided little purchase for anything larger than the few shrubs that the three intrepid UFO Watchers were stumbling into on their way up the slope. As a hill, Cley wasn’t very high, some eight hundred feet, so reaching the summit seemed reasonably effortless for the two priests. This was less so for the older man who, by the time they reached the top, was panting out a mist that hung around his head like a ghostly aura in the faint light of the stars.

It was evidently extremely cold that night, the snow clouds from earlier in the day having cleared to reveal a sky alive with stars. The three of them stood for a while, stamping their feet to keep warm, peering up into the starlit sky for any discernible movement. Nothing. Not even a shooting star.

Arthur was growing steadily less talkative as his enthusiasm waned. He had obviously pinned his hopes on a sighting with his two strange visitors. It had been some years since he'd had anything firm to report, and now he was determined to be vindicated in the public's eyes, if not in those of the treacherous Patrick Moore.

After fifteen minutes—the last five having been spent in a teeth-chattering silence—it was my ward who suggested they return to the car and warm themselves up. Maybe they'd be able to see something from there.

"At least we won't be so cold!" Mein Host was saying as they stumbled back down the hill. "Don't you find, Arthur, that sightings happen when you're least expecting them? I've never had any luck the few times I've gone out 'specially to see them."

Arthur didn't have much to say to that. It must have been obvious he'd spent many a fruitless night up on Cley Hill watching for spaceships. He'd already told them about what he named "the Warminster Thing" and how he'd become convinced it was associated in some way with UFOs.

"Isn't there a lot of military activity around here?" Joab the Practical asked him, as the car loomed up in the darkness ahead of them.

"Yes, quite close to Salisbury Plain," Arthur replied, pointing east ward, back over the town.

Brother Joab pounced. "So how can you tell all those weird sounds and lights in the sky aren't experimental military craft? Aren't they doing all that kinda stuff over here, like in the States?"

Arthur sputtered a bit at this. He clearly didn't want to believe he might have been so cruelly deceived. That the "UFOs" were government craft was always a possibility; the issue had been raised on numerous occasions by skeptics back in 1965, when the flap was at its height. For the reason of national security, this debate had evidently never been resolved, which had left the reporter free to think and write whatever *he* believed true.

Climbing back in the car, my ward turned the engine on, and a few minutes later, the heater. They sat quietly for a while, Arthur in the rear seat still craning his neck to gaze at the sky through a side window. Minutes passed as limbs unfroze and appeared to painfully unfurl. It would have been obvious to anyone less preoccupied than Arthur Shuttlewood that the Processeans were courteously waiting for him to call it a night.

Apart from Mein Host's self-evident encounter with the extraterrestrial in London six years earlier, and his strange experience in Nassau when he'd received what he called an "extraterrestrial download," he'd never actually *seen* a UFO. However, he evidently didn't need to see a UFO to know intuitively that extraterrestrial life was very real.

This is key. It's the difference between knowing and believing. And here it manifested in the difference between my ward and Arthur Shuttlewood. There was desperation in Arthur to prove that he was right, that UFOs were real. As if he didn't actually really believe in them himself, despite all his talk. I wondered if this might be one of the differences between normal mortals and incarnate rebel angels—that the latter have a more trusting access to their intuitions while remaining quite unaware of their angelic provenance.

So although Arthur can be congratulated for his courage in stepping out of the box of conventional denial, his true emotional obsession lay in his need to prove that his fantasies were real. Such people cannot afford to trust their inner knowing, because they have allowed their intuition to atrophy. They will either demand irrefutable proof, or they will require the constant confirmation of others to support their ideas.

Arthur, if he had but known it, was soon to have an experience that apparently profoundly affected him. It would be a subtle lifeline that, if he either grabbed or ignored, would nevertheless change his life forever. It seems that Arthur Shuttlewood had met his extraterrestrials!

* * *

I thought that the worst of the disasters to befall the Atlantean islands had passed by the mid-eleventh millennium. I'd fulfilled my promise to myself to stay and observe the tragedies unfold. I don't look for congratulations, but you can probably deduce from my long excursus on death that staying with the Atlantean disasters was both a painful and humbling experience for me. Yet I'd steeled myself to remain and observe, because what I was watching was very directly a consequence of Prince Caligastia's machinations.

I have mentioned earlier how Prince Caligastia had sent a small group of his rebel midwayers over to Atlantis under the leadership of the one who came to be known as Poseidon.

Now Poseidon and his gang of midwayers loyal to Prince Caligastia had not had an easy time of it on the Atlantean islands. Poseidon himself had spent the previous thirteen millennia ranging over the Indian subcontinent, extending his influence up through Persia to Anatolia. He had long thought of himself as one of the most important of the divinities operating throughout the whole landlocked region of western Asia. But, as with most of the rebel midwayers, this was more of a pompous boast than a reality. Human beings have always been sadly easy to impress.

Given that, I haven't shown the midwayers due attention in this volume, so let me use Poseidon as an example of what I'd observed happening to the rebel midwayers over the millennia.

I should say first that Poseidon was not among the fifty thousand primary midwayers who were originally created as the direct offspring of the Prince's staff. He was one of a far lesser number of the secondary order of midwayers who were born to serve the material son and daughter, the Adam and Eve of the second of MA's missions to the planet. This was the mission that I've previously described arriving some thirty-nine thousand years ago and setting up their garden on the peninsula, now long beneath the waters at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. However, outfoxed by Prince Caligastia, this second mission had effectively collapsed within a few thousand years. The teachings and some of the innovations brought by the second mission, although continually sabotaged by Caligastia's devious plots, has continued to spread from its nexus in the Land of the Two Rivers. But it was against the odds. Caligastia's midwayers were simply too numerous and their promise too tempting, so once again the belief espoused by the visitors in the one true God had devolved into Goddess worship with a sprinkle of pantheism.

The key players of that second mission had long since died, but the fifty thousand midwayers, in their slightly higher frequency domain, remained on the planet. It was these original primary midways who had split four to one in favor of Prince Caligastia and his support of Lucifer's revolution. This situation had only become more complicated when a number of the Secondary Order of midwayers, those created and serving the second mission, also aligned themselves with Caligastia. The Prince, by this time, though still firmly convinced he was God of the World, was finding more success in imposing his will through his midwayer proxies, duping the people

into believing them divine.

They were mimicking the claim of Supreme Divinity that the Prince had made after the revolution and that, as I pointed out at the time, even I felt was becoming a touch too blasphemous. Although I wasn't observing this at the time, I've little doubt it was Prince Caligastia's persuasive claim of divine supremacy that must have convinced innocent midwayers like Poseidon to throw in their lot behind him. After all, they may well have argued that Caligastia had made short shrift of MA's second mission.

So, here we have Poseidon, known by a different name, and being worshipped all through Asia as a horse god, no less. This was because he'd had a hand in demonstrating to the tribes of Central Asia how wild horses could be tamed and ridden. His motives for doing this had become well-known. He recognized what a powerful fighting force could be developed if his followers adopted the horse.

And he wasn't wrong!

There's a funny story associated with this horse business that illustrates how human superstition was mercilessly boosted by the rebel midwayers to reinforce the image of their power. One of Poseidon's attributes, which he used to overawe his followers, was his claim to be the god of earthquakes. Yet, how this association came about had nothing to do with earthquakes!

Poseidon had frequently amused himself by using his group of midwayers to gather together immense numbers of the wild horses that roamed the steppes and plains of Central Asia. When about twenty thousand of these small, sturdy wild horses were all packed together, Poseidon and his colleagues would suddenly manifest at the rear of the massive herd, spooking the horses and starting a wild stampede. Thousands upon thousands of these wild horses would thunder across the open steppes to the delight of Poseidon and the midwayers.

And yes, the Earth *did* shake for any of his followers present within a few miles of the stampede. Consequently, it wasn't much of a challenge for Poseidon, after doing his stampede trick a few times, to parley such earthshaking into earthquaking—and then into becoming the god of earthquakes. You don't need to have a modern mind to realize that although midwayers have little to do with natural events, they can certainly use such events to their own advantage.

Another example of this is the small clan of midwayers who dominated the coastal region at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. They were always reticent to reveal their drawn name and identity and therefore operated under a number of identities. Here I will call them “the Jahweh,” one of the names by which they became known as when they exerted their influence over the Semitic tribes, some of whom claimed their ancestry in the Land of the Two Rivers. Not unlike Poseidon’s identification with earthquakes, the Jahweh chose to identify themselves as the volcano god of Mount Horeb, who later became a powerful influence on one of the local Semitic tribes.

Thus, when Poseidon was plucked out of his comfortable position in Asia by Prince Caligastia and relocated to the islands of Atlantis, he was not at all happy about it. The Prince’s humor hadn’t helped. He’d been known to have joked that as Poseidon was now a sea god, didn’t that now make him god of the sea horses?! And there was enough scorn in the Prince’s tone to let the midwayer know that being reassigned to Atlantis was an exile and not a vacation.

This was very much the Prince’s style. I can write this now without fear of reprisal, because he has been removed from the planet. In spite of his arrogant claim to be the God of this World, Prince Caligastia was becoming progressively more paranoid. I’ve no doubt of this now. He was terrified that his rebel midwayers were constantly trying to usurp his power. I say it was paranoia, because his fear of being dethroned was not based in reality. He wasn’t the God of this World, of course; he never was, but he was still the titular Planetary Prince of this world. In practice he could never have been overthrown by a mere midwayer.

The real problem of Caligastia’s paranoia lay more in the quality of his management style. For many of the rebel midwayers who were directly under the Prince’s control, his paranoia—a guilty fear caused by his unavoidable recognition that he’d overplayed his hand—was transmitted to the midwayers as an ongoing struggle for dominance. It had always been so, ever since the revolution. You may recognize the impulse entering the historical record in such control mechanisms as Jahweh’s commandment to worship no other god but him.

Frankly, for a midwayer to claim to be the One True God—a “jealous god,” no less, demanding total loyalty—was just too rank a betrayal of his true identity and function for any of us Watchers to take seriously. Astar,

when I had the chance to speak to her about the Jahweh, had actually called them a laughingstock. But the Jahweh's rash claim had infuriated Prince Caligastia.

So it was that Poseidon and his crew resented their exile on Atlantis from the start. They were bored silly. There weren't enough people on the islands to have any fun. It was only when the islanders had turned to piracy in the fifteenth millennium that Poseidon was able to assert some influence on the Atlanteans. But even that grew tedious. It was therefore no surprise when they'd rebelled against the Prince some four centuries before the first of the disasters on the islands.

I'd sought out Astar for her insight on what had happened to the midwayers on Atlantis. In her opinion it was that Poseidon's rebellion was a severe misjudgment of the Prince's personality.

"Poseidon really should have known," Astar was telling me. "He'd seen the Prince in action enough. He should have worked out that no one is more threatened by a rebellion than another rebel!"

I knew Poseidon was still smarting from the Prince's cruel and supercilious crack about sea horses . . . sneering that their tiny size seemed to fit well with the midwayer's diminished ambitions.

"He abominated Caligastia!" Astar broke into my thought. "He always resented him, but that slur was too much. It was in front of the other midwayers too! It was utterly shaming for him. I think it started back then."

"Why hadn't he rebelled earlier?" I wondered.

"You know that! No one goes up against the Prince. The midwayers learned that lesson soon enough!"

So what had happened to Poseidon and the other midwayers on the island? I said I hadn't seen any sign of them for centuries.

"You'll love this!" She was laughing, but there was a glint in her eyes I'd not seen before. "They were exiled to an even more isolated part of the world . . ."

"Re-exiled?" I was laughing now along with my sister. What else could Caligastia do? He couldn't kill them—they were as immortal as he was.

"Guess where!" I heard, and before I could respond she had continued. "To Australia! To the bottom of the world. And you know they can't get off

unless Caligastia permits it. He's got them penned in, and of course you're aware of the natives down there . . ."

As a matter of fact, I wasn't. I'd never really ventured that far south since the land bridge sank beneath the rising sea levels and isolated the continent. Even when I'd accompanied the dolphins on their long journey south I'd left the pod well before reaching the southern tip of the African continent. Besides, Australia, as was true for many of the southern islands, was almost entirely inhabited in the early stages by those human beings I've referred to as first-timers, normal human beings, indigenous to this planet, whose souls are created on third-density worlds and who then start their almost endless ascension to the highest heaven. For this reason the southern continent was never where the action seemed to be taking place . . .

Astar again: "It'll be very different for Poseidon and his gang down there. Too many warring tribes—he'll never be able to pull them together. And there's a lot of Lemurian influence underlying the natives' beliefs, which isn't going to favor Poseidon's arrogant style. He will just be another wandjina before he knows it."

Now we were both laughing again. Wandjinas were generally honored by the tribes in Australia as coming from the north in Dreamtime, but the Aboriginal natives were far too intelligent to consider them divine. Ancestral spirits, of sorts, perhaps. But never gods.

"And he won't find many horses to lord it over in Australia!" I heard Astar's giggle echoing in my mind.

"Not many sea horses either," I said, catching Astar's mood. "Out there in the central desert . . . who knows what they'll get up to!"

Yet it had made me thoughtful. I had missed Poseidon's presence on Atlantis even if his influence had been so diminished by the shame of his exile and the disdain he must have felt from the Atlantean ruling elite. This had been a long and tragic fall from grace that characterized much of his time serving on Atlantis. He had tried to organize the people under five clans I've previously described, and from whom the god-kings, his direct proxies, were drawn. However, over the centuries the god-kings had been starting to cynically use Poseidon for their own ends. This was yet a further humiliation for the proud midwayer, who was himself once feared for his equally cynical manipulation of the native tribes back in Asia.

“So it goes!” I might have thought along with Kurt Vonnegut. Isn’t that always the problem with an immortal species like midwayers? They get to experience all the exigencies of living—all the ups and downs, all the triumphs and tragedies—as one single continuity, unrelieved by mortal death. Midwayers have to learn their lessons on the job, you might say. This can result in radical shifts of function and location that, if I’m to credit Caligastia with any wisdom, are designed to correct any error of behavior in the Prince’s eyes.

And pride, a quality that could have defined Prince Caligastia, was one of the characteristics the Prince most despised in others, especially in these upstart midway creatures with all their demands on him.

What I couldn’t have known at the time was that Poseidon and his crew of midwayers loyal to him would be back on Atlantis within a few thousand years. I’d learned later that they were called back to preside over the main island’s final stages and its sudden disappearance in the mid-tenth millennium.

Although this is a brief summary of just one of the more prominent midwayers, Poseidon’s story reflects the experience of most of the rebel midwayers under the Prince’s control. He was permissive when midwayers were fulfilling his maleficent bidding but brutal with them at any sign of dissidence.

Is it any wonder that human tyrants, despots, and autocrats have enjoyed such power over the ages—some still wielding it to this day—when there has been such a brutal imprint left in the World Mind from Prince Caligastia’s long regime?

9

A Visit from Above

Warminster UFOs, the Processean ETs, Lemurians and Lake Titicaca, Arrival in Toronto, Dimensional Portals, and a Pyrrhic Victory

UFO expert Arthur Shuttlewood was starting to exude a disappointment that must have been clearly palpable to the two others in the car. A prisoner of his expectations, Arthur had seemed so certain that tonight would be *the* night that he appeared doubly bereft at the failure. He was just about to start speaking when there was a sudden, startlingly loud thumping bang on the roof of the car.

BANG!

And yes, it was loud, very loud; so astonishingly loud that all three of the car's occupants jumped in their seats, a muffled yelp coming from Arthur in the back. Then they sat very still and quiet, their breath held.

Nothing.

Not even the wind.

Complete silence all around.

Cautiously the two Processeans slipped out of the car and looked around. They were completely alone as far as they could determine. Who else would be out on a night like this? My ward gestured to Arthur that it was safe to get out, but the man was reluctant to move and shrunk farther back into the seat. It took Brother Joab impatiently jerking open the back door on his side and practically pulling the older man out to settle the matter.

It had been a very loud thump, they agreed, loud enough to suggest an

object substantial enough to have left a big dent on the car's roof. And yet again, nothing. There wasn't the slightest scratch; no indentation at all. They looked up, but there was nothing there except those millions of twinkling stars.

It was at this point that Arthur Shuttlewood completely lost his cool. He may have been prepared for a distant moving light in the sky, but this mysterious thump on the car's roof was evidently a little too close for comfort. He quickly clambered back into the vehicle and sat shivering, making little whimpering sounds. Once he'd come out of his funk and could speak more coherently again, it wasn't altogether surprising what he'd claim happened.

"You boys heard that, right?" His voice shook, but I could hear a tone of pride creeping in. "*That's* what I mean! It's got to be an ET . . . what else could it have been! You heard it! And there weren't any marks on the roof. You saw that! Not a dent or a paint chip . . ."

He was peering back and forth between the two Processeans, looking wildly for their agreement. Yet his voice was growing stronger as he came to realize that something inexplicable and weird had actually happened . . . to him!

"It couldn't have been a rock . . . or a meteorite!" Arthur was trying to reassure himself. "Nobody's around! Not on a night like this." Then, more excitedly, as if a light went on, "But listen, if it was something solid we'd have heard it hit the ground afterward, wouldn't we? It'd have bounced off . . . we'd have found it . . . we looked all around the car . . . you were witnesses."

The reporter was getting back in his stride, although it was obvious from his emotional body that he was still terrified.

"So, what do you think now, eh? Brother Joab? Now do you believe that was some sort of experimental military thingee?" Arthur was laughing now. It was a friendly laugh, yet tinged with triumph. "I told you something big would happen tonight, didn't I?!"

It must have been obvious to the Processeans that Arthur was just trying to repress his fear beneath a facade of cheerful challenges. It was evidently important for him to be right.

Mein Host and Joab, having handled high weirdness before, kept their

heads, with my ward announcing in an offhand manner that it was just one of those mysterious things that happens when least expected. He grinned over at Joab and slipped the car into gear, while Arthur was prodding him in the shoulder and urging him to get them off the hill as fast as possible.

It had clearly been a powerful and seminal experience for the reporter, although quite how seminal wouldn't emerge for some years. Despite being elated at believing he was finally being proved right, his emotional intelligence was unprepared for the shock, and beneath the surface he was still terrified.

His momentary glee was fading as they threaded their way back through country lanes, so it was a badly rattled Arthur Shuttlewood when they dropped him off at his home. They shook hands and thanked Arthur for the experience; my ward had winked knowingly at the reporter to buck him up; and turning down a last cup of tea chez Shuttlewood, the two set off back to London in the Rover Saloon.

Mein Host wasn't to find out just how significant the occasion had been for Arthur Shuttlewood until some years later in New York when another UFO investigator, Bryce Bond, had shown him the pages from *The Flying Saucerers*, a book that Arthur Shuttlewood had compiled about his research into the Warminster UFOs. And there it was: A Father Micah and a Brother Joab, who had mysteriously turned up on Arthur's doorstep in the middle of the night. There was Cley Hill. And then, there was that mighty thump on the car's roof, as well as the climbing outside and the looking around with nothing to show for it.

It's at this point that Arthur started to play loose with the facts, but at least he was entertaining. The reporter's story veered off to state categorically that it was Brother Joab and Father Micah who were the extraterrestrials! Rather than writing of his true reactions, his fears and his panicked desire to escape as quickly as possible, his two visitors were magically transformed into the aliens. And according to the author the extraterrestrials then passed along some cosmic messages and spoke—as ETs are wont to do—of the dire need for world peace.

Thus, Arthur Shuttlewood had now become the hero of his own delusion—the "Chosen One"—the man the ETs had selected to make personal contact with them.

Now although this is unfortunate, as a phenomenon it's not altogether rare. It will happen in the future to another of Mein Host's friends, the Canadian contactee Oscar Magocsi for example. His privately printed 1979 book, *My Space Odyssey in UFOs,* had fallen into my ward's hands, and it must have rung sufficiently true for him to meet the man when he was in Toronto.

Oscar's courageous first step into a biological craft, which had landed close to where he was staying out in the Canadian wilderness, had led to a series of unusual incidents that had felt authentic to my ward. After reading Oscar's original book and getting to know him over the course of two long meetings, my ward chose to use LSD as an entheogenic lens through which to listen to and examine the contactee's story. It revealed that Oscar was telling the truth as best he knew it, so together with further details of his flight in the UFO, Oscar's spectacular encounter became a chapter in my ward's first book, *Dolphins, ETs and Angels*.

We will meet Oscar Magocsi again later in another volume of this narrative when he will be invited, together with my ward, to spend a week in Tokyo (with the token trip to Kyoto, of course) in the late 1990s. They were brought there at considerable expense to address a number of groups and individuals drawn from Japan's industrial aristocracy about the impact that extraterrestrial and other non-human intelligences were having on the planet. More to the point was how this influence could be used to humanity's (but in reality, Japan's) technological interests.

It was Oscar's misfortune, as much as his blessing, to have had one blazingly real and authentic experience and then to have made his reputation with his book on this one single, admittedly extraordinary, encounter, leaving him in an awkward situation.

What was he to do next? It was going to be hard to top that first awe-inspiring flight. And what if the ETs were never going to show up again?

And herein is the problem. It applies as much to the Arthur Shuttlewood of that period as it does to Oscar Magocsi when his turn came. How can one extreme experience be topped by an even more astonishing encounter? And if they happen to write a book about that first authentic encounter, and the book becomes successful, then they'll have all the pressure from enthusiastic readers to come up with the next big thing. The effect of this sort of commercially powered duplicity only further muddies an already enigmatic

phenomenon.

While Mein Host initially found it amusing to see himself identified as an extraterrestrial in Arthur's book, on second thought I could feel it also saddened and annoyed him. I believe it was that situation that made him resolve, when he later came to write about his own unusual experiences, never to fall into that trap. He'd write as clearly and honestly as he was able, make nothing up, and if there was nothing to report, he pledged never to fabricate or pad his descriptions of incidents to bolster his theories or beliefs.

As one who accompanied Mein Host during the experiences he describes in his books, and who is also present while he writes, it's become clear to me that this has never been an issue for him. He writes for his own understanding about events and encounters that already stretch consensus reality. It would serve nothing and no one to distort, fabricate, or exaggerate his descriptions.

It was, in part, his success in sustaining this standard through all the books he has written since the 1980s that reassured me my ward had the qualities I needed for us to work together on my *Confessions*, which has become far more consuming that I'm sure he originally anticipated when we reached our agreement.

UFOs and extraterrestrials do not come and go to fit neatly into a researcher's or reporter's publishing schedule. The timing of an extraterrestrial encounter is invariably as much a mystery from the human point of view as to why such an event might have happened to them? Why were they the ones chosen? What made them different?

A UFO encounter can produce two or three possible reactions in a contactee. The most mature response is for the person in question to take those "why me" inquiries, and whatever else she or he might have learned from the encounter, and follow the questions inward to discover who they themselves are, and why the ETs would have chosen to contact *them*. There will always be a relevant reason. Direct extraterrestrial contact is seldom a matter of chance or accident, despite it being sometimes the result of an opportunity taken by the ETs for interaction, which can make an encounter appear to be arbitrary.

Travis Walton, for example, who was taken by a UFO for five days in

November of 1975, might well have felt that his encounter was just random chance. Yet it was Walton, rather than the others in his logging crew, who ran toward the UFO in the woods while the six loggers he was with held back, terrified. If Walton was able to break through the amnesia barrier implanted by the ETs as a posthypnotic suggestion, he would likely discover that he had a deeply buried kinship with those particular extraterrestrials. In Walton's case the implanted suggestion was that he'd die if he revealed any more of what happened aboard the UFO.

Then there are those misguided contactees who use their encounter to aggrandize themselves and gather cult followers around them to promote their beliefs. These can be people like Marshall Applewhite and Bonnie Nettles (Bo and Peep), leaders of the Heaven's Gate group. It was Applewhite, together with thirty-nine of his loyal followers, who unfortunately failed (through mass suicide) to reach the spacecraft he'd persuaded his followers was flying in the wake of Comet Hale-Bopp. Applewhite is also an extreme example of what happened with Shuttlewood and Magocsi, although with far more tragic consequences. (Perhaps the only flicker of irony in the Heaven's Gate folly has been the chance to see the words Bo, Peep, and Bopp used in serious academic papers about the psychology of groups!)

The third, and most common, human reaction to an ET experience is denial, forgetfulness, or repression. This can range from simple denial: "It can't be a UFO because UFOs don't exist," all the way to the imposed amnesia of the abductee and the hypnotic regression that can illuminate the encounter. Steven M., one of the three people who, on Labor Day in 1981, observed the UFO over Manhattan, had completely forgotten the encounter within a few years of one of the most extraordinary events of his life. And this despite taking part in a twenty-minute discussion with an extraterrestrial mouthpiece, which my ward recorded in his first book.

There are also people—my ward is one of them—who have been carefully trained over the course of their lives to be able to function naturally in the presence of ETs, or who are able to sustain spiritual and emotional contact with angels. I trust you gathered from the narrative of my ward's life that this is no straightforward or conventionally acceptable affair. And it can take most of a lifetime to develop this ease! Many lifetimes, in some cases!

It's for my ward's sake that I can now reveal that the loud thump on the

roof of the Rover Saloon on that chilly night on Cley Hill was created by a midwayer. Unbeknownst to the Processeans, a couple of midwayers had been accompanying sections of their journey to the southwest of England. One of these midwayers had received permission from Arthur's companion angels to use the opportunity to shake up the reporter. Nothing too radical, from what I understood. I gathered the reporter needed to be jolted by an unexpected and sudden manifestation of phenomena.

Arthur Shuttlewood was an innocent. He wasn't trained for the task of evaluating UFOs, and he was emotionally unprepared for the consequences of the situation he'd created for himself. As an aging reporter for a provincial newspaper, he was completely out of his depth with his stories of "the Warminster Thing." It was his newspaper articles that first associated the widely heard "weird sounds" of the Thing with the infrequent sighting of lights in the sky, and then with UFOs, and finally with the extraterrestrials (Micah and Joab!) themselves. It was also true that as with many other self-styled UFO researchers, Arthur Shuttlewood had never actually *seen* an authentic UFO for himself.

The choice to manifest for a moment, to thump heavily on top of the car and then to disappear just as quickly, had been the midwayer's own playful idea. And I thought it a very good one at the time. It appeared to create just the required reaction in each of the people in the car. In Arthur Shuttlewood's case it provided a psychic and emotional shock that allowed him an opportunity to see deeper into his true nature. By not availing himself of the opportunity to be honest about his response to an event outside his rational understanding, he merely reinforced his tendency to distort and exaggerate the incidents on which he was reporting.

In Joab and Micah's case it was just another opportunity to keep their emotional equilibrium and their minds open in the face of the inexplicable. Had Arthur been prepared to be emotionally honest with himself in those moments of terror, he might have opened his heart and mind. He had a chance to wake up to see how his obsession to be proved right was blinding him and to change his approach to the ET debate before his fabrications rendered him completely unreliable.

If Arthur had been able to make this transformative leap it might have prevented him from carrying on with his distorted views of extraterrestrials in his books on UFOs, which continued until his death in the mid-1990s. He

went on confusing his fantasies and reality, his hopes and his fears, and building on his delusions to such an extent that he was no longer a reporter—he'd become an obsessive advocate. Thus, over the years, he merely turned into a progressively more unreliable witness.

Given that Arthur Shuttlewood has passed on and will now be aware of this sad truth, I feel free to describe the reporter's choices as an example of the challenges others will have to face over the coming years, as extraterrestrials come to play a progressively wider role in the affairs of humanity.

Given that a con man is said to be the easiest of men to con, Arthur's emotional vulnerability, his pride and his need to reclaim the limelight, his propensity for stretching the truth, his inability to know a hoax when he saw one, his distortions and exaggerations—all these frailties had made him a perfect subject for a touch of official disinformation.

Because, of course, Brother Joab was quite correct!

There had indeed been a constant level of above-top-secret research on a variety of unconventional flying vehicles, starting in the 1950s, in both America and England.

Following the Roswell and Aztec incidents (in 1947 and 1948, respectively) and a number of other UFO crashes, rapid advances were made in understanding some of the previously overlooked aspects of electromagnetism. By the mid-1960s this renewed focus of research, together with much of what Nikola Tesla had discovered more than sixty years earlier, had led to an entirely new, non-Einsteinian and, most importantly, practical theory of gravity. This then became the new highly secretive black science of electrogravitics, and under the pressure of the cold war, the science had been bent to the inevitable development of primitive antigravity flying craft.

Progress hadn't been a straightforward affair, especially in England, with a number of accidents that had to be covered up. Whereas the Wright brothers will be remembered in perpetuity as the first people in the modern age to fly a heavier-than-air vehicle for a few hundred yards, no one is ever likely to know who first succeeded in mastering antigravity flight.

So revolutionary were the advances made following the vital breakthrough in electrogravitics that I can say with confidence that "Black Science," especially in the area of physics, is more than fifty years ahead of

the science recognized and taught in universities.

Given that the bulk of the breakthroughs have had a direct application to advanced weapon systems, the intelligence communities of the countries involved in this research will claim to this day that they had good reason to protect their secrets. The morality of withholding their innovations from a world that would be materially transformed if antigravity devices and zero-point energy were put to general use will be easier to judge as the world moves further into the coming shift.

Back in 1969 the cold war was approaching its zenith, and only a few dozen people in the military and the scientific community knew what was really happening behind the cloak of secrecy. Much of that experimental research was occurring on and around the Salisbury Plain region.

Arthur Shuttlewood had fallen victim to a subtle military strategy that utilized persons such as himself to help cover up any sight of these experimental vehicles by encouraging their belief in flying saucers. Such people tended to be naive and unreliable witnesses, like Arthur, who could be manipulated through their ego-driven compulsions and who have simply added another layer of confusion to the extraterrestrial story.

By the time this book is published it may no longer be necessary to tell anyone of the danger of slipping into this ego trap. However, be warned! It can be an unnoticeable slide into self-delusion, often starting, as in Oscar Magocsi’s case, with a perfectly genuine extraterrestrial encounter. Sadly, the original authentic incident will then also become devalued by the subsequent need to exaggerate, or simply invent, future incidents to fit the hero’s story.

I trust it should be clear by now that any mortal contact with higher intelligence, whether extraterrestrial or celestial, can be very psychically challenging for the human involved. As love, in human relations, is said to bring up all that love is not, so also do higher frequency life-forms raise the resonant frequency of the contactee, often to their distress. This is a reason some contactees report a negative experience when they project their own repressed fears out onto an extraterrestrial or angel.

As I’ve previously noted in a number of different ways, because of its key importance, raising the resonant frequency of human beings will bring up what is repressed in the darkest corners of their emotional bodies. This is not an encounter for the weakhearted. It involves attentive angelic preparation,

which is also one of the reasons it takes such a long time to ready a person for the initial impact of the ET encounter.

On an ideal world, by the time that mortals first make contact with higher frequency beings, they will have confronted, with appropriate honesty and clarity, their repressed fears, their shames and guilts, their animal aggression, and their compulsive reactivity. In having then released those negative thoughtforms and cleared their subtle energy bodies of any residual blockages they will have a far smoother connection with their new extraterrestrial friends.

Understanding this should allow a glimpse of the emotional and psychic pain that higher frequency beings experience when they have to downstep their resonant frequencies to enter a third-density realm. If anything, it is far more painful for extraterrestrials, given that they have to cope with the turbulence in the World Mind when they enter third-density frequency domains. Wise ETs generally avoid this by using biological robots for their initial contact forays. It was androids such as these that so confused the military after the various UFO crashes of the late 1940s and 1950s. For a long time the military believed erroneously that these biological machines actually *were* the extraterrestrials.

Mortals on worlds such as Earth can be grateful for these mental/emotional barriers that exist between the different dimensional densities in the Multiverse. In the Earth's case the barrier between the third and fourth dimensions functions as a final psychic safeguard against any unwelcome—and by definition, more advanced—interplanetary or interdimensional intruders, although this sort of intrusion, as far as I'm aware, is extremely rare. Although aggression on an interplanetary scale is itself uncommon, such a barrier is an extremely effective deterrent. When it becomes sufficiently mentally and emotionally painful for colonizing interplanetary invaders to exist on a planet at a lower resonant frequency, it's a good reason to leave that particular world alone.

This, briefly, is why a mortal is expected to reach up into the higher frequency domains and gain familiarity with them rather than assume an extraterrestrial will necessarily downstep his or her energies to match those of a human. Think of this as an elementary courtesy in the protocols of interplanetary relations.

If Mein Host's long education in learning how to handle the higher energy realms that is at the core of my narration of his life is helpful to others, then so be it.

All the warnings are here.

And the blessings too.

* * *

I needed to clear my mind; to get off the planet for a while, perhaps to Zandana; or if not, wasn't there still one more world in that clutch of planets I'd already been encouraged to observe and that I hadn't yet visited?

As I thought about it I realized at least ten thousand years had passed since I'd last seen how life was progressing on Zandana, a world I always considered something of a sister planet to Earth. Its two Planetary Princes, whom I'd come to know during my previous visits, had both aligned themselves with Lucifer at the time of the revolution. Yet the way they'd been managing their planet since then was so different from Prince Caligastia's regime on Earth, it had been a revelation for me. It was truly as though Lucifer's dream of a fairer and more transparent administration was really possible, but what had become of it now, ten millennia later, I was yet to find out.

Zandana possessed a few advantages over Earth. It had a far less belligerent population and a distribution of island continents that favored their Princes' intentions to focus their mission's civilizing plans on a single continent. When I'd last visited I saw they'd made some remarkable progress in applying principles of electromagnetics. And, although I noted it without pride, they'd followed an inadvertent suggestion of mine to successfully absorb and dissipate an invasion from a less-developed island. I'd not returned to the planet after I'd observed the initial success of the ruse, a strategy dependent on the feminine wiles of the females of the city of Zandan, lest I would be held responsible for any possible unintended consequences.

I knew it was going to take at least three or four thousand years on Earth for human beings to recover from the terrible natural disasters, so I reckoned I was not going to miss much if I spent some time on Zandana. With that in mind I started moving across the Atlantic Ocean. I accelerated over the North

American continent, staying well south of the line of the receding glaciers, moving steadily toward the northwestern Seraphic Travel Center.

This was located as a dimensional portal among the great redwood forests reaching from the northern Californian coastline as far inland as the Rocky Mountains. Given that the portal is still much used to this day, it wouldn't be fair to pinpoint more precisely the location of the Travel Center. Not that it would be visible to the mortal eye. The center is a fifth-dimensional structure that manifests on a third-density planet merely as a subtle energy anomaly that resonates only as necessity demands.

However, before I reached the western coastline of the continent I found myself being drawn south. It seemed there was something I was required to observe happening on the great southern continent.

I knew that many Lemurians in an early diaspora had started colonies on the South American mainland prior to the disasters that carried away their islands. What I wasn't altogether prepared for was how some of the settlements had prospered and grown in size. There weren't as many of them as I had seen earlier, but the settlements that remained had by now grown into fair-size cities.

I soon saw one of the reasons for this.

As I traveled farther south down the west coast of South America, I could clearly see large structures made by humans: stepped pyramids and great stone plazas, which were just visible beneath the waves. Massive stone blocks, the lintels and columns of once fine buildings, lay hither and thither all across the underwater plazas, having been thrown there by the devastating tsunamis.

I thought I had seen my fill of disasters and the trail of sadness they leave behind them, but this was different. There was something almost magnificent about these vast, deserted underwater cities, now just dark green seaweed-clad colossi sleeping beneath the waves.

Moving farther south along the Peruvian coast, I was stopped by an unusual sight. At first I thought they were just a couple of large, extremely well-formed rocks, with the waves crashing up against their smooth sides, throwing up rainbow shimmers of spray. Looking more closely, however, the rocks turned out to be the capstones of a couple of the taller pyramids that

were poking up like sentinels from the surface of the stormy sea.

Believing I'd be able to see more clearly what might have occurred, I moved farther into the fourth dimension and then dropped down into the midastral regions of the third. At first I didn't feel the faint fluttering in the ether just behind me, but the confident tone of Astar's voice in my mind didn't altogether surprise me.

"It happened early on, when the glacier melt was starting to raise the sea level. What you were observing over on Atlantis was occurring here . . ."

I interrupted her. "You'd have thought they'd have known better, wouldn't you! After what happened to Mu!"

"You'd have thought!" Was that new scorn in her tone? "It was far slower than the disasters that took the islands . . . they all got out in good time. No one drowned."

"So that's why those cities they'd built farther inland have grown so large . . ."

"*Too* large, in my opinion," she overthought me quickly. "Over the millennia the Lemurians had grown accustomed to living on small islands. But there is a deeper problem, as you can probably deduce . . ."

I couldn't. But I knew Astar liked to tease me.

She explained, "Lemurians were a maritime people; that's how they spread so widely around the planet. It'd never have occurred to them not to build their cities within easy access of the ocean."

Then I saw what Astar was talking about. The cities I had previously observed on higher ground and that seemed so much larger and more overcrowded than I had recalled had all been constructed along the new coastline.

"They rebuilt higher up when they believed the sea god had finally made up his mind to rise no farther." I heard that chuckle in her tone that signaled she had her own ideas on what was going to happen next.

"Astar, don't you ever wonder why we've been seeing so many disasters on this one planet?"

"We haven't seen the end of them," she snapped. "There's far worse to come." And there was that prescient tone again, the quality I'd first heard from her back in the Land of the Two Rivers. Her visions had proved correct

back then, and I saw no reason to doubt her now. I too had a sense there was more to come. And although she hadn't answered my direct question, I knew better than to ask her again. She would have heard me. Telepathy between peers is, by nature, peerless. (How I love this delightful language! And while I'm talking about "language," I trust you will have excused me by now for my occasional indulgence in cliché. After all, what might be a cliché for you can for me be the most telling trope plucked from my collaborator's vocabulary.)

Then, before I knew quite what to think, Astar was murmuring again in my mind. "Come with me," I heard. "Let me show you something that may answer your question."

I kept forgetting she would have heard my thoughts.

We moved inland together, veering farther to the south. The land rose in layers as the Andes Mountains with their sawtooth summits finally yielded to the Peruvian Altiplano. Moments later we had reached the point where in modern times Bolivia borders Peru. There below us, sparkling in the morning sun, was one of the largest inland bodies of water I'd ever seen. A number of small islands dotted around the lake's coastline, and a single large island lay in the center of the main part of the lake. And yes, as I looked more closely, I could see large structures appear on the central island—all very much in the monolithic style I'd grown used to seeing in the Lemurian cities back on the Islands of Mu.

Astar was gesturing me to accompany her as she started to ascend higher still, until we could see the full shape of the enormous lake laid out beneath us.

"So? What does that look like to you?"

I was confused. "What does *what* look like?"

"The *lake*. What does the lake look like to you?"

Okay, so Astar has her childlike side. I'd humor her. There were two bodies of water. One was the large lake with the big central island. It appeared to be joined to the far smaller lake, about a tenth of its size, by a thin channel. They did actually look like two separate lakes from our altitude.

"No, no, no!" Astar was easily impatient. "What does it *look* like?"

"It *looks* like water, Astar!" Now I was the impatient one.

“The shape of the lakes, silly.” She backed down, and I realized she was teasing me again. But, still nothing. Just lakes full of water.

“Here, this way. Over here,” and she gestured me farther eastward over the lake. “Now look at it from here. See?”

And there they were! Quite well formed too. A large catlike creature was chasing a far smaller creature that seemed to be leaping just out of reach. Well, wasn’t that cute!

“A puma,” she said. “Look! It’s a puma chasing a rabbit. See the rabbit’s ears sticking up, and how surprised it looks?”

“And the puma, look at its head and its two ears . . .” I was getting into this. “And the way its body is stretched out in pursuit . . . and look, it’s even got a tail!” I could feel Astar purring happily beside me; it sent a warm frisson of pleasure through my body. “You’re right, Astar! It really does look like a puma chasing a rabbit. But so what?”

She paused dramatically before replying. Astar relished her moments of superior knowledge. “I heard Lemurians call it Titicaca. Lake Titicaca. You know what that means?”

I didn’t.

“Ti-ti-ca-ca. It means ‘Puma hunt rabbit!’”

Well, that seems right, I thought. It’s what the lakes look like from up here, after all. So, why not?!

Then, of course, I got it. What she was telling me . . . the layers of it. So the Lemurians had reached this far inland, had they? And, once again, they’d chosen to be close to the water. Their shamans must have been reactivated, because they were the only ones capable of leaving their physical bodies and flying high enough to view the vast simulacrum and to name it so. And perhaps, most importantly, I knew she was giving me an answer to my original question.

Then my vision shifted, and I started to grasp what she was showing me. Of course this is a predatory planet, a dog-eat-dog world. Creatures were eating, as they’ve always been eating, other creatures all over the world. Everywhere I’ve looked I’ve seen disasters playing themselves out in a million tiny tragedies. Lives cut brutally short; lives whose only justification for existence appeared to be to provide food for other creatures. Every

creature lived as meat for another larger or more predatory creature, right up the food chain. It would be folly, therefore, to think that human beings, having climbed to the top of such a predatory food chain, would be any less brutal and belligerent in claiming their sanguinary dominance over all other species.

Astar was posing a deeper issue, one to which I've given some previous thought. It was then I realized why I'd been redirected down here before setting off on my planned trip to Zandana. A planet such as Earth, on which the evolutionary process is founded on a chain of predation, presupposes a naturally high level of aggression and brutality on the part of the predator, just as it also demands greater cunning, speed, vigilance, and capacity for camouflage from the victim. It is therefore not surprising to find such extremes of both aggression and cunning, of brutality and vigilance, of cruelty and duplicity in the beings at the top of the chain.

At that point the last of the veils lifted. It seemed suddenly obvious to me—I could hear a telepathic sigh of relief from Astar—that it would have to be on just such a world as this that these so-called natural disasters could most effectively be used to shuffle the deck of mortal affairs. Human beings have always been a tough and resilient species, the disasters that befell them were only making them stronger still and even more capable of bouncing back from the last disaster.

Human nature, having long been much as I have stated above, has led inevitably to the rise of civilizations known for their brutality as much as for their cunning. Other civilizations have consumed themselves through their greed and internal corruption. Still others have become so frozen and rigid in their ways that an earthquake, or a volcanic eruption, would have been required to shake them out of their collective stupor. And a few civilizations, Atlantis was one, have been so stifling to the mortal spirit that they needed to be removed by more radical means for the next phase of human social development to occur.

There is an echo of this dynamic—although human-caused in that case—in modern times. When the Chinese overran Tibet in the mid-twentieth century, their action broke open the insularity of the Tibetan culture. It forced many of their teachers to spread out across the world in a modest diaspora that has brought elements of the ancient wisdom to the West.

These are still early days, as we write these words, and much is yet to be

revealed as other indigenous cultures feel confident enough to share their knowledge, while Earth progressively shifts into the fourth-dimensional realms.

Back some thirteen thousand years ago the human collective was still firmly lodged in the third density, with the vast majority of human beings still fully engaged with the demands of the three base chakras—survival, reproduction, and power. Only a very few exceptional people rose above the norm. It has been so throughout human history, and yet despite the horrors seen nightly on TV, there are now proportionally far more people who've resolved the demands of the three base chakras and who now live easily in the heart. I regard this as the clearest example of human progress, that the more-destructive excesses of human nature can be mastered in progressively more people over time.

I believe this is also a sign that Earth is approaching the point for which we've all been hoping. There's no predicting the timing of this, but when it occurs Earth will come fully into her own as the Pearl of the Local Universe. This shift from third to fourth density will become a palpable reality for all who are familiar with sustaining themselves in the realm of the heart.

I have recently been overhearing Mein Host using what he calls the "Cell Mitosis Model" (CMM) as a possible pattern to manifest in the times ahead. If I grasp what he is suggesting, it is along the lines of a mother cell wherein the third-density reality extrudes an identical reproduction of itself, but at a fourth-density level.

In practical terms, he suggests that this will permit those individuals capable of living and thriving on a fourth-density world to co-create a planetary paradise—the patterns for which they carry deep in their minds. At the same time there will be humans who can still benefit from the challenges of a third-density realm. These are the people who have yet to master the animal drives of their three base chakras. Among them will be those who are convinced that only technology, for example, can save the world (the third-density realm) from its current downward spiral into what could well become an uninhabitable planet. They too must have their chance to play out and witness the consequences of their choices and beliefs. This is what it means to have free will.

I see no sign that Mein Host is dogmatically promoting CMM as a future certainty—he knows better than to attempt any prediction of a coming

transformation—so I see no harm in his speculations. For myself, and I'm surprising myself as I write this, I choose to trust in MA's ultimate benevolence and will welcome whatever the future holds, in whatever form it comes, and in whatever vehicle I find myself, whether I be Watcher or mortal.

* * *

After returning from their trip to the West Country, Brother Joab discovered that because he had met the boat's owner he was going to be sent to France to accompany Jesus (the dog) and a couple of other Processeans on the trip back across the channel. This turned out to be as chaotic as the arrangements for the voyage had been smooth, including an encounter with a life-threatening storm before the boat limped into a harbor in Ireland. From there it was simple to bring Jesus across the Irish Channel on the ferry and through the unsuspecting officials in a Welsh port of disembarkation and then on a train and into Robert's welcoming arms in London.

Mein Host's time in London after the trip to the West Country was almost entirely focused on designing the next issue of PROCESS magazine. Given that I've already described this laborious task in some detail in an earlier volume of this narrative, I will merely say that in both the FEAR issue and the DEATH issue the aesthetic of my ward's approach to magazine design reached its most highly developed form. These were among the magazines my ward designed for the Process Church in the late 1960s and that were published in a facsimile edition in 2011 by Feral House,[*2] so they can now be readily seen by those interested.

Diana, his patient mother, was only too happy to see him for the brief few hours a week he could manage to get away from his design work. Little Daniel, my ward's former charge, was still in London and old enough now to make more interesting company. Daniel was already showing some signs of the rebel he would later become. Perhaps all four-year-old boys would be daredevils if they are given free reign—my ward was no expert—but during the time he'd already spent taking care of Little Daniel, and what he'd seen of the boy in their intermittent outings to visit Diana, I noticed the boy was already developing a hard shell that was beginning to become a persona, with its accompanying aggression and enjoyment of risky behavior.

It was this aggressive and provocative persona that ultimately got him shot to death by his best friend on a dare, some thirteen years later, long after he'd left the Process.

I saw no sign that my ward had any understanding of Little Daniel's deep emotional wounds, or if he did he tried to make the time spent with the boy as enjoyable for both of them as possible. If anything, he encouraged Daniel in his risky behavior. He told him stories that had a scary science-fiction bent on the bus rides up to the top of Baker Street to visit his mother on Thursday afternoons. It was the only free time, along with the evening generally spent watching Monty Python, that those in the community allowed themselves.

Diana's business had continued to thrive. She'd expanded my ward's original invention for the storage of slides and filmstrips to now include acid-balanced plastic hanging sleeves for storing 4" × 5" and 8" × 10" transparencies in standard filing cabinets. A renewed emphasis on education in Britain and the English-speaking parts of the world, and more recently throughout Europe, had meant her educational filmstrips were becoming a valued teaching tool all over the world.

Always a modest woman and not one to display her newfound and hard-won wealth, Diana continued to live and work out of her maisonette at the top of Baker Street, overlooking Regent's Park. Now she had assistants working for her, and there was talk of expanding her company to accommodate the rapidly growing demand for the DW Viewpack photographic storage system.

Diana and her son enjoyed their short weekly visits as long as they kept their discussion within defined, but never openly stated, limitations. Diana appeared to know better than to ask much about my ward's putative wife, Catherine, still living in America, or her son, Diana's ersatz grandson. If I was to read her general emotional state in those few hours each week before my ward was once again transferred to America, I would have to say her early facility in repressing her painful emotions became an asset in helping her deal with these visits. She'd not yet let go of her dream that her son would become the architect she'd always hoped he would, and she'd never understood why he'd turned his back on the profession to follow a spiritual path. As an agnostic with a poor opinion of Roman Catholicism, the religion of her family, Diana's ideas about spirituality and metaphysics had been thoroughly tainted by insensitive priests, cruel nuns, and a convent education

at an English boarding school.

Yet if it was as simple as that she would have been less emotionally confused. She'd been betrayed by a father who had shot himself when she was thirteen, after he returned shell-shocked from the First World War. In her twenties her heart had been broken by a philandering husband. Yet she always kept her faith (not a word she'd use) that her son would emerge from all this "religious silliness" on his own volition. This was further complicated by the fact that Diana was a genuinely interested and curious woman who'd always been an intelligent reader and who'd been led into an independent and practical lifestyle by the challenging circumstances of her life.

She had watched her son's transformation, from a cynical atheist to someone committed to following a spiritual path, with a puzzled admiration. She had known about his explorations with entheogens and how he believed it had taken the raw power of LSD and mescaline to break open the rigid carapace he'd created around himself. He'd told her about his experience in the White Light on 500 micrograms of pure Sandoz LSD-25 and how he'd come to know the reality of God for the first time. She knew too that her son believed that Mary Ann was an incarnate goddess, although that was a harder idea to swallow.

Now I could see her main concern was that her son was throwing away his life, however spiritual he might have thought it, by giving himself over to a woman she neither liked nor trusted. She was clearly aware, knowing her son's rebellious nature, that if she should ever express this openly to him it would not make the slightest difference, and it would only lead to a row and spoil the brief time they had together.

It was Diana's ability to repress her reactive emotions that made her of value to MI6 as a British agent in Germany prior to the out-break of the Second World War and then later, working at the top-secret Bletchley Park, where the encryption codes of the Nazi's Enigma machine were finally broken. It was the same facility of hiding her true emotions that allowed her to appear so unconcerned and supportive of her son's unconventional choices.

As my ward's friends liked to comment, Diana always appeared to be the perfect English gentlewoman: She was invariably elegantly dressed, beautifully groomed, and slightly detached, with an intelligent interest in whomever she was talking to. She had a successful business to run that took

all her attention; she had a confidence she could never quite explain that her son would come through unscathed; she loved seeing Little Daniel and didn't want to prejudice the weekly visits; and she knew her son could be transferred to another country at any moment. Thus she'd formed an uneasy truce with her true feelings. Feelings that will eventually find expression in an explosion of violence some years later when my ward finally had to confront his mother before their relationship became irrevocably damaged. I will describe this cathartic episode later in this narrative, but suffice it to say the operation was a success and their relationship deepened and strengthened until Diana died in 2001.

But in those months when Mein Host was working on PROCESS magazines in London, visiting his mother as often as he could, Diana clamped down firmly on her feelings. She put on a good face and gritted her teeth in the face of what she secretly felt was yet another betrayal by a man—and yet again, by the most important man in her life.

After the magazines had been designed and the artwork completed, Mein Host was indeed transferred back to America as he had suspected. He'd entered the United States on a tourist visa, as before, but this time with the instruction to apply for a green card. This would permit him to stay in the country for an unlimited time. On investigating this in Chicago he quickly discovered he'd have to leave the country in order to make a valid application.

He stayed long enough in Chicago to spend some awkward time with Catherine and her young son. My ward was still making an attempt to act the good father while ignoring his doubts and repressing his discomfort at a role he hadn't chosen and never desired. So it evidently couldn't have come too soon when orders arrived from the Omega for him to move to Canada and make his application from there.

The Toronto Chapter was just starting up, and a number of his colleagues were already working there at the house they'd rented on a quiet street within a block of Yonge Street—the city's main drag in the late 1960s. Mein Host soon discovered that selling magazines was as fluid and profitable on the streets of Canadian cities as it ever had been in America, with the additional hook of a certain shared Englishness that he could use to his advantage.

The arrival and presence of the Process Church in Toronto was causing quite a stir with the young people in the city, among whom were many American draftees who'd moved to Canada to avoid compulsory military service in the increasingly pointless Vietnam War. The Process itself, back in America, had taken in some draftees and transferred them quietly to the Toronto Chapter.

Within a few months the chapter was starting to thrive. The Alpha, the sacred space in which they held their weekly Sabbath Assembly, was regularly filling up for the services, and the small coffeehouse was bursting at the seams. When the house opposite the chapter house fortuitously came up for rent the community jumped on it, and expanded—all the way to the other side of the street. This allowed them to create a large coffeehouse that stretched the full depth of the new house, with a good-size kitchen and the upper floors serving as sleeping quarters and offices.

A single, large, carpeted room on the first floor at the front of the house, its bow windows overlooking the quiet, tree-lined street, became the rehearsal space for the rock band that would consume Mein Host's creative attention for the next few years. All the room needed was the application of copious egg cartons to walls and ceiling and some additional layers of carpet and rug to further insulate the sound.

There was a spacious basement that would become, in a couple of years, a clothes exchange and a soup kitchen for the downtrodden and homeless. It was a time when the Process Church was trying hard to clean up and polish its public image.

It may come as a surprise if you have been following this narrative to think the community had done anything offensive enough to war rant "cleaning up their public image."

However, something completely unexpected had long been brewing in the shadows that, with the 1971 publication of *The Family*, the book Ed Sanders wrote about the Charles Manson murders, suddenly reared its head. Ed Sanders had taken an entire chapter in his book to exaggerate the little he knew about the Process community. He fabricated outright and terrible lies about the community, as well as placing final blame for Manson's murderous behavior on his having been influenced by the teachings of the Process Church.

It was irresponsible for the author, as well as the editors and fact-checkers at Viking Press, to create and to allow such damaging and inaccurate reporting in a book purporting to be based on factual evidence. It seems that a decision was made to publish based on their belief that there would unlikely be any response from the Process. Surely the group would be too ashamed of all that Ed Sander's accused them of and wouldn't dare show their faces. However, this miscalculation earned them a lawsuit that ordered the publisher to remove the offensive chapter and any other references to the Process Church in the American edition.

The result of this case was clearly a humiliating defeat for Ed Sanders, who has subsequently been rightly dismissed as unreliable by most serious researchers into the Manson murders. From what I've overheard, Sanders still claims to be frightened of even a casual mention of the Process Church to this day. A man clearly victimized by his own fabrications.

Yet even though the community was victorious in getting the lies removed from the American edition of the book, it turned out to be a Pyrrhic victory, as well as a watershed in the rise and fall of the Process Church.

But, once again, I'm getting ahead of myself. These were still the innocent days, more than a year and a half before Ed Sanders's book came out and changed everything. For Mein Host, the couple of years he spent in the Toronto Chapter were among the happiest, as well as the most challenging, of his thirteen years with the community.

10

The Rainbow Serpent

A Helianx Burial Ground, a Musical Miracle, Misunderstanding Caligastia, Racial Clashes, the DEATH Issue of PROCESS Magazine, and the World Mind

My sister Watcher Astar hadn't finished with me yet! When she was trying to get across a point she liked to cover all eventualities.

I barely had time to take in the construction work progressing on the island in the middle of Lake Titicaca before she was whisking me off back toward the coast. Drawing me to a halt over the dry Plains of Nazca, we once again rose to around ten thousand feet and she gestured for me to look down and tell her what I was looking at. Again? I thought.

We went through the same "It's just a desert, Astar, a dry old desert, with some mountains," with my Watcher friend telling me to look with a clearer eye. For some reason she told me to remember my dreams. Then I saw quite suddenly what she was showing me. It was the mountains, of course. Or, what I took to be mountains.

As my senses grew slowly accustomed to what I was being shown—Was I simply looking through Astar's eyes?—they weren't mountains anymore but enormous creatures laid out on the desert plains. They looked like the petrified carcasses of gigantic, centipede-like creatures with their many limbs outlined by the multitude of ravines cutting deep into their smooth flanks; the creatures lay curled and humped together in the sleep of an ancient death.

I heard her sigh of approval behind me. But I still wasn't quite sure what this was all about. So, the mountains did seem to look like giant

centipedes. So what?! There are simulacra all over the world. Wasn't Lake Titicaca as much of a simulacrum?

Then I heard Astar's voice again in my mind. "You're seeing the map, but you're not understanding the territory. Look with your dreaming eyes . . ."

Still nothing. "Dreaming eyes?"

"Your dreams, silly. The ones you've told me about." I must have still been puzzled, because she went on poking at my mind. "Remember how lucid they were? That enormous creature you saw in Dreamtime? Twice, wasn't it? Three times maybe?"

So that was what she was thinking about. That creature I'd thought of as the Rainbow Serpent. I'd seen it first beneath the waves and then later in that elaborate fertility rite with the two intraterrestrial visitors, back before their mission collapsed.

Astar again, a touch of scorn coloring her tone, "And you've never wondered where your Rainbow Serpent came from?!" It wasn't a question. "Do you think you created it out of your imagination? That you think perhaps Dreamtime isn't real?"

I recalled then that Astar had previously explained how parallel realities functioned and how what I had observed in those Dreamtime visions existed in potentia. She described it as a potential reality stream that can, or will, be adopted if it's believed to have an overall spiritual benefit to the primary time line.

She was right, of course. I hadn't really thought Dreamtime was real. Not in the way she evidently meant it when she was pointing down at those mountainous biomorphic forms stretched out below us. Some of the giant creatures were lying straddled over others as though they'd been cast there at a later time.

"Very good," Astar whispered in my mind. "Now you are seeing them. But do you know *what* you are seeing?"

Frankly, I was getting tired of Astar's prodding. I knew she wanted me to have the experience of discovering these mysteries for myself. But for all her apparent wisdom, I'd learned through experience that she wasn't an entirely reliable witness—she was a Watcher, after all! She will have had her own biases.

“So, all this was underwater,” I thought out aloud. “It must have been deep under the ocean . . .”

“Before it was forced up by the subducting Nazca plate . . . and what does *that* suggest?” She was leading me by the hand.

“Wait a moment,” I jumped in, “I think I have it. Are those mountains mainly limestone? They are, aren’t they?!” My thoughts were rushing along. “So that’s what you’re showing me . . . we’re looking at *burial* mounds, aren’t we . . . it’s some sort of cemetery for those creatures. Yes, of course! They must have been sea creatures, enormous sea creatures . . . and they dropped down to the seabed when they died. So there may be more of these cemeteries still underwater . . . Correct so far, Astar?”

“This is just one of the places, correct. What I’ve found out so far is that the creatures first arrived on the planet more than one hundred million years ago. Somehow they survived the K-T Extinction event, most likely by remaining in the depths of the ocean. This is just one of their burial sites.”

“You mean they gather in the same places to die? Doesn’t that imply a concerned intelligence?”

Astar paused before I heard her again. I had the sense she was weighing whether to say more. “Why all this secrecy?” I wondered.

“All I can tell you is that it feels to me that MA has put an amnesia blanket over the whole affair . . . Why? I’ve no idea. These are just the scraps I’ve been able fit together.”

So those lucid dreams of mine . . . no, let me call them what I believed they were. They were visions, glimpses of a parallel reality, that’s what they were. Visions of that strange and beautiful creature, whose glorious iridescent and evanescent presence had so bewildered me . . . Did the creature actually have some physical substance after all?

Astar broke in. “If I’m right about this, these were the kin of the Rainbow Serpent in your vision, only from far earlier times. Here is what I believe happened. ‘The Helianx’—that’s what I’ve heard the species call itself—came to this planet, for whatever purpose, who knows, but I’m convinced they arrived here from another sector of the Multiverse. The Watcher who first told me this, well, she said she thought they may have originated in one of the early Superuniverses. She told me she thought the clue was in the great size of the creatures—it must have been a far larger

planet."

"Hold it for a moment," I thought, "The Helianx I'd seen a couple of times now hadn't really been that large. Big, yes, but nothing like those mountainous skeletal remains that bordered the plain below us."

Astar again, "I suppose they must have reduced their size over the millions of years. Each generation getting slightly smaller. Perhaps it was intentional; I don't know. But I heard when the Helianx first arrived it was well over a couple of miles in length."

It was making sense to me now. Then the vast bodies, over all those millions of years, would have formed and shaped those particular areas of the landscape.

"Most of them are still underwater," Aster was in her stride. "But some of those places have now been pushed up to the surface by tectonic forces. On almost every continent you'll find these Helianx cemeteries. The most ancient ones have almost weathered away completely, but regardless, people are drawn to them. You'll see. Humans often build their sacred structures over these special places; you may have wondered about this."

Yes, that had puzzled me. Why are humans so consistently drawn back again and again over the centuries to build and worship their gods in the same places? I already knew about the reciprocal relationship between certain structures in the fifth dimension and their appearance in the third-density realm. But this wasn't quite what Astar was talking about.

I also sensed that Astar was feeling she'd revealed too much, although why she suddenly became silent I didn't know at this stage. It was just before she vanished back into the etherium that I caught the flash of a visual pattern she'd left me with; intentionally or not, I couldn't tell.

Then it seemed to me I was looking at a worldwide matrix, a subtle-energy grid I didn't recognize, which encompassed the planet, encircling all the Helianx burial grounds with sinusoidal waves of subtle energies in many colors. The vision was so unexpected and so brief that I wasn't quite sure what I was being shown, or why. Yet, strangely, the vision has remained tucked down within me, so much so that I find I can clearly replay the iridescent grid within my mind to this day.

My coauthor tells me that he even caught a glimpse of a serpentine global grid he'd never seen before, and just when I was describing it. So I can

only deduce this mysterious matrix has some future and as of yet unrevealed function.

Once Astar had disappeared and gone about her own business, I felt the subtle draw again to retrace my journey back to the North American Seraphic Transport Center, and from there, to resume my original intention to visit the planet Zandana.

* * *

Music had always played its part in Mein Host's life, ever since he'd taught himself the guitar when he was twelve years old. Whenever he was in a Process chapter he could be heard playing quietly at the public Midnight Meditations held every Friday and Saturday.

He was weaned playing 1950's skiffle, which led naturally to the blues. He then graduated to rock 'n' roll and then to a short flirtation with modern jazz before realizing he'd never be as good as Wes Montgomery. After that my ward returned, without knowing it, to his reincarnational roots, showing a renewed fascination with classical Indian music and then with Sufi devotional chanting.

By the time he arrived in Toronto in the spring of 1971 he seemed to have come to peace with his limitations—I've heard him say he reckoned he'd never gained any real mastery of the instrument. And there was some truth to this for all his practicing—his fingers were too short and the pads too wide to ever allow him any true proficiency with the guitar.

Whether or not it was this honest assessment of his limited ability, or his natural rebelliousness, he decided to turn away from any known or recognized musical style. I'd heard him say more than once that he wanted to put all he knew behind him and start over, by listening, really listening, this time. Not, he would stress, listening to Other People's Music (which later became formalized in the acronym OPM) but to listen to all the sounds around him: the wind in the trees, the birdcalls, the rush of water, the buzzing of bees, the whoosh of traffic in the rain, foghorns, a taxi door shutting, distant laughter. Any sound, however improbable, then became a potential partner in a musical duet.

I have to admit I was surprised at this turning away from OPM.

Although my ward was never a very skilled player, he'd clearly derived some pleasure from the challenges of modern jazz or the emotional rawness of the blues, and I hoped he wasn't going to forget all he knew musically in order to follow this new idea of his. I hadn't been particularly enthusiastic when he'd taken up this new approach, but one of his companion angels—the one he later named Beauty when she made herself known to him in the early 1980s—had gestured for me to wait and see what the lad might come up with given time.

The first thing he did was to completely retune his guitar. This wasn't done to any conventional tuning. Instead, he'd taken each string, starting with two bass strings that he'd tuned to the key F, which he claimed to hear as the fundamental Sound of the World, and then he'd worked up the strings, tuning each to resonate with the two bass strings.

"The Sound of the World is the sound everything makes at once," was how he'd explained it. "It's a bit like defocusing your eyes, so everything is one blur; you kind of dial back your hearing. You flatten it out into one broad chord of everything sounding at once."

By tuning each string to a pitch that resonated with itself as well as with its four companion strings he created an open tuning that allowed him to more naturally harmonize with the natural world. This led to him having to learn an entirely new way of fingering the frets, resulting in unusual three- and four-finger chords played on top of the two resonating bass strings. After a few years he was able to produce pleasurably ethereal sounds that were well suited to their Midnight Meditations.

However, whenever he had a few hours to himself he would take his guitar out into nature to listen and play along with the Sound of the World as he heard it.

Now, if this seems idiosyncratic, or pointless, or even somewhat delusional to some people, I had to trust my ward was simply following his own drummer—and it wasn't a drummer I could hear. But of course, now that I think about it, this approach to music was a perfectly natural extension of all the focus on listening to the Beings, which is what the community had been training themselves to do during their meditations.

What I did respect at the time was that he stuck to his own vision in spite of being humored by more competent and trained musicians who

seemed unable to hear or grasp what he was doing. Music that was entirely spontaneous and yet harmoniously responsive to the sound of everything-at-once was slow to gather interest. It must have seemed an impossible dream. Trained musicians scoffed at the potential musical chaos, while others refused to see the point in it, or if they had joined in their interest faded before they relaxed enough to let the magic kick in.

Yet over the years my ward's idiosyncratic approach to music did gather musicians who enjoyed playing spontaneously and joined him to form a loose collective. Most played in other bands, so they particularly appreciated being able to cut loose and play with my ward's group. As they became more familiar with his approach something quite miraculous happened. Their music started reaching such a deeply felt place that the intuitive synchronization created the sense that all the instruments were being played by the same hand.

Throughout my ward's time in the community I believe this new musical approach was fermenting in his mind. He'd never had the opportunity to advance it until he left the Process, when there was a far larger pool of potential musicians. And once again, when the mix of musos was harmonious, that magical oneness would occur again.

This ecstatic experience is so rare for musicians and yet represented in some unexplainable way what the core of music meant to them. It wasn't until Mein Host was living in New York City in the years after leaving the community that his approach flowered into what came to be called Bozon music, and his group, following suit, named themselves the Bozon Band.

It was the music of passion and ecstasy: a true music of the Heart and Spirit, spontaneous and inspired; devotional and yet deeply grounded. A music of telepathic communion.

But that was still well in my ward's future.

Back then, on a warm spring evening in 1971, in the newly founded Toronto Chapter, something occurred that both stimulated and confirmed the musical concept he'd been brewing.

How could this unifying experience, from which he derived such a deep personal joy, be shared with others?

The Process Church had long held weekly ProcessScenes, evenings at

which various Processeans created and produced deliberately provocative events to which the public were invited. I have previously described a couple of the London Chapter ProcessScenes: “Great Beast Meets Great Priest” (Aleister Crowley challenging the pope); on another evening, “A Demonstration of Flagellation”; on another, a lecture on “The UFO Enigma.”

The Toronto Chapter was only a few months old when my ward arrived, and as such it hadn’t yet established itself as a presence in the city. Few people from the general public knew about the courses and classes, or the weekly Sabbath Assembly, or the ProcessScenes, or even the Cavern—the coffeehouse they had opened across the road. There was no reason to suppose that on this particular evening, this one ProcessScene—unpublicized and unrehearsed—would be any different. They’d probably get a few of the old faithfuls, people who’d already attended a few Process events. If they were lucky.

Mein Host had gathered three or four of the musicians in the chapter, as well as a handful of junior members who were up for the experiment. Because it *was* an experiment in my ward’s mind. He’d never tried it before, not as a public event, an event that could succeed only if everyone could be lured into participating and listening, really listening—listening to the sounds of the city outside and listening to the sounds each person was making.

There would be just one rule: listen to the sound everyone is making and only play when you can hear your place in the overall sound. “When you can’t hear everything at once,” he advised the others, “stop playing until you can really listen clearly again. It’s all about listening, not about playing. If we respect that, then if anyone else comes . . .” that produced a wry chuckle from the other Processeans. “If anyone comes, let’s see if they’ll pick up on it.”

Between them they’d gathered all the instruments in the chapter—anything that could be blown, bowed, banged, bonged, or gonged; implements to be scraped, scratched, rapped, or rung; ukuleles to be plucked; tin whistles to be whistled; click sticks to be clacked; rain sticks and rattles—everything in the kitchen sink, to give an appropriate twist to the old cliché.

They’d laid out all the instruments and implements in a large semicircle on the floor, and as seven o’clock approached they sat on cushions, their instruments in front of them, with their backs to the room’s wide bow windows.

Small cards with the words LISTEN FIRST and PLAY BETWEEN THE NOTES, and LISTEN RATHER THAN HEAR, and SILENCE IS BETTER THAN SOUND were pinned on the walls. Other cushions were strewn loosely around the floor. As dusk closed in early, darkening the road outside, lights were lowered and candles lit, throwing an inviting (they must have hoped) flickering glow through the windows and into the street.

There were perhaps seven or eight of the faithful already present when they sat down to start the event. These were the few outsiders who could be relied on to attend, whatever the event, and would be sure to get into the spirit of the evening.

They must have sat there for more than five minutes in silence, listening, eyes shut, meditating. Each person was evidently reluctant to be the one to start, to break the silence. Yet there was no sense of awkwardness in the room. The signs that emphasized silence and listening, and the sight of the five Processeans sitting in repose with their eyes closed, brought to the event an unexpectedly sacred atmosphere.

It would have to be Father Micah who made the first move. So, after a far longer silence than might have been expected, and just before any restlessness settled in, the room became aware of a low thrum that seemed to interweave and yet respond to the sounds of the city outside. It was so quietly done, so subtle in pitch and volume, that each person in the room seemed to be leaning into the sound. After a while an occasional rasping hiss, echoing the tires of passing cars, could be heard, then a distant police siren entwined briefly with a whining high F on a guitar, pushed into an oscillating major and minor mimesis.

A long, slow rhythm started, which might have been the heartbeat of a great city reaching into the golden silence, or it may have been the dark pulsing of the room itself. A click joined in, emphasizing the silences between the long, slow pulses . . .

Well, I could go on with increasingly florid metaphors as the music picked up tone and density. Other players were heard from, one by one, each adding their unique sound and rhythm. More people joined the sonic dance, while others briefly dropped out, everyone listening intently with eyes closed. Thus no one was noticing that more and more people were slipping into the room to join the sound machine. And the music, for that is what it was in one of its purest forms, was pulsing steadily louder and softer, as though

following a three-dimensional sine wave snaking through the room and out into the street again. They must have played together for a couple of hours before the sounds started winding down, leaving a profound silence, as though the world outside had paused to listen.

The room was completely full. There must have been at least sixty young men and women sitting or standing, instruments still in their hands and bemused expressions on their faces. I'm sure none of them had experienced anything quite like it.

When the last of the participants had filed out, still entranced by the experience, my ward mooted it must have been that musical snake that drew all those people in.

"It was like being the Pied Piper," he said, and I could feel his puzzlement. It wasn't what he expected at all. More than sixty people! They had never seen so many people for an event in all the time they'd been in Toronto. People they had never seen before had poured in from the darkness throughout the evening, quietly taking their places on the floor and picking up an instrument to play. Within moments they'd appear utterly involved and consumed by this spontaneous effusion of sound.

I have to say I was as astonished by this magical fusion as I suspect was each of those participating in creating it. It was perhaps the most spiritually transcendent event I'd witnessed during my observations of the various different chapters. Sadly, in my mind, the evening was never to be repeated however hard they tried. Self-consciousness, the pressure of expectation, too much effort—all conspired to prevent it. Such magic, as my ward was starting to realize, could not be easily evoked on demand.

However, there was more to that particular evening than any of them knew at the time. The first and most direct outcome was the realization among the four musicians present that between them they had the basis of a regular band. The second was personal to my ward. He had proved to himself that such a completely spontaneous explosion of heartfelt music was indeed possible, given a specific set of circumstances. This was a musical experiment he'd shelved, as I said, for the next fifteen years, before the music blossomed again in the performances and recordings of the Bozon Band in New York City from 1986 to 1990.

The third factor, unknown to my ward to this day, is that the city of

Toronto, more than other Canadian cities, has been a gathering place for rebel angel reincarnates since the mid-1930s. A large number of these are extraterrestrial beings who've volunteered to incarnate into human bodies in preparation for the coming transformation. Many of these beings have had children either of a similar extraterrestrial lineage or with a rebel angel heritage. It was some of these young men and women who were drawn so mysteriously (for the Processeans, anyway) to the sounds they were making that evening in the Toronto Chapter.

Toronto was promising to be fertile turf for the Process Church.

* * *

I was unaccustomed to this! This constant changing. Does it happen to mortals? Is that what this is? I remember pondering it at the time—back then I knew so little about individual mortal behavior.

I had set out with every intention of going on one of my visits to Zandana, and yet here I still was. I thought I'd seen enough of death and destruction. I'd even steeled myself to stay alert and in observational mode throughout the first of the Atlantean tragedies—which I'd been happy to put behind me.

I had gained some invaluable insights into the complexity of the Sirius influence on Atlantis in those difficult times. And to have met my dolphin ally so unexpectedly was also a welcome synchronicity. Then there was my jaunt down to Lake Titicaca and those underwater cities; and yes, it had been instructive—as it always was—to hear what Astar had to tell me. Yet I still wasn't quite sure why I was drawn there so strongly.

Now here was another pull.

And it wasn't in the direction of the peaceful planet of Zandana.

It was back into the maelstrom.

Much had changed in the Mediterranean basin since I was there last. When the Gibraltar isthmus had been destroyed by an earthquake the water pouring in from the Atlantic had leveled off in the Mediterranean, and trading had apparently started again. There was no longer any danger from Atlantean

pirates, at least for a while, so it looked like the small merchant ships that hugged the coastline were taking advantage of this, as much as the new coastal settlements were already starting to thrive.

In North Africa the Nile Valley civilization had long since crumbled, having peaked back in the fifteenth and fourteenth millennia. The high culture was gone. It had been established by those of violet blood from the Land of the Two Rivers who'd been steadily emigrating westward during the previous ten to twelve thousand years. For more than five millennia the Nile Valley culture had been the most mature civilization in the world for that era.

Now, however, the Nile Valley had become increasingly swamped by the less-advanced pastoral tribes flooding north from the Sahara regions. A combination of their overgrazing and the changing climate had started to turn their rich grazing land into the sandy desert you know today. To then be more literally swamped by the rising sea level of the Mediterranean must have felt like a final insult to those midwayers who'd been heavily invested in the Nile region.

The various catastrophes over the subsequent centuries were like hammer blows to the midwayers' collective self-esteem. Many of them were almost overcome with their resentment; some loudly complained that they had served Prince Caligastia loyally, and they blamed him for wiping out all they'd worked for. After all, wasn't he "God of this World," as they liked to scoff behind his back? He should have been able to prevent the disasters, right? If he really *was* God of this World! More scornful laughter.

Prince Caligastia, so I heard, had to do some fancy footwork to talk his way out of this apparent contradiction. It was no surprise that he blamed MA for the catastrophes, fuming that whatever advances he and his midwayers had accomplished were being subverted and sabotaged by MA's agents. Apparently he had spoken particularly angrily about the Lemurian civilization; it had lasted almost fifty thousand years! It was an insult to his supremacy.

"Fifty thousand years!" the Prince had practically screamed at the assembled midwayers. "All that time and not one real disaster! Not one serious mishap, nothing to stop them. But that's just it, isn't it? Vanu and his spoiled brats, those goody-goodies . . ." he always referred to the midwayers who'd remained loyal to MA and Vanu in this sneering manner.

Continuing in the same vein, “Those brats over on the islands, Vanu’s mewling crew, they got all the breaks. But that’s how it goes, isn’t it?! MA takes care of its own. And then look what happens to us! It’s not fair; they’re not giving us a chance . . . they plan to destroy everything we build! They gave us a free hand, but they’re constantly interfering! Damn them to hell!”

There was much more furious sputtering along these lines as the Prince’s anger and blame turned to a whining list of complaints of all the supposed wrongdoings he’d suffered at the hands of Lanaforge’s administration, Lucifer’s replacement as System Sovereign.

Self-pity, blame, and anger for the Prince had always risen to the surface unpleasantly quickly, somewhat odd for a well-trained and superbly prepared Planetary Prince. We were always taught that Planetary Princes were the very paragons of responsibility and wisdom, a fine example to all midwayers. That was the general principle anyway.

However, when I overheard this recent outburst I knew I could no longer remain in denial. Of course I had seen flashes of Prince Caligastia’s emotional excesses before, but then I’d viewed them in light of the Prince’s fervor for change. After the dry and detached quality of so much of fifth-dimensional life back on Jerusem, I’d become convinced that Prince Caligastia’s passion, like my Lord Lucifer’s, was an authentic cry against a centralized and implacable authority.

At the time I couldn’t account for why it was this particular event—his merciless treatment of the midwayers who served him—rather than another of his many malfeasances that pushed me over the edge. In retrospect it’s clearer to me now that it was the Prince’s tacit admittance of his ultimate powerlessness in the face of geophysical destruction. For all his whining and his blame of MA, it was as though the Prince hadn’t immediately understood how weak he’d appeared before his attendant midwayers. It seemed to me there was a collective gasp of surprise, followed by sighs of awkward embarrassment, as their Prince muttered his unlikely confession.

Prince Caligastia had apparently quickly pulled himself together and had drawn a veil over the midwayers’ short-term memories. When they’d recovered, there was their noble Prince again, standing before them, angry and proud.

Distasteful though his ranting was, I had to know more. This was the

Prince I'd followed into the uprising. I really didn't want to believe I'd been that blind. But no, it was merely more of the same bile.

"This is my world, *my* world!" Those protests of supremacy again, as though he was trying to convince himself. "*I'm* in charge here! How dare those interfering busybodies on Jerusem think they can barge in to my world, destroying all I'd built . . . everything *we* built together." There was a change of tone here, by all accounts to fein inclusivity. "All of us *together*. How dare they disrupt our glorious plans! Once again, they have betrayed us!"

He'd paused at this, his gaze sweeping over his gathered minions as he reasserted his power over them. Midwayers are not a complicated species.

So here again was their esteemed Planetary Prince, the one for whom they'd risked everything. His anger they recognized, and as long as it wasn't directed at any one of them in particular they'd apparently settled back to enjoy the show.

My informant told me she'd got the impression the midwayers cared very little about what they'd lost in the catastrophes of the previous millennia. They'd been even less concerned at the enormity of the human die-off resulting from the natural disasters of that era, which had reduced the planetary population to the lowest number since well before the arrival of MA's first mission half-a-million years ago. This was the mission I was so joyful to serve. It pained me to hear how casually the rebel midwayers had dismissed such an appalling near-extinction of the very mortals they were created to serve.

But safe and sound in their own frequency domain, the midwayers were not affected, for example, by the glacial melting in the third density. They were untouched by the floods and volcanic explosions, by the disappearance of islands or the terrible diseases that swept through human settlements leaving nothing behind. Or should I say that such third-density disruptions really only concerned them when the power they wielded over human beings became threatened.

Certainly by the tenth millennium the rebel midwayers had become all but addicted to the subtle energies that they could draw off human beings by activating the worship circuits embedded in the mortal spiritual energy system. So despite the radical human die-off, the midwayers' hunger for power was such that apparently they couldn't wait to get their teeth into each

new generation of human beings who would inevitably repopulate Earth.

It should come as no surprise by now that Caligastia was once again able to manipulate this addiction to his advantage by redirecting the rebel midwayers' attention to what was starting to happen in Europe.

The more adventurous among the Mesopotamian people had been moving north into Europe following the collapse of the Nile Valley civilization. They had interbred with the local tribes and were producing a number of genetic mixes, one of which came to be known later as the Cro-Magnon people.

As I traveled through the Middle East and then up into southern Europe, I continually came across reminders of the various geophysical upheavals of the previous millennia. So many disasters had occurred in a ripple effect—one disaster triggering another, which tripped off another, activating yet another . . . .

Or, as Astar had explained: The cosmic dust being driven into the solar system by bursts of photons from the galactic core had been steadily warming the planet. This had melted the glaciers, raised the sea level by as much as three hundred meters, forever altering coastlines and revealing vast new swaths of landmass no longer covered with ice. It will take the climatic conditions that have been relatively stable and consistent for most of the long ice age many hundreds of years to stabilize again.

The rain-filled clouds, for example, that once watered the North African grasslands had all but disappeared as the prevailing wind currents shifted farther south. It had been this radical change in climate as well as all those years of overgrazing that had desertified almost the entire region.

I could see it had been a wretchedly difficult time for the people who'd survived the earthquakes and deluges. While they'd struggled to make it through the disasters, life in many of the new small settlements had returned to an earlier and more primitive stage. However, as I moved farther north I witnessed another, more serious hazard facing those of dominant Neanderthal stock.

Some of the tribes that had originally settled in southern and central Europe and who had followed the melting ice northward were Neanderthal. Most of the other indigenous tribes on the continent were drawn from the

blue race who had been arriving in Europe from the east for more than thirty-five thousand years.

The Blue People—they weren't a literal bright blue, just a relatively pale flesh tone with a faint bluish tinge—were an intelligent and artistic strain who were able to live amicably alongside the more recently arrived Neanderthals. It was, for example, the Blue People's confident and sensitive renderings of animals that you'll find on the walls of caves in southwest France, as for example, in the complex of caves at Lascaux.

The bloodshed started when so many of the violet race streamed into Europe from Mesopotamia and interbred with the local tribes. They were attracted to and interbred only with the Blue People. Not only did they avoid mating with the Neanderthals, but they set out, from what I could make out, to exterminate the more primitive humans.

And no, I see no reason to report in detail the horrors I witnessed as I moved over the countryside. Massacres have a tedious similarity, and what you've observed of the genocides of the twentieth century won't be so very different—certainly not for the victims. What has changed for the better (as if such genocides can ever be rated) is that they've become less frequent and, paradoxically, less efficient. More people slip through the exterminators' net, or the attempted genocide gets stopped by some external intervention before an entire race or tribe can been wiped out.

Not so in the early days of the emergence of the various human races. We were taught back in our tutorials on Jerusem that before we arrived on Earth there'd been green and orange races among the seven evolutionary races of color. Both these races had been almost entirely wiped out long before the period I'm describing here, and yet traits of both races could still be found in the complex racial mix of those humans living throughout central and eastern Europe between the eleventh and ninth millennia. In contrast, largely due to geographic isolation, these color differentiations can still be found in the red races (the Native American), the black races (African), and the yellow races (Chinese).

I once heard Lucifer speaking about this, what he'd called, as I recall it, "A significant design fault!" And as "MA's cruel indifference!" To the human races, he meant! He claimed this completely unconventional introduction of the seven races of color—and all in one family, and in a single generation—well, he said it was asking for trouble.

“Why?” I’d heard him complain. “Why did *that* have to happen to me, in *my* system!” It was a plot against him, he believed. He’d point out that normally the races of color emerged sequentially, beginning with the red people. As the most-developed and spiritually stable of the original races of color, he said they could be relied on to lay a secure groundwork for the arrival, over time, of the other races who then layer in, each one having an opportunity to build on the advances of the previous race.

“But nooooo!” his beautiful tone bruised by self-pity. “Why did it have to be me? On top of all MA’s other messing around! They should have known it would never work . . . bringing all seven races through at the same time! It was *asking* for genocide!”

Which, of course, is exactly what happened.

* * *

Spring in Toronto may arrive late, but as with northern cities the world over, the citizens greet the new warmth with a touching innocence. Bare shoulders and summer dresses appear at the first hint of clear blue skies. Women and men hurrying about their business will frequently stand stock-still in the middle of the sidewalk to turn their heads up to the sun, eyes closed and with a contented look on their amiable Canadian faces.

As if overnight, the streets become happy places. People dance briefly in time to the music blaring from the electronics stores as they pass in front of them; frozen northern faces crack into their first smiles of the season; young women, their bulbous winter coats finally discarded, and svelte again in their miniskirts, sway along in their smart, new, high-heeled shoes. There also seem to be more gaily colored hippies on the streets than Mein Host had seen during his short time in Chicago.

The conflict in Vietnam was continuing to maim and kill young Americans by the thousands, with those less inclined to participate in their government’s poorly managed war adding to Canada’s population.

Yet, looking more closely at those crowds, among all those men and women from every country in the world, colorfully dressed and streaming along the sidewalks of the busy streets, I could see two improbably black-cloaked figures, a man and a woman. They too are standing still, but their faces are not upturned to the sun. They are, perhaps, more like large, dark

birds of prey, their odd stillness appearing all the more foreboding in contrast to the onrushing gaily colored crowds.

The pair stood on opposite sides of Toronto's Yonge Street. Both cradled stacks of PROCESS magazines in their right arms. From a distance they seemed to be allowing the streams of people to pour past them, the crowds dividing around each Processean, giving them the appearance of two dark rocks standing like dolmen against the oncoming waves.

Of course, my fanciful metaphors only held true for a snapshot moment, because Father Micah's eyes were darting around like lizards, assessing the fiscal viability of each and every person streaming toward him on that warm spring day. Yet it's no metaphor to suggest that in his stillness there was indeed something of the predator poised to strike, but in my wards case, he seemed more snake than bird.

I could see that people found him impossible to ignore. He was taller than most, and his black clothing and immobility had an almost hypnotic effect on the passersby. Some hastily broke his gaze, looking away and scuttling on past. Others locked eyes with him, and they were the ones my ward reeled in. Not surprisingly, most were women—many of them young and curious. They could not resist buying a magazine, and some will even find their way back to the Process Chapter.

I chose to follow one of these young women back to her apartment to observe her reactions when she looked more closely at the magazine she'd bought earlier from Mein Host.

She was sitting up on her bed, the young woman with whom she shared the apartment lying beside her, while she leafed through the magazine. I could tell they hadn't known each other long, and yet they'd evidently found a natural compatibility. As it turned out they'd been sharing an apartment for only three months after meeting in one of the local coffee bars. Both were tall and fine-looking young women in their early twenties. The one who'd bought the magazine, whose name I learned was Anna, was a straw blonde with remarkably blue eyes. I never heard the other's name, but she had short auburn hair, greenish sloe-eyes, and the heart-shaped face of a madonna.

"What did you mean?" her friend was asking. "You said there was something magical about meeting this guy."

“Well, I’m not quite sure what happened,” Anna replied, a quizzical look on her face. “One moment the mag was in his hand, the next I was walking away with it in mine!”

She was shaking her head, pushing her blond hair away from her face, still clearly puzzled by what had happened. She went on leafing through the pages, stopping every once in a while when a particular graphic caught her attention.

The magazine was the DEATH issue; every page swirled with psychedelic color and startling and provocative articles. It was the most innovative of the series of PROCESS magazines my ward had designed. It was also in the DEATH issue that he most fully developed the unique graphic style for which the PROCESS magazines have recently become unexpectedly celebrated.

I shared my ward’s bemusement at discovering these relics from more than forty years in his past have now become recognized for their pioneering design aesthetic. Although his approach has been frequently referred to as “psychedelic magazine design,” psychedelics (or entheogens, as I prefer to call this class of drugs) had little actively to do with the intensely laborious process of magazine page-design. No entheogens were used at all. I can vouch for that.

Yet what is equally clear, more so in retrospect, is the influence that my ward’s earlier experimentation with entheogens had on his visual imagination. The only two pieces of artwork he’d completed during the time he was exploring entheogens in the early 1960s were both inspired directly by DMT visions and have long since disappeared. Although the images might have been viewed as enigmatic, the framed pieces were so eye-catching, unusual, and extremely well crafted that my ward likes to joke (somewhat ruefully) that they’re bound to be hanging on somebody’s wall, whether or not their meanings are understood.

He is only learning now, as we write these words, how deeply he’d been influenced visually by his early experiences with entheogens. I’ve heard him say more than once that he was quite unaware of this influence at the time he was designing the magazines. He hadn’t taken entheogens for years, and he says he wasn’t thinking about them. As any art director would, he believed he was developing a visual approach that supported and reflected the content of the article in question as well as creating an overall visual style that was both

graphically provocative and recognizably coherent from issue to issue.

The content of the magazines was a different matter.

In taking the editorial decision to focus on a single, central subject in each issue—for example, Death, Fear, Love, or Sex—and exploring each from their different extremes, the magazines were bound to cause some controversy. And the subjects of Death and Fear, in themselves, don't exactly make for a casual read on the beach.

The most controversial of these single-page articles was one that Anna missed as she was thumbing through the magazine. It was a single left-hand page with two short columns of text in which a couple of well-known personalities issued forth with their views about death. Above the columns of text were the photos of the two participants—Charles Manson and Malcolm Muggeridge.

If the editorial decision to interview Charles Manson in prison might be thought ill-considered, it was made with all the innocence of fools, with no thought as to how it might be perceived at some later date. It was Mary Ann who had come up with the idea, asking in an editorial meeting, "Who would have more to say about death than Charlie Manson?" And it was she who then sent a couple of senior Processeans to the California prison to speak directly to the man.

In the right-hand column was the English journalist and TV celebrity of the time, Malcolm Muggeridge, with *his* approach to death. Muggeridge was an elderly gentleman, very much in the English tradition, with strong opinions. He was widely scorned by the cynical English intelligentsia for unexpectedly converting to Roman Catholicism in later life.

Reading the two columns in retrospect, both appear completely innocuous. Manson rambles incomprehensibly about "total awareness" and "endless sleep" and uses phrases like "Pseudoprofundity in Death" with a lack of irony of the truly insane. Malcolm Muggeridge, in turn, simply welcomes the promise of a Christian afterlife—scarcely the stuff of controversy. However, as it turned out, it was merely the inclusion of Manson's words in a Process publication that was held against them. Endless time will be spent by bottom-feeding writers in trying to find some nefarious connection between Manson and the Process. And when they fail, as they must, because there never was any connection, these so-called crime writers

would fabricate the most vicious of lies to support their paranoid fantasies and, more importantly, to sell their books.

So it was that, unbeknown to anyone in the community during the spring of 1971, just such a storm was brewing in the shadows. One of these "crime writers," in a crude attempt to spice up his narrative and prove he was smarter than the LA police, was out there busily concocting a fabric of lies in a cynical attempt to implicate the Process Church with Charles Manson and his family of deluded followers.

The Family: The True Account of the Charles Manson Slayings, the book that Ed Sanders would publish the next year, although a total fabrication in its claims of a connection between Manson and the Process, would mark a subtle watershed moment in the rise and fall of the Process Church of the Final Judgment.

However, all that trouble, and there would be trouble—court cases won in America, yet lost in England, would be the least of it—that was still in the future. All through 1971 and much of 1972 the community flourished and showed every sign of becoming progressively more influential. Following the success of the Toronto Chapter in drawing in new people, chapters were being opened in Miami and Boston and reopened in New Orleans. This was in addition to the one already operating in Chicago. Yet of all these the Toronto Chapter would prove to be the fulcrum of power when Mary Ann and Robert decided to move to Canada and rent a house on the outskirts of the city. It was an accepted maxim of all Processeans that wherever the Omega chose to live would be where the action was always the most intense.

Yet I could tell from Mein Host's emotional body that he greeted the news of the Omega's move to Toronto with a certain ambivalence. If he had been able to find words for his buried feelings at that time he might have said that the clarity of his revelation of Mary Ann's divinity was starting to fray a little around the edges.

* * *

It is not in my brief to describe the many vicissitudes and wanderings of the different races during humanity's million-year journey. The relevant papers in *The Urantia Book* cover this subject with what I have heard my ward

describe as “the pencil-sucking precision of the angelic mind.”

So, suffice it to say, the tribes in Europe during the epochs following the first of the Atlantean disasters in the thirteenth millennium had become one of the great racial melting pots of that period. Northern Europe and England, before the land bridge had sunk under the rising sea level, had long been inhabited, mainly by the blue race, for at least three-quarters of a million years. The coming and going of the glacial periods would send them scurrying south, and then back north again, following the game when the ice receded. The Neanderthals, moving up from Africa, had been entering Europe in dribs and drabs for many tens of thousands of years, but, though large-brained, they were slow and gentle by nature and never stood much of a chance against their adversaries. They didn’t mix easily with the more advanced Blue People, who would have nothing to do with them.

The Blue People were boatbuilders and sailors; they were skilled fisherfolk and hunters; they felled trees with their stone axes and built remarkably comfortable timber houses. Having to deal with extreme climatic conditions over thousands of years, they responded with ingenious solutions like digging their dwellings deep into the ground. They ranged all over the continent, making their settlements alongside many of the great rivers of Europe.

The Neanderthals, on the other hand, lived in caves in the more mountainous regions. In this way they were able to coexist with the Blue People, as well as some of the other racial strains. Sadly for the Neanderthal people, they seldom presented an attractive prospect to other races, so there was almost no interbreeding. They were small in stature and stocky in build; their large heads sank into their shoulders, as if their heads were too heavy to bother with a neck. Their thick body hair and slouching gait, knuckles brushing the ground, gave them the appearance of being much more primitive than they, in fact, were. They lived extremely hard lives in small family groups and died far younger than other racial types. They were frequently hunted and killed for sport by other races and were pushed farther and farther into the mountains, their generations steadily diminishing in number. The final moments for the Neanderthal people came when the few remaining survivors in southern Europe simply gave up their will to live and disappeared from the world stage some fifteen thousand years before the period I’m now describing.

When the Cro-Magnon strain emerged from all this mix, it was tough and vigorous and proved over time to be the most aggressive of the European subgroups. Several thousand years later the Cro-Magnons would, in their turn, become absorbed into other invaders pouring up from Mesopotamia and into Europe from the east.

This is, of course, a massive oversimplification of all the various racial and genetic mixes present on the European continent that had been building up over the thousands of years following the global catastrophes of the thirteenth millennium. There'd been a gradual move northward as the ice receded from the northern regions of Europe and the climatic conditions became more readily amenable to human life.

I have to admit that the focus on the genetics of the human races—bordering on obsessive—that consumes the interest of so many of my kind, frequently felt overstated to me. I understood the general importance of bloodlines, of course, but I'm a Watcher; I observe. Thus I've never felt the same need as so many of my sisters to oversee and even guide and control—within the guidelines decreed by mortal free will—the various racial strains that were now intermixing as a result of new territories opening up and a steady influx of tribes moving northward.

I knew the general principles being followed, and I appreciated why genetics was so important. We'd all had it drummed into us back in the tutorials on Jerusem before we were assigned to accompany the Prince's mission. The tutorials made it very clear that we'd be witnessing the gradual evolution of the optimum genetic mix to be the vehicle for the Indwelling Spirit, for the Atman. They emphasized that this is a perfectly natural process embedded in the evolution of intelligent life. Individuals of all species seek to better themselves, our tutors emphasized, whether through natural selection, sexual attraction, or parental ambitions, each according to its nature.

But of course the rebellion among the angels had changed all that. Companion (guardian) angels, for example, became more liberated to consider the genetic benefits of positive racial interbreeding and attempt to guide their wards accordingly. This holds true for mortal beings on all third-density worlds, and certainly for all those inhabited planets in this Local Universe.

In the Jerusem simulators we were shown the time lines playing out how the various different racial types would develop. The simulations were

based on the geophysical state of the planet at any given time and how mortals could be predicted to respond to changing physical conditions. Their animations demonstrated—a little too confidently, I'd later come to think—how it was anticipated that the various races would expand and interbreed. The animations demonstrated the various outcomes to be expected from this overall population expansion: how some races choose to interbreed with other particular races while attempting to eliminate those they didn't favor for sexual reproduction. The animations were evidently preprogramed to illustrate the statistically most probable cone of expansion, charmingly suggesting those who would interbreed satisfactorily, while showing with surprising realism, the fates of those not so fortunate. The intentionality supporting this process of natural (though sometimes guided) selection, so we were told, was the manifestation of the finest physical specimens of human beings.

Yet it was obvious to me as I moved over the European continent that any prediction I'd seen played out in the simulators had long since proved hopelessly unreliable. It turned out that the one element those august savants back on Jerusem omitted when they'd programed the simulators was the possibility of an angelic rebellion. There had been only two previous rebellions in this Local Universe, and little was known about either of them. Those two rebellions were curiously enough not covered in the general courses at the Melchizedek Universities. Although it has emerged recently that a specialized program for the study of rebellions had existed, it was restricted only to prospective System Sovereigns and Planetary Princes. There was even a rumor going around, when news of this specialized syllabus leaked out, that Prince Caligastia must have skipped those classes.

As Multiverse affairs play out, a rebellion of this nature, fomented among the very angels who have the immediate oversight of mortal beings on more than six hundred inhabited worlds, had to be the one unpredictable event that would change everything.

Although all this racial confusion might not have been the best reason for my lack of interest in the study of genetics so preoccupying my sisters, it's given me an unprecedented freedom of movement and a certain detachment. As a result of this I've gained what I hope is a clearer insight into the more hidden aspects of the angelic revolution than otherwise would have been possible.

It’s with this in mind that I propose the general paucity of information accessible on the previous angelic rebellions may have actually contributed to raising the probability of further angelic revolutions breaking out at later times. This lacuna might have been a bureaucratic oversight, but that seems unlikely. If angelic rebellions are as disruptive as we were led to believe, it seems odd to me more attention wasn’t paid to understanding their dynamics, even if only for their rarity.

It’s possible this unusual situation was contrived for unrevealed purposes; or possibly the previous rebellions were denied and tucked away as incidents too shameful to be revealed, or too rare to be relevant. Yet it’s also one more factor added to the growing list of anomalies that suggested Lucifer’s uprising was performing a far deeper function in the larger frame of the Local Universe than has hitherto been presented for further analysis.

I’m aware my narrative can become somewhat dry when I’m trying to understand for myself the subtle dynamics of historical realities of little interest to some readers. In that case, feel free to skip ahead to what does resonate more deeply with you.

As I have said before, it’s only because I’ve been given this unique opportunity to write collaboratively with a human being, of being able to use my ward’s fingers, his vocabulary, and his adjusted consciousness, that I’m able to explore openly these complicated matters. This is a more substantial challenge than it might first appear, for both Mein Host and myself. It would be quite reasonable for you to question why I haven’t been able to work all this out for myself, without involving a mortal consciousness.

There are three reasons for this: Watchers don’t possess a well-developed facility for linear consciousness—which is why I need to work through a human being’s mind. By collaborating with Mein Host—as differing from using him as a full medium—I am also introducing another intelligence into the discussion. And finally, it’s only by working directly with, and through, an open and willing human intelligence that I can lay out my thoughts in coherent sequence and get them well-rooted in the World Mind.

This is what has mattered most to me; the introduction of a narrative theme of individual redemption into a World Mind dulled by the phantasmal terror of impending doom. If there are incarnate angels who can benefit from my words, so be it. I don’t write to dispel the general sense of catastrophobia

and imminent disaster that colors so much of modern thought.

Yes there are serious problems and challenges ahead for humanity, but you are not alone. The planet isn't the closed system it appears to be. The social turbulence, the mass migrations of people, the increasing disruption of the biosphere, all these factors and more can best be understood as the mise-en-scène being prepared, as required, for the unfolding cosmic drama that will find Earth assuming her position of true significance in Local Universe affairs.

However, if I write primarily for the World Mind, as I do for my ward's better understanding, I also trust my words will help awaken those incarnate rebel angels who may not yet be aware of their true identities. Accepting *who* you are will give meaning to your life; knowing *why* you are here will bring purpose to your incarnation; recognizing *what* you've done in the past allows you to see patterns of behavior that can be corrected; and an awareness of *where* you've been in your fall through time will enrich and deepen your true sense of self.

If my ward's experience is anything to go by, you will have all the support you need from your companion angels.

11

Music and Calm before the Storm

An Extraterrestrial Viewpoint, Midwayer Belligerence, Enter the Cro-Magnons, the Cave Complex, Rock ‘n’ Roll, and a Hunting Party

In the Toronto apartment that young Anna shared with her friend, the blue-eyed blonde stopped turning the pages and gestured at one of them. “Look! Here . . . the guy told me he wrote this article; Father Micah, he called himself . . . and he said he’d designed the magazine as well.”

Her friend was craning her neck to see. The article was called “Out of This World,” and yes, they saw it had been written by this “Micah” fellow.

The three columns of type were in a golden-yellow color with the print reversed out of a black background. Visually dominating the page was a hand-drawn planetary globe encircled by a massive bright-green cobra. The snake’s head was viewed straight on, so its small, glittering eyes directly engaged the reader. It was a powerful image. Yet its implications were obscure, and it seemed contradictory to the young women. They wondered if the cobra was possessing the planet. Or was it throwing its coils of protection around the world? Yet despite the punch of the illustration, neither woman found the image in the slightest bit threatening. They decided it must depend on how a person feels about snakes, and agreed this was a friendly one.

Then they noticed a quote from Arthur Koestler, the Hungarian-British author and journalist, at the top of the page. Speaking carefully, Anna read it out loud. “An extraterrestrial intelligence would probably come to the conclusion that human civilization is either on the verge of, or in the process of, exploding.”

This stopped the young women in their tracks. They looked at one another, and some mutual understanding seemed to flicker between them. Had they talked about this before? Perhaps they'd already joked about what an ET would make of life on Earth. They leaned closer and started taking turns reading the article out loud to one another.

Anna read first. "Well, *are* they among us?"

This brought a reflexive giggle from both young women.

I could tell that the women were not consciously aware of their true natures. The magazine article seemed to be awakening something deep inside them.

I recall the thought that came to me while observing the women trying to contend with their unfamiliar feelings. This is a scenario, I thought, that will be repeating itself all over the world as the coming waves of rebel angel reincarnates start waking up to their true identities. This is no overnight affair, as you will know from your own experience, or from following my narrative of Mein Host's long, incremental awakening. Yet this process of awakening will become increasing rapid and natural as more and more incarnate rebel angels come to recognize who they are and why they are here at this singular point in time.

However, back in Toronto, on that warm spring evening in 1971, it was too soon in these early days to expect any real depth of self-awareness from two attractive young women with other things on their minds, even if it was obvious to me that both were incarnate rebel angels.

Anna and her friend were at the beginning of their spiritual journey through life. As they were reading my ward's words to one another, something was clearly affecting them in ways they hadn't expected. Yet they lacked any frame of reference in which to bring these unaccustomed feelings into consciousness. I've no doubt they had already experienced themselves as different from most of their friends. Both tried desperately all their young lives to fit in with the herd. They had been told they were weird, or crazy, or oversensitive, or worse. They likely were labeled as aloof or snooty by schoolmates, as troublemakers by the staff, and as rebellious and ungrateful by controlling parents. And they endured all these judgments for merely following the sounds of their own drummers and for pressing their own points of view when they saw deeper than their peers.

As has been the way of this world, and dependent on the quality the two women's education and upbringing, they seemed to me to have repressed their self-awareness well below the surface. But they were young and had lives to live: they will discover who they are when their need for self-knowledge becomes more pressing than their need to be accepted and admired by others.

Unaware of such subtleties, Anna read on. "Do they hover and slide through our skies? Was that silver blur you saw out of the corner of your eye on a hot summer day really just heat haze? And those saucer-like blue eyes with cat's pupils that stared so unblinkingly across at you in the bus the other morning —were they just another pair of weird contact lenses?"

She put down the magazine thoughtfully in her lap. Her friend reached up, turning it over to look at the cover. It read simply THE PROCESS on Death, printed in silver ink against a background of an inviting and warmly lit tarot card session.

In the image a candle burns behind a table strewn with tarot cards, the lighting in various shades of magenta is running to scarlet and then into crimson-purple. A man's hand reaches in from the left side of the frame, an elaborate gold cufflink sparkles against the fabric. In his hand he holds a single card, the Death card. It stands out visually, a stark white against the background of darkened crimson and magenta.

This image had both young women pointing at the card with a look of surprise on their faces. The image seemed to startle them, and I wondered if they themselves had just had a tarot session with a reader.

"I didn't catch that before," Anna said. "I just bought the mag 'n tucked it straight in my bag . . . I hope it doesn't mean it's all just about death. Yuk!"

"Go on reading, Anna. That ET article didn't seem much about death." She settled back to listen to her friend.

Anna lit a cigarette, turned back to the article, and continued reading. "And has our technological advance permitted us that many satellites—funny ones too, that seem to zigzag across the sky—and for that matter, how many meteorological balloons does it take to predict the weather? Especially the ones that hover at fifty feet and change colors every few seconds. And aren't all you UFO buffs . . ." she stopped reading at that and looked over to her

friend, who winked knowingly back at her.

I wondered, as I observed them, whether they were finding out something new about one another. Their emotional bodies certainly appeared to resonate more harmoniously than they had moments earlier. They moved closer together on the bed. Anna stubbed out her half-smoked cigarette in the ashtray and switched on the bedside light before starting to read once more.

"Where were we? Yes, here . . . *we* UFO buffs . . ." (more mutual grins —they liked the sound of that!) ". . . *We UFO buffs*," she read more loudly, "are a bit tired of the official double-talk about marsh gas, in spite of there not being a marsh anywhere for miles around. But put yourself in an alien's position for a moment."

There were some nervous giggles, but it was obvious neither of them knew exactly why they were laughing.

"Go on, Anna!"

"You see, old Cynxtputz . . ." Anna managed a passable version after a few spluttering attempts. ". . . old Cynxtputz has a problem. He knows probably better than any of us that this planet has chosen a path heading inexorably toward extinction, but what on Earth (if he'll pardon the expression) is he going to do about it?"

Anna stopped reading and nudged her friend's leg with a foot. "Come on! Do I *have* to go on with this . . . it's silly!"

"No, no, go on," her friend's tone was playful. "I want to hear what's worrying old Sizzleputz . . . seriously Anna . . ." their laughter encouraging Anna to continue.

She read, "Say, for example, *he* . . . I guess that's ole Sizzleputz he means" (they were both laughing now at their willful mispronunciation of a clearly unpronounceable name) ". . . happens to live on another planet in this solar system, albeit on another dimensional level. He and his nest and his many friends and relations are going to get a nasty jolt when their planet, liberated from the precise balance of forces that keeps all our planets moving in harmonious relationship with one another, starts accelerating toward the sun. And it's just such a fate that awaits them should any unfortunate mishap occur to planet Earth."

Anna stopped reading, her head cocked to one side. Her friend propped herself up on her arms and looked over expectantly.

“I never thought of that,” Anna said after a pause. “All those H-bombs, my God! Do you think . . . I mean, who knows the destruction *we* might’ve caused to *their* dimension . . . just one of those awful bombs! And everybody’s been at it. The Soviets, the French, the English, and God knows how many tests the Americans have done. And you know what? I’ll bet not one of those bloody scientists ever gave a single moment of thought about *that*!”

I could hear the horror and scorn in Anna’s tone. She’d obviously kept up with what was happening in the news, yet, like those atomic scientists, she hadn’t thought about the damage thermonuclear bombs might have on parallel dimensions.

Her friend interrupted. “Hey! I sure don’t wanna even think about it! Here, give it here . . . let me read for a bit.” She rearranged the pillows behind her while Anna turned the bedside lamp to throw a better light on the page.

“That’s not the worst of it either!” she read, then stopped to look at Anna. “Do you really want me to continue? Could be a bummer . . .”

“No, no, no, go on!” Now it was Anna’s turn to be curious. “I mean it! It got me interested, something I hadn’t thought about.”

With a shrug, her friend continued reading. “Those humans have had the nerve to lumber to their moon in great steel tubes that pollute and destroy the very fabric of space. Goodness knows what garbage would be expelled into the universe if their whole planet were to explode! And the very worst thing about it all is that poor Cynxtpuzt can’t do a darn thing about it.”

She slapped the magazine down. “Well, if ole what’s-his-name is so advanced, why can’t he help us out, or just pull the plug on us?”

“They’re probably not allowed to do that,” Anna said, taking the magazine back. “Hang on a mo . . . he might answer it in the next para.”

She readjusted the lamp and read on. “A ticklish problem you must admit. You see the real crunch of the whole situation is an addendum to one of the Karmic laws, doubtless originally written in small print, that specifies that all Entities, Beings, or conglomerations of Beings, must work toward their own salvation at their own predestined pace. Any interference from an outside force with aforesaid Being, or aforesaid group of Beings, constitutes an infringement of Karmic law and is punishable by imprisonment within the structure and web of psychic agreements that form the civilization of that

group of Beings. The web of psychic agreements being the morality and codes by which a culture lives—all the emotions, the thought patterns, the hostility and blame, the justifications, and all manner of assorted nastiness that we call ‘our way of life.’”

Her friend was starting to fidget. Anna stopped reading and sighed heavily.

“What now?”

“This guy’s starting to irritate me!” her friend said, rolling her eyes. “How does he know all this stuff anyway?! He’s kinda cute one moment with his ‘ticklish problems,’ and his ‘nasty jolts,’ and next it’s all ‘aforesaids’ and ‘addendums,’ like he’s some sort of cosmic lawyer. C’mon, Anna, it’s justa joke . . . ’course, he’s making it all up.”

“Perhaps . . . of course he’s making it up, silly! That’s not the point . . . It feels right, doesn’t it? Otherwise they’d be here . . . they’d’ve already done something!” I could hear impatience creeping into Anna’s voice. “Just try to forget his style for a moment, will you?”

Anna read on. “Cynxtpuzt has seen far too many of his beloved nest resolutely setting out to solve the entire ghastly mess, never to reappear, to think that that is any kind of a solution. And so it is that Cynxtpuzt and all his friends and relations, and everybody else for that matter, are preparing themselves, if with a little resignation, for the events to be.”

“Now, see what I mean, Anna? What’s with this, ‘if with a little resignation’? Is he *English* or something?” (My ward claims to feel embarrassed that I’m insisting on describing this interlude. He says he’s all too aware it sounds like the fey pretensions of a young and inexperienced writer. But I’m including this interaction between the two Canadian women, in part anyway, to illustrate the state of consciousness of two young incarnate rebel angels and the struggles they go through when they find themselves responding emotionally to a deeply buried resonance.)

“Shush, there’s not much more. Let’s see where the guy takes us.” Relighting her cigarette, Anna continued.

“Out of the garages come the rusty old fliers, the saucers and the ‘cigar-shaped objects,’ any vehicle that can crawl, whizz, or putter through space. Hyperdrives are tuned up, whining through the long nights . . .” Anna stopped briefly, concerned her friend was losing interest again. “Anyway,” she said

quickly, “more like that; stuff about teleports and telepaths . . . blah blah blah . . . Ah! Here’s where it’s going. Listen!”

In a louder voice, “Down to the third planet from the sun they come. From this solar system, from other systems and other galaxies, from alternate universes and other dimensional levels, from the distant future, from space warps and time warps . . . blah blah blah . . . Ah! Here we are . . . They come in their ships, poking and prying, testing and experimenting. A little bit of water here, a person or two there, some smog from over there, and let’s snatch this rocket out of the sky . . . More like that, but here’s the kicker.” The ashtray rattled on the bedside table as Anna stubbed out her cigarette.

“And all the time remembering the penalties for direct interference, which is why, I suppose, we’ll never see them on TV. After all, if you knew what was happening on the planet, wouldn’t you be just the least bit curious too?!”

The two young women sat in silence after Anna had finished speaking. Outside the window, darkness was falling. Anna reached over for her cigarette pack, offering one to her friend, who shook her head no, lit one for herself, and settled back to blow a stream of smoke straight up in the air.

“I’ve never seen it written quite so plainly before,” Anna broke the silence. “What do you think? Once you got over his know-it-all style! You feel there’s anything to it?”

Her friend laughed. There was a touch of nervousness in her tone that Anna must have noticed, because she didn’t wait for an answer. “It was weird . . . on one hand, yeah, it was just a bit of science fiction; on the other, you know, something inside me clicked . . . like ‘Of course!’ When you think about it, something like that *has* to be happening!”

“You really believe all that UFO stuff, Anna?”

“I’ve seen one . . . a UFO. Last year up north at my parents’ place. But no, it wasn’t that, it was how the article made me feel. I dunno . . . like a bit of me inside woke up.”

Anna paused, took a big drag on her cigarette, and blew the smoke slowly from her mouth in a series of elegant smoke rings, which kept their toroidal form as they drifted upward. She then asked her friend thoughtfully, “You up for coming with me? I’m going to go visit their chapter . . . the

people who made the mag . . . it’s near here . . . just off Yonge Street . . . You into it?”

It didn’t seem to me as if Anna was expecting an enthusiastic answer. And she didn’t get one.

In fact, when I checked back on them over the next few weeks, Anna was starting to attend courses and classes at the Toronto Chapter, and there seemed to be a growing rift between the two women. From what I could observe the rift didn’t seem to be primarily generated by Anna, but instead by her friend’s envy. This manifested not as obvious envy but as a taunting skepticism whenever Anna talked about what she was doing at the Process. I wasn’t surprised that they parted as friends three months later when their lease on their apartment ran out.

And that’s the way it would be for many people on first encountering the Process Church. Brothers and sisters, friends who had known each other for years, girlfriends and boyfriends, wives and husbands—all of whom believed they knew all there was to know about one another, well . . . it was inevitable there would be instances in which the developing enthusiasm of one person would be matched by the skeptical disapproval of the other.

Given that one of the central tenets of the Process was the Unification of Opposites, it should come as no surprise that the community would stir up so many extreme and contrary reactions over the course of its twenty-five-year existence.

* * *

One of the more troubling aspects I’ve observed from my time on this world has been the almost constant state of tension between the various races of humanity.

Much of this conflict can be laid historically at Prince Caligastia’s door. His policy of divide and conquer, as exercised through his corps of rebel midwayers, was at the root of most of this disturbance. Yet it’s my sense that racial discord in general, and the hostility that a member of one race can feel for someone of another race, has much to do with the degree of mastery of the emotional intelligence possessed by the race, or nation, or the individuals concerned.

In the contemporary Western world the idea of an individual's emotional intelligence, if it's considered at all, has long been thought subordinate to mental intelligence. In fact, the concept of emotional intelligence has only just been emerging over the previous few decades as a significant area for psychological study. Further investigation into the nature of emotional intelligence will become increasingly necessary, as the vital part that the emotions play in so many contemporary scenes of mayhem and violence comes to be better understood.

It may be stating the obvious to claim this is a deep issue, but emotional immaturity goes to the very core of what might impel a student to shoot up his school, or a young woman to blow herself up, or a businessman to swindle his clients, or a president to take a nation to war as an act of personal revenge. If any generalization were to cover the purpose of living a mortal lifetime it would have to be for each individual human being to mature emotionally from where she or he started as a child.

And here's the problem, and also the potential resolution. To become more emotionally mature human beings frequently need to act immaturely to learn from the consequences of, say, personal selfishness, or greed, or a desire for revenge. As individuals, emotional maturity grows out of mastering (but not suppressing) what can be thought of as animal reactivity, while supporting the beneficent and life-enhancing emotions.

However, the idea that a particular race or nation can be assessed collectively as emotionally mature or immature, requires a far deeper and longer perspective on the span of human history than can be portrayed in history books. It's also made more complex, because purportedly mature cultures can make immature policy decisions—think of China's cultural indifference to Tibet, or early twentieth-century Germany and England's willingness to go to war. In just the same way, young, immature nations can make mature decisions—Nelson Mandela's South Africa and the wisdom in using Truth and Reconciliation Committees as a way of seeking resolution for those participating in, or subject to, the corruption and injustices of a repressive, racist social order.

There is probably no more immediate example of a young nation making reactive, immature decisions than was evidenced in the first decade of the twenty-first century when American exceptionalism (in itself an example of collective emotional immaturity) received a sharp awakening.

The American government's overreaction to the aggressive acts of what was little more than a cult at the time has led directly to a stream of seemingly unstoppable consequences. Unwise and ill-considered wars based on revenge and greed, which have gutted the nation of its wealth while lining the pockets of the rich; the state of collective denial about the deteriorating climatic conditions; the conceit of technological salvation and an inflated belief in military power—these are all signs of a nation sorely in need of a strong dose of psychotherapy.

There is plenty to work with. And lest I be accused of bias for focusing unreasonably on the United States of America, let me first say that I have great respect for the American experiment. It's the country in which my ward chooses to make his home. However, I'm not blind to the problems that any national power inherits when it achieves overall dominance, political, religious, or cultural, over other nations. And in the contemporary global "marketplace" this means maintaining a dominant hand throughout the world and in as many areas of human endeavor as possible.

America, as both causative principle and symbol of the brave new world emerging out the wars of the twentieth century, was already feeling the strain of its assumed dominant position in world affairs by the end of the millennium. When the shock of the 9/11 attacks provoked an observably immature president and a cabal of advisers who by their statements and actions betrayed themselves as fools and naves—an assessment borne out by the consequences of their actions and decisions: a state of continual war, the fanatical extremism of the political left and right, the increasingly disproportionate level of wealth inequality in the first-world countries, the calculated indifference with which many of the rich view the plight of the poor, and the transparently self-serving decisions of the highest court in the land—surely all these are illustrative of a nation struggling with the greed and self-importance of a spoiled thirteen-year-old child.

Although America, since its inception, has been a melting pot of immigrant cultures, old and young, the government's recent policies and actions, whether they've been generous and impulsive or vengeful and morally repugnant, have lacked the long-term and thoughtful consideration of a more mature people.

In saying this I'm not suggesting America could or should be behaving any differently under the current global conditions. America, as my ward

likes to say, is the best and the worst the world has to offer. That's what can happen when a nation claims to be exceptional. It's one of the unexpected consequences. Thus you find yourself in a country that gets the government it deserves, as the government gets the country it buys for the wealthy.

Yet if you detect more bite to my observations than seemly for the country of my ward's chosen habitation, then I confess to a mixture of profound disappointment in the apparent failure of the American experiment and a sense of personal guilt that as a result of the angelic rebellion no culture in the subsequent history of this planet has ever been able to blossom into its full potential.

The rebellion among the angels has also played its corrosive part in contributing to the circular, repetitive quality of human affairs when viewed from the longer historical distance I mentioned earlier. As I consider this constant parade of the rising and falling of civilizations and cultures I'm bound to admit this cycle of boom-and-bust was foreshadowed in our rising hopes of the new freedoms of Lucifer's revolution and the subsequent collapse of our ideals into chaos and corruption. Over and over again the looping tape of historical madness should have been obvious to those of us who followed the Lucifer's revolution had we but the good sense to notice it.

We had been shown, back in the Jerusem simulators, how the rich diversity of humanity's racial types would, over time, resolve through interbreeding into a single, optimized human race: "the true citizens of the world," or so we were told.

However, as I've noted, we passed through the simulations on Jerusem before arriving here, simulations we now know were hopelessly off target. In not factoring in the possibility of an angelic rebellion it seemed that the projected racial harmonizing had long since turned against itself. That said, a few races in Europe during the ninth millennium did find benefit in interbreeding with another strain, while many others were either genetically degraded by an unfortunate mix or were races in states of constant hostility with others.

The rebel midwayers were frequently instrumental in stirring up this racial hostility to support their own selfish internecine conflicts. Posing as gods and goddesses, their spheres of operation were, of necessity, localized to the tribes that worshipped them. The rebel midwayers' addiction to the

adulation they received from their devotees anchored them to these specific locales. Over time this led the midwayers to what can only be described as having codependent relationships with their priests and worshippers. And, as in any codependency, though each side may serve the other's needs, each will also unwittingly take on aspects of the other.

Thus the midwayers, who were never originally belligerent by nature, became, in their guise of gods and goddesses, aggressive and jealous of their territories. Working through their human proxies, there was almost a constant state of conflict between the rebel midwayers as they sought to increase their spheres of influence.

As occurs in any confrontation, each party will harden its own beliefs to more harshly contrast them to those of their foes. As these internecine conflicts continued between midwayers, so also did their different approaches and rituals create a proliferation of religious beliefs.

As a result, should an extraterrestrial visitor comment on the most curious and unexpected feature of life on Earth over those long millennia, she would likely report on the unusually large number of different belief systems all vying for power and influence. She would be sure to lay the main responsibility for the conflicts on the constant struggle for authority and dominion among the rebel midwayers in their guise as local deities. This state of constant conflict and mutual suspicion, with all the wickedness, the self-serving alliances and betrayals such conflicts encourage, will continue unabated until well into the second millennium. This will be when MA will intervene with the arrival of one Machiventa Melchizedek, the "Sage of Salem," and the impact his teachings will have on the Semitic tribes centered around a settlement that will become the city of Jerusalem.

In what I have come to believe was one of the more regrettable follies of the rebel midwayers is how they managed to frame a connection between race and religion. This was an outgrowth of midwayer Balkanization and continued to overshadow and dominate human life for the next ten thousand years. Needless to say, before they were removed at the time of Christ, I've heard rebel midwayers defending themselves by claiming they were merely following Prince Caligastia's example (and no doubt his orders too!), but their justifications proved unsupportable in the light of their ultimate removal in disgrace. As a consequence, all that really changed over those ten millennia was that the gods and goddesses gradually coalesced into large

pantheons, the better to control and manipulate human affairs.

I think now of those ten thousand years as being the period when the rebel midwayers were given their head to do their worst. Knowing now what I didn't then, that the rebel midwayers would be removed at the end of this era, I might have been able to see some purpose to this long season in hell.

Yet if it was a time of painful inner struggle for me, a mere Watcher, it was far more challenging for the different strains of human beings on the European continent throughout those long millennia.

Let me provide a more colorful contrast to my earlier depressingly analytic frame of mind and take you into one of the cave dwellings I had a chance to observe in the Provence region of the South of France. By the ninth millennium this extensive cave complex had long been inhabited by successive clans of the Cro-Magnon people.

The caves had originally been hollowed out high on the side of a sandstone cliff. Many millions of years earlier a torrential river had carved its way through the mountainous landscape. Facing eastward, across the far side of the valley from the caves, the cliff had eroded away with the land dropping down in a series of low forested hills.

Over the millions of years the torrent had become a small river that watered the valley below the cliff dwellings. The caves themselves were carved a good sixty feet up the cliffside and were only accessible by crude steps cut into the rock face at either end of the complex. Each set of steps was permanently guarded by a rotating staff of young Cro-Magnon warriors. They stood alert, night and day, on ledges cut into the sandstone halfway up the steps. This allowed them a wide view over the valley, and should a large cat, for example, make it up the steps and the sentry was unable to deter it, the delay was sufficient to arouse those in the caves at the top of the steps.

Fruit trees grew along both banks of the river, and bushes speckled with blackberries glittered in the harsh midsummer sun. It was a broad valley now, mostly well-watered pastures that drew the wild animals from miles around and provided splendid hunting grounds for the cave dwellers.

The caves had been discovered by a tribe of Neanderthals tens of thousands of years earlier, and generations of dwellers had burrowed deeper into the soft sandstone. They had enlarged the natural caves to create, over

time, a maze of interconnected tunnels and chambers. The complex of caves stretched over half-a-mile along the cliffside yet seldom penetrated deeper than about seventy feet back from the surface. Small shafts had been dug at different angles, which brought light and air into the various chambers.

In what would most astonish the contemporary mind, some of these shafts were dug to align perfectly with the rising sun on midsummer's day. There were a number of these shafts all the way along the cliff-side, each precisely positioned to throw the first rays of a midsummer's sun directly onto a superbly carved sandstone block. These blocks were some seven feet long by three feet deep, and the top stood about four feet from the ground. They appeared to have been cut and shaped when the caves were originally hollowed out, given that they were carved out of the rear walls of each of the largest chambers.

In some cases these shafts were tunneled through more than seventy or eighty feet of cliff and were angled so perfectly to fulfill their midsummer function. This poses the obvious question as to how such "primitive Neanderthals" could ever have managed this delicate calculation. Indeed, it may well have seemed miraculous to the later inhabitants, the Cro-Magnon families, when the sun's rays fell so perfectly on the center of the carved slabs to throw its life-giving rays on their midsummer offerings to their gods.

It might have taken more imagination than those latter-day cave dwellers possessed to realize it was the shafts that had been dug first, and it was those particular caves that were later shaped with such precision to capture the rays of the morning of the midsummer sun.

* * *

It was that mysterious and, from Mein Host's point of view, magical evening, in which the power of spontaneous music filled the Toronto Chapter with entranced people, that gave the musicians the idea of creating a real band. They asked that a couple of other competent musicians be transferred from other chapters and were happily surprised when they received permission from the Omega to go ahead and make that happen. A room was freed up above the coffeehouse on the other side of the road, and volunteers were sent out to collect egg cartons by the score, which were then glued to the walls and ceiling to absorb the sound.

I imagine that many readers may have been in bands at some point, or at least been around musicians long enough to appreciate their foibles and delusions. So you'll likely be familiar with the gap between a band's musical dreams and ambitions and the band's capacity to fulfill them. A few bands come together naturally, formed by kids who've grown up playing music together, or sometimes when brilliant musicians are drawn together to form a band because they play so well together. In these cases the bands and the musicians will have a deep sense of musical commonality. Those in the Process band didn't grow up together, nor were they in the main particularly gifted musicians, so in their case progress wasn't going so well when they started to rehearse together.

At this point Mein Host had little to do with the band. He was one of three priests serving under the two masters in charge of the Toronto Chapter. Apart from his function as art director, his responsibilities extended to keeping up the spirits of those who went out at all hours selling PROCESS magazines. This frequently involved going out on the streets to sell magazines alongside all the other more junior Processeans, demonstrating by example that he expected nothing from others that he wasn't prepared to do himself. And because he was so good at selling magazines, he inspired others to challenge his successes.

He continued to present the First Progress—the introductory evening that I've previously described. As well, he continued to design the constant flow of leaflets describing Process courses and classes. So when instructions came down from the Omega for him to take charge of the band and lick them into shape, I could tell he was quietly overjoyed. He wasn't being asked to join the group as a musician—to his evident relief as he'd moved far away from regular Western music—but more as an "organizing principle" was how he heard it described.

Here again I can only admire Mary Ann for the prescient accu-racy of her intuitive intelligence. This seemed to allow her to sense the latent abilities in other people that they're often unaware of themselves. This wasn't restricted to my ward: Father Malachi discovered he was an excellent editor and a wise and humorous writer; the Australian Father Dominic turned out to have a natural gift for radio; and Sister Jessica, for example, became a superbly accomplished illustrator, as my ward explains.

> Jessica was one of those rare people who was able to draw or paint whatever she could visualize. As art director, I could ask Jessica to draw a sea lion, a steamroller, or a silicon-based life-form, and there they'd be a couple of hours later, beautifully drawn and fully rendered with Dr. Martin's colored inks on the glossy photographic paper she preferred to use. She'd no need to search through books for an image to copy. If she'd seen something only once in her life, somehow she'd retained it in her visual imagination. I thought it was a miraculous gift, for her . . . but for me too! To have someone in an art department who could illustrate anything I wanted was wonderfully freeing. I think her humor too lent a lovely light touch to the illustrations inside the magazine—especially the later copies. Yeah! Jessica was one in a million.

It's not merely because my narrative focuses on my ward that I believe Father Micah was among the most fortunate of Processeans in precisely this respect. Mary Ann had spotted his ability to scout ahead of the tribe and his intuitive sensitivity to find places for the group to settle. She'd noted his innate knack for relating easily to a wide range of people and put him in charge of public relations. She let him have his head in magazine design, and, by putting him in charge of the band in Toronto, she'd recognized another aspect of Mein Host, which wouldn't become clear to him until much later in his life.

Call it an "organizing principle," if you like. Introduce my ward into complex, and often confused, situations, and as likely as not the knots will start working themselves out. When I see this happening it's reminiscent of those grains of sand that organize themselves into coherent patterns when subject to a specific frequency of vibrations. It's then that I'll see my ward as a silent violinist searching for a chord of the precise frequency to reveal the resolution inherent in any complex or disordered situation.

This concept of being an organizing principle wasn't something my ward was aware of consciously. It was a facility unrecognized by my ward, and it remained a mystery to him until he encountered his angels in his early forties.

Yet, were he to look back over his life as he entered his thirty-first year,

he would have to have noticed how frequently people tended to gather around him. But I don't believe this ever occurred to him—and best it didn't! It might well have gone to his head when he was young. But now let me remind him of just a few of these incidents.

At Charterhouse, his public school, his interest in target shooting inspired his three friends to join him; all of them became champion marksmen. At being presented with the problem of storing photographic slides, his solution offered a simple system that ordered the perennial chaos of the photographer's studio. At architectural college, the clique of half a dozen students—out of a first-year class of more than seventy—that formed around my ward turned out by the end of the seven-year training to have been the most accomplished students.

Even many of the original members of Process itself were drawn from his circle of friends. And there were at least half a dozen bands, some previously mentioned, that came together around him, as well as other gatherings that might well have given him a clue. Yet so much of this organizing activity was happening beneath his level of consciousness that he was completely unaware of this effect he had on others.

However, at the age of thirty-one my ward was not someone to look back over his life, and from what I could discern he simply took this apparent ability to make things happen in his stride. Were he to read these words at that young age he wouldn't have known what to make of being thought of as an organizing principle.

Although that facility to order and organize complex and potentially disparate elements is not a facility exhibited solely by the angelic mind (some humans are showing remarkable advances!), it's certainly an ability shared by many of the more-advanced incarnate rebel angels.

However, it appeared once again that Mary Ann knew Mein Host a lot better than he knew himself. And, for me, it was in such moments that I found myself acknowledging the wisdom of my ward's companion angels, who'd supported his part in creating the community and his subsequent life as the group became formalized into the Process Church of the Final Judgment.

The Process Version was the band's name, which was soon shortened simply

to the Version. Given that Mein Host attended every daily four-hour rehearsal session, it relatively soon shaped up into a passable rock band. Their enthusiasm tended to exceed their skills, but as rock is one of the few art forms in which enthusiasm can be more infectious than musical ability, they were received with wild acclaim whenever they played a set in the Process coffeehouse. Admittedly it was a heavily biased audience, and one whose fervor was as much due to the sight of up to seven normally serious-minded, young, religious devotees rocking the house down, as it might have been to the quality of the music itself.

Father Joshua, with his previous experience in a band back in England, became the lead singer and could play both keyboards and rhythm guitar. Brother Benjamin, who came from a musical family and was by far the most competent musician among them, was shipped in from another chapter to play bass, as was Brother Gideon, the drummer, who was one of the Americans who'd joined in San Francisco. Brother Cyrus played an adequate rhythm guitar with Sister Lysandra on female vocals. This made up the Process Version when it started off. Later, Sister Lysandra would be joined by two other female singers when the band's ability to arrange their music stretched to include three-part harmonies.

As a band with a message, it was expected from the start that the Version should play just their own music. A noble intention but thwarted by their having as yet no music of their own. This turned out to be a fortuitous break for the band when they discovered, as many other young bands have discovered, that audiences demand cover songs that they already know.

No problem. Joshua knew most of the rock songs of the 1960s from his time singing with his bar band back in Scotland. I called this a fortuitous break as it allowed the band to gather an enthusiastic following by playing songs their audiences already knew and willingly supported the Version's version "for having a damn good go at it." Playing covers also gave members of the band the opportunity to develop and polish their chops and become familiar with playing together. (Not something, my ward insists on adding here, that as any muso knows, is as easy as it sounds!)

However, the Process Version was always expected to be an expression of the community's beliefs—that's how it had been sold to the Omega and likely the only reason Mary Ann would have given the go-ahead—so there was an obligation to write songs that carried the Process message. But these

weren’t naive people. They were quite aware that no one they were interested in reaching much appreciates being preached at, especially not in a rock ’n’ roll song. They knew it would require a certain verbal delicacy when writing the lyrics.

Joshua, as you might have gathered from my narrative so far, had many fine qualities, but verbal delicacy was not one of them. Growing up in the Glasgow slums and poorly educated, he wasn’t endowed with a particularly rich vocabulary. However, Joshua did have an inspired sense of melody. I’ve heard Mein Host say admiringly, “Joshua had the rare ability to write melodies that were both original and familiar; his songs had the quality that when you heard them for the first time you could swear you’d heard them somewhere before. And no, this wasn’t because he was copying anyone else; his melodies just struck a chord in the heart.”

It was inevitable that Mein Host, when he saw Joshua struggling with his lyrics, would pitch in to help out. He’d been writing poetry for some years and was well-read enough to have a wide vocabulary. Perhaps most importantly, he possessed the sufficient delicacy to weave the Process ideas into the lyrics of Joshua’s melodies with such subtlety as to give the words the hidden power of a subliminal message.

Despite coming from such different backgrounds, my ward had always got along well with Joshua, but in writing and composing songs together they found a much deeper and more enjoyable level of artistic collaboration. Over the couple of years they worked together they would write more than sixty songs, of which at least half were good enough (in my opinion) to become standards had they ever seen the required airplay.

Within a month it became obvious that the Version lacked one instrument considered vital to a rock ’n’ roll band—a lead guitar. The electric guitar had quickly become the very symbol of rock music—easy enough to sound impressive when playing simply, loud enough to drown out errors, and piercing enough to rattle the teeth of anyone close enough. A rock band without a lead guitar is no rock band at all. There was a gaping hole in the center of the Version’s sound, and there was nothing much they could do about it.

I could feel this lack of a lead guitarist created an uncomfortable conflict for my ward. The others knew he was a competent musician and simply couldn’t understand why he wouldn’t step in. He tried to claim he’d

given up playing Western music for at least the past ten years and that he'd be no good as lead anyway. More importantly, he told them, the band required someone not actually playing, someone who was outside the music and could listen to everything at once. If they wanted him to play lead guitar, he said, the band would need someone to replace him.

In fact, what the band really needed was a professional producer—someone who actually knew what he or she was doing, who was familiar with the music industry, and who had an ear for the kind of music that might be picked up by a record label.

Once again, they were surprised when the Omega agreed, after listening to one of the Version's demo tapes, that it was worth employing a professional producer. This was in itself most unusual as Mary Ann invariably preferred to use members of the community for specialized tasks whenever plausible. That she was willing to take the potential of the band seriously enough to release money to pay a real producer was a note of considerable encouragement for the band. And, as happened so frequently in the course of their lives, exactly the right person appeared within a few days of declaring their intention.

I'll call him Christopher Ashley, given that in all likelihood, and if the man is still alive, he might have preferred to forget the exhausting months he spent coaxing the band to still greater efforts. Chris Ashley was a Canadian in his late thirties who'd had experience producing local city bands but had never broken through to the big time. Perhaps the fact that a producer in his late thirties could be found in a musical backwater like Toronto says all that needs to be said. Yet Chris had an excellent ear, he was punctual and disciplined, and, most importantly, he pushed the band, each person, to their absolute extremes. And, perhaps more significantly from my ward's point of view, the new producer on hearing the lad play, insisted he join the Version as lead guitarist, regardless of his obvious limitations. As a result of Mein Host's preparedness to refresh his memory of standard tuning and his position of authority in the band, Chris seemed to be particularly hard on him, although he was unflinchingly direct with all of them.

The boys in the band, being hardcore Processeans, expected no less and respected Chris all the more for his frank diagnostics and his determination to propel them beyond their limits. There were a few disagreements, naturally, even some passionate ones. Yet because the members of the band all felt

united in a higher purpose that transcended music, they always managed to find common ground.

Six months later the Process Version had acquired a new confidence and a musical proficiency gained under the producer's perceptive direction and as a result of rehearsing six hours a day—often far longer—every day of the week. Chris had accepted no excuses from my ward, insisting he get over his finer scruples and play lead guitar with the group. And as a producer, Chris liked to challenge them to reach outside the structure of simple rock songs to explore a wider range of styles.

It had been a difficult start. When they'd proudly played him their first demo tape Chris was relentless in pointing out the many musical failings of each member of the group. His criticisms must have been all the more initially painful because they were so clearly true. But these were Processeans. They were there to learn and to excel at whatever they did. After they got over the shock of being taken to pieces and then shown how they could build themselves up again, the band had thrown itself wholeheartedly into the producer's hands. Chris was firm and demanding with them, and, as they heard themselves getting progressively more competent over the months, they appreciated his guidance with growing enthusiasm.

It was just this burst of enthusiasm, a feeling I could see resonating in their emotional bodies, that propelled Joshua and my ward into writing so many fine songs together. As mentioned, Mein Host had discovered how to create stories and subtly weave important Process concepts into them; his lyrics frequently followed the redemptive arc of the Parable of the Prodigal Son.

Chris obviously enjoyed working with the Version and regaled the band with stories he'd gathered along the way, which consisted of tales of bands breaking up, the betrayals, the awful prima donnas, the infighting, the drugs and alcohol, the constant ego trips, the ever-present groupies, the overweening ambition, and the lack of talent. He told them it'd taken him a couple of months to really believe that the members of the Version were as sincere as they were hardworking. He felt justifiably proud that he'd brought them, over the months, from a rag-tag garage band to the point where they were ready to go into a recording studio.

The two additional female background singers, both of them attractive

but initially shy young women, had by now joined the far more vivacious Sister Lysandra in the vocal lineup. The girls' reticence soon lifted when they found their natural harmonies and caught the enthusiasm and energy of the group. Remember, of all of them, only Joshua had any previous experience as a working muso. He was the only one who'd performed on a stage before an audience prior to the Version.

You will appreciate there was a great deal for all of them to learn.

As this polishing process continued, the band played regular gigs in the coffeehouse over the weekends to wild (but still biased) applause. However, where I saw the band really exploding with life was when they were performing in the prisons and mental hospitals in and around Toronto. I can still see a gig the Version played in a women's prison, and which remains one of the most memorable and exhilarating musical moments of my ward's life. I've heard him call it his "glimpse into what it feels like to be a rock star!"

It's a rare occasion in a young man's life to have hundreds of women (even women in captivity) hysterically screaming their love and desire, their hands reaching out to clutch a piece of him as he wailed away on his Strat. Its potential for addiction was temptingly obvious. My ward would've had to be made of ice not be tantalized by the raw power of the sexual energy being thrown at him. I've heard him say that he "tasted the addiction of adulation"—a comment that speaks for itself.

I was gratified to see he'd become wise enough at this point in his life to treasure that one ecstatic occasion, with no regrets, and without any desire to make a life in which the music becomes of less importance than the manner in which it's received.

* * *

As I moved deeper into the Cro-Magnon cave complex I found smaller chambers branching out along the warren of tunneled passageways. In these lived extended families gathered in their various familial clans. Looking more closely I found myself admiring their system of hollowing out another cave as the clan grew in numbers, with a tradition of each generation preparing for the next one.

The next surprise was how clean and well organized was the chamber

complex. These were not the bone-strewn caves of a Gary Larson cartoon. The sandy floors were immaculate. Animal skins thrown around the floors of their living quarters were kept scrupulously clean and free of fleas, and heaps of furs in which the extended families all bedded down together lay neatly stacked against the walls of the caves. Even the dogs wandering freely throughout the complex were confident and healthy. They were clearly regarded as part of the family, paying their dues by patrolling and guarding the warren of caves. As darkness fell outside I'd watch the dogs, wherever they were in the complex, prick up their ears as if hearing a silent dog whistle and start loping toward one of the exits to take up their posts for the night with the lookouts on their ledges.

My ward likes to learn about the dogs. He claims it was only his love for his darling Ishmael that kept his heart open through some of his most difficult times in the community. So here are two things that'll interest him (and any other dog-lover): I've not made note of this in my narrative, but when the Prince's mission arrived half-amillion years ago, we'd been encouraged to find that dogs were, in some cases, already living in close contact with humans. And here's what fascinated me about the dogs in the cave complex: it didn't matter how deep they were in the complex, they always seemed to know the moment that dusk fell. It puzzled me until I noticed those ears pricking up. But it didn't lessen my admiration for this species that had befriended, and been befriended by, human beings for longer than I've been present on the planet.

It was a simple life in the caves, of course, but one that might be more envied by harried modern office workers if they knew that families of that ancient time "worked" a mere two hours a day on average to feed and sustain themselves.

Whenever possible the Cro-Magnon people buried their dead in shallow graves, in ceremonies intended to assuage their grief. They were an emotional people who cared deeply for their children. Both parents took part in the raising and training of their young. The older children were shown how to care for the younger ones, and it turned out to be the children who were tasked with keeping the caves so clean. Skills like the chipping of flint into sharp knives and spear points, the weaving of dried river rushes into baskets, and the fashioning of clay pots had been passed down through countless generations, with some families becoming specialized in one craft or another.

I believe it was because this particular cave complex was located in an extremely isolated region of the mountains in southwestern France, in addition to its impregnable position halfway up a sheer cliff, that had allowed the caves to be occupied for so long. At the time I'm reporting, the women were starting to develop an early form of agriculture in the valley below them. However, unlike the earlier Neanderthals who subsisted on whatever they could grub together, the Cro-Magnon people were voracious meat eaters. It was their consumption of such large amounts of animal protein that contributed to an energy that was never shown by the Neanderthals.

The Cro-Magnon males were artful hunters. At times, when animals came to graze in the valley below, the hunters were able to work cooperatively to bring down beasts as large as a mammoth. I took great pleasure in seeing the skill with which they handled themselves in the hunt. Bison when trapped were ferociously aggressive—they could turn in a snap, and their needle-sharp horns could rip a man's stomach open before he realized his guts were falling out.

Hunting was dangerous work, especially when a large herd was the target. The hunters first separated out six or eight bison. This initial incursion into the mass of fiercely temperamental creatures took courage and demanded extraordinary physical prowess. It was at this point that the hunters were most likely to get trampled or gored to death. It looked to me as if an almost telepathic level of awareness on the part of the hunters was needed to twist clear of those slashing horns and hooves.

I chanced to watch a group of hunters drawn from a number of different clans (which I thought intriguing), out before sunbreak one morning. They were crawling imperceptibly slowly on their bellies through the long grasses and toward a herd of several score of bison who were feeding about seventy yards from where the hunters lay. The animals' heads were bent down to munch on the grass. They hadn't yet become aware of the hunters' slow and stealthy approach.

I was initially taken aback to see how so few of the hunters seemed to be carrying weapons—just a few spears in the hands of some of the older men who stayed to the rear. As I moved closer I saw I was wrong. The young men slithering forward all had long leather thongs looped loosely a couple of times around their necks. At first, I couldn't imagine what these were for. Looking still closer I saw the thongs were finished off at one end, cleverly

woven around river stones as large as a fist. Of course these had to be their weapons. But even then I was wrong!

Let me tell you what I saw, because I hope it might encourage you as much as it did me that morning . . . and yet even as we're writing this, I'm realizing how low my expectations had sunk by that point.

What a sad comment on the success of our revolution! What had happened to all our dreams of independence and a truly advanced world free of MA's interference? Is this what it's all come to? Simply being impressed by some skillful hunting?!

Yes, all the signs were there. But back then I couldn't allow myself to think like that: I couldn't even have formed the questions. And even the all but blasphemous: What wonders might have been had we not aligned ourselves with Lucifer's revolution!

No, I certainly couldn't allow myself to give any weight to that!

Yet ever since the uprising I'd watched wave upon wave of mortals of this or that race struggling to rise above their purely animal natures, to build cultures and then civilizations, only to be cast down again by some natural disaster, or a pandemic disease, or political or social corruption, or genocidal invasion.

I might have said this before, but to observe this cycle of boom and bust repeating itself again and again ever since the time of the revolution was not only starting to wear down my spirit, but it was beginning to seem like a historical nightmare to those of us who are condemned to watch.

I don't want to bore you, my patient reader, with my tiresome complaints or self-pity, but I'm bound to confess that I felt caught in a loop that I felt powerless to stop or change. At the same time, I've been inescapably aware that it's been as a consequence of decisions such as mine that precipitated this nightmare in the first place.

I realize now in retrospect that one of the outworkings of planetary isolation is precisely this quality of constant repetition that I was moaning on about. But, of course, it's really a holding pattern, a repetitive cycle that's become so deeply ingrained in the human psyche that it seems to have rendered the contemporary mind curiously shortsighted. While scientists rightly require high levels of physical evidence upon which to build their hypotheses, this clearly limits them to only those things for which such

evidence exists.

In historical terms this lack of available evidence has led to the erroneous belief that *Homo sapiens* appeared relatively recently and only started to become true humans a few tens of thousands years ago. And this limitation also forces the conviction that humanity has reached the twenty-first century in one relatively smooth and uninterrupted chain from early hominoids in Africa. (My ward is reminding me that it's only been in the past few years that a number of different early types of the human genome have been appearing, forcing further review of the accepted scientific theory.) However, in must be obvious by now that no true progress has been possible under these circumstances.

If I've managed to accomplish anything with my narrative I'd like to believe I've been able to get across that humanity's million-year journey from primal forest to outer space has been a hugely convoluted affair. Humanity's journey has, of course, been vastly more complicated than is currently accepted, with far more players over a far longer period of time.

This leads to the currently controversial observation that modern human beings are far more racially mixed than are suggested by simplistic delineations based on religious or national identity and in ways genetic science has yet to discover.

The sun was rising behind the hunters by now, and although they were downwind of the herd the animals were starting to become twitchy. It was daybreak. The bison had fed and slept well. The large males were hyperalert, snorting in the air nervously and gathering more tightly around the calves. I could see that in doing this gaps were opening among the herd, most animals still absorbed in their first meal of the day. The hunters were taking advantage of this. They were edging closer to a group of seven of these enormous, grazing creatures, supremely content and seemingly unaware of the larger herd drifting slowly away from them.

As the young hunters wriggled imperceptibly closer, it seemed to me it was as much by force of their intention that the gap separating the little group of oblivious bison from the main herd was getting progressively wider.

Yet something else was going on that I wasn't seeing. How was this strikingly delicate maneuver being accomplished? How were the hunters

communicating with one another, as they must be, that permitted each of them to wriggle slowly and purposely in a finely choreographed slow-motion dance of death? There was a strange beauty to this. Both hunters and bison seemed to be playing their roles in this ancient drama. Each appeared to know precisely what to do, and I could feel the bonds of love and service that linked predator and victim. It seemed miraculous to me, as though some form of animal telepathy was being used in some imperceptible range of frequencies.

I was curious and drew closer. Human beings of that era may well have been more responsive to one another's feelings and intentions, but they could hardly be called telepathic. So what was going on here?

It was then I heard it.

It was almost impossible to believe at first. It was so faint it could have been the breeze in the trees or the squeak of a distant shrew. Yet as I focused more fully on the faint tweets and twitters, I began to discern what the hunters were up to. Embedded among the dawn chorus of the birds gathered excitedly in the fruit trees and bushes, I could just hear another birdsong that wasn't a birdsong. The notes were pitched within the mid-ranges of the mass birdsong, and if they irritated the birds the sounds were lost on the bison.

This strange birdsong became all the more discernible once I knew what I was hearing. It came from the hunters, of course! They were whistling to one another! They were conveying their elaborate instructions in complicated, whistled variations of their own birdsong. It was astonishingly skillful and at times sounded as though the hunters were actually modulating the birdsong itself with their lilting tonal accents.

These whistled instructions were evidently now guiding the cluster of the more elderly hunters to start enlarging the wedge between the two groups of animals. This was evidently the most delicate part of the hunt so far. The slightest wrong move while driving this wedge between the bison could send the whole herd into a frantic stampede that not only meant they'd lose their dinner but some of them would be sure to be crushed by the panicked animals.

This time they were successful in pushing the main herd sufficiently far away to allow the younger hunters to partially encircle the seven bison, still unaware of what was happening around them. So far, so good, I thought.

However, something was happening. A few of the bison were sniffing the air, their large, dark eyes rolling upward with the whites showing as panic threatened to take them over. I looked past the herd to a small copse of flowering trees and could just make out two, or it might have been three, adolescent boys attempting to keep their heads down while simultaneously trying to watch the hunt. Although I felt sure that the boys had smeared themselves all over with bison dung, it looked to me as if they were slightly upwind of the animals.

Evidently this was the moment the hunters were waiting for, the moment they'd been stealthily and patiently working toward since well before daybreak. At a single warbling command, all the hunters stood up shouting and clapping their hands and knees. The younger men had already crawled to within a few yards of the group of seven, so when the hunters leaped up shouting, the panicked creatures milled around, hopelessly confused.

It was in these moments that I got my next surprise.

Leather thongs were being whirled around the young hunters' heads, looping out and twisting around the creatures' long horns. Not all the throws succeeded—they only had one chance to get it right—but those that did produced an astonishing effect. Quite beautiful to watch too, it was.

At one and the same time it must have registered with the animals that there was only one direction in which to escape the terrifying clattering row that had appeared so mysteriously all around them. As the bison turned to run, the twisting energy of their massive heads swung the young hunters up in graceful arcs on their leather thongs to land standing upright, each on the back of his chosen animal. The timing of this had a balletic elegance, an ancient ritual that still plays itself out in slow-motion in my mind.

It was beautiful. The morning rays glinting red off those lithe, muscular young bodies, whirling in curving arcs through the clear morning air, bending their bodies like cats to land with scarcely a tremble, knees bent and sure-footed on their bison's back. The confidence and fluid ease of the acrobatics, the courage and physical strength, all this was barely marred by the death of one of their number.

A young man had been trampled underfoot after mistiming his leap, to land skewered on a bison's long, curved horn only to be thrown beneath

stamping hooves by a shrug of that massive head. The man's rapid and unpleasantly gruesome death appeared to go unnoticed in the gritty excitement of the moment.

Those atop their bison were focused on knotting the other end of their thongs around their animal's other horn. Successfully tied off, it allowed the hunter to control his bison, yanking its head to pull the creature into the roiling mass of snorting, stamping, frightened, and angry beasts, thrashing around, uncertain of where to run.

It was then that I understood the cleverness of their hunting strategy. Firmly perched on their animals' backs, they were stamping hard on those broad backs while guiding the infuriated bison with the leather thong as it accelerated wildly, bucking to throw off an implacable threat. The direction must have been prearranged, because all four of the riders were pulling their animals' heads in the same direction, creating a mini-stampede and sweeping the three riderless bison of the group in a mad scramble along with them.

Meanwhile, the older hunters who'd worked to separate the small group of seven bison from the main herd of some seventy to eighty head were making sure to stampede them in the opposite direction. This was a little more chaotic, with some angry snorting and stamping from the mature bulls; then I saw how many females there were, many with their offspring and a surprising number visibly pregnant.

Please understand, much of what I'm describing here in such detail was entirely new to me at the time I was witnessing this hunting scene. Angels have no need to kill and eat the flesh of other species for sustenance, so my attention has never been drawn to this aspect of human behavior. So forgive me if I seem ignorant of the finer arts of hunting when I say how astonished I was at the hunters' extraordinary courage, their dexterity, and their obvious skills, skills that demanded complex strategizing and what must have been a lifetime of training.

Once again I was taken aback by the wisdom of what I was observing. I hadn't realized it until I saw those pregnant females, but all seven of the bison originally feeding together and who'd been carefully separated from the main herd were young males. While the main herd was mainly female with calves at different stages of growth, some of the older males with their harems, and perhaps a dozen young males in their prime clearly there to protect the females.

So this is a *cull*! I thought, finally recognizing the pattern. But isn't that interesting. If the hunters can kill those seven young males they'll have enough meat for the entire clan, and if they smoke what they can't eat, it should carry them through for a while. And then I saw it from the herd's point of view. The older fertile females ran the show; they allowed their preferred mates to dominate life in the herd, and I even had the thought that they could have cooperated with the mature males in getting rid of their competition. Fanciful, I know, but it serves to show how impressed I was by the natural harmony of this event, of the mutual service, and how in a curious way the interaction restored my faith that amid all the shenanigans of the angelic uprising, such natural perfection could exist.

However, my lofty ruminations were soon shattered by the very real violence I forced myself to watch next. One of the older hunters had landed a spear in the hunches of an elderly and clearly ailing old bison who was lagging behind the stampeding herd, now a cloud of dust far beyond the reach of the hunters' weapons. This had all the older hunters running, limping in many cases, toward the wounded creature, who was soon dying under a fusillade of spears.

This was particularly painful to watch. But I forced myself to do it. I'm still a bit surprised that I can be so detached at the sight of human suffering and death, yet having to watch an animal in pain always disturbs me deeply. So yes, I admit it. I did turn away when the savagery became too overwhelming.

Yet I knew there was more to come. I paused for a few moments to gather myself. I knew in my heart that however emotionally painful this process was, it was necessary for my redemption. To be able to observe with an open heart that which most offends the heart, and to do it with compassion and true understanding, that has become my goal as a Watcher. And hopefully it will serve me well when I'm blessed to incarnate.

I soon caught up with the smaller group of seven bison. They were by now careening through the long grass, their heads tossing, their nostrils flared. The four maddened animals being ridden by the young hunters were out in front leading the way. On their backs the lads were laughing and shouting with excitement while the bison hurtled on.

Then I heard another of their bird whistles, this one short and sharp and uncaring as to whether it would spook the bison. Three heartbeats later all

four boys flicked their leather thongs delicately off the horns and flung themselves headlong off the backs of their animals to land on the grass in what you might recognize as a “parachute roll.”

The creatures thundered on, clustering closer together and bucking and rearing in their joy at being free again . . . and then . . . and then . . . suddenly they all disappeared!

Yes, they simply vanished. One moment they were a dark mass of heaving flesh, of flashing and galloping hooves and thrusting horns. The very next, from where I was observing, the bison just vanished into the ground!

It was as if Earth had eaten them alive. Just gobbled them up.

For a few moments, there was nothing. Just silence.

Dust swirled in the air where once there were bison.

The only sound was the decaying echoes of their hooves still reverberating off a distant cliff. All the birds had ceased to sing. The thundering thudding of the main herd was a diminishing base rumble being blown away by the fresh morning wind coursing down the valley.

If I’m overdramatizing this event it’s due as much to the fact that I hadn’t seen such a superbly orchestrated hunt for many a millennia as it was my genuine amusement and surprise at the bisons’ odd disappearing act.

Of course, it wasn’t quite like that, or if it was, the supernatural silence had lasted only a fraction of a second. Then it was split by a cacophonous roaring, squealing, and snorting; a discordant symphony of pain issuing from the deep pit into which the beasts had unwittingly cast themselves, their bodies impaled and squirming on sharp stakes set firmly at the bottom of the pit.

I am not a novelist and have no desire to disgust my reader any more than necessary with images of what followed. But I should remind you that what can seem horrifyingly cruel to the modern sensibility was never malicious or purposefully sadistic in those times when human beings were more intimately connected to the animals.

Having said that, the dying animals were not killed outright but allowed to struggle in their death throes, run through on the sharp stakes cut too long for the beasts to wrestle themselves off. The pit was some fifteen feet deep, and the weight of the falling bison had driven the stakes, in some cases,

through the entire length of their bodies. A couple had been killed outright, their necks broken by the fall. Another beast was jerking violently, its massive furry head pierced by a stake streaming with blood.

After the hunters were joined by the elders of the clan, they danced and sang while circling the pit, accompanied by the hoarse roars of the dying bison. The women of the clan, who must have been waiting at the river's edge, swayed out of the trees, large amphorae perched on their broad heads, their children running excitedly alongside carrying small clay pots.

The brief ceremony completed, four of the youngest boys climbed down into the pit, skillfully dodging the creatures' horns and hooves, and stationed themselves close to where blood was still pouring from the wounds. Other young ones perched themselves on ledges cut into the sides of the pit and passed down the small bowls in which the boys would collect the animals' blood. In an admirably choreographed relay, empty bowls went down and blood-filled bowls came up, to be emptied into a large amphora before the bowl was passed back down again.

When no more blood was flowing the boys clambered back out of the pit, and the entire group returned, still singing and dancing, to the comfort of their caves before the sun had reached its zenith. They would return later in the cool of the evening to skin the animals and cut the meat off their bodies in long strips with their flint knives. This would continue until bones and offal were all that remained and the pit was filled back in so the creatures' remains wouldn't attract curious large predators.

The subsequent feasting lasted a full turning of the moon, the entire tribe gorging themselves on the meat, then sleeping it off before filling themselves up all over again. Some of the elders preferred their meat raw, but from the strips sizzling on the hot stones and the delicious odor wafting through the caves, more and more of them had developed a taste for eating it burned. Whatever remained after the feasting was over, they smoked over their fires. They had discovered inadvertently some generations earlier that this would preserve their meat somewhat longer, yet frequently not long enough to carry them through the winter months.

The Cro-Magnon people of the ninth millennium had long been familiar with fire—there was a fire pit at the mouth of many of their caves. This had been one of the main differences between the Neanderthal and the Cro-Magnon

people. The former were mostly frightened of fire, whereas the current owners of the caves seemed proud of their mastery of it.

Allow me a short digression that I know will be of some interest to my ward.

Yes, to answer his question, the Neanderthals were hunters—but they were not very good ones. Their bodies were slow and cumbersome, and they had little of the ingenuity and nimbleness of the more recent Cro-Magnon people. When Neanderthals could get meat they ate it raw. They subsisted mainly on what they could grub from the ground: from fruits, berries, and nuts; from shellfish and lizards; and, to get to what I wanted to point out, from a variety of naturally growing fungi. Of these mushrooms, some were found to be nutritious, some were sickening, some were deadly, but some of those mushrooms spoke to them in visions and in the voices of their ancestors.

Although I never observed this for myself so I can't vouch for its veracity, I believe it was the curious effect of these particular fungi that was a contributing factor to what I've heard Astar call the "Neanderthals' entranced and bewildered passivity."

That Astar does have a way with words!

When the Cro-Magnon people started entering Europe from the Iberian Peninsula to spread throughout the southern region of the continent, they carried some of the genetic endowments of the Lemurian and, then later, the Atlantean immigrants. It's another comment on the holding pattern I mentioned earlier that for all the Cro-Magnon skill in hunting and their artfulness, they were distant genetic descendants of the highest civilization this world has ever seen.

It was obvious that the successful result of such a hunt had required planning, patience, forethought, and cooperation over a long period. I have no doubt that for every success there were frequent failures, as well as some serious injuries, and several deaths. I was later to learn the young hunters were carefully nurtured and trained from their earliest years to accomplish these acts of such elegant physical coordination. Their exemplary skills were then passed down from father to son. They would become the heroes of their tribes and be seen by the young females as the most desirable for those peak years, before they retired with their spears to the back of the hunt.

I could only deduce that it must have been the smallness of the tribe—it seldom exceeded five or six hundred individuals—and the intimate conditions under which they all lived that allowed them the wisdom to care so well for their children. They didn't smother them with unnecessary affection but gave them the freedom to learn and express for themselves the direction in which their natural interests and skills would carry them. These were the people who painted on the walls of their caves their devotional renderings of the animals they hunted—the bison, the deer, the wolves and bears, and the hares and foxes. Many of these images have been crafted with such elegant simplicity and with such a graceful sense of movement that I believe they illustrate that the aesthetics of the human visual imagination have changed very little over the many millennia.

The Cro-Magnon tribes would eventually become absorbed into a racial mix from which modern Europeans descend. Their lives may have been short, but they weren't brutal, at least not in the way their lives are frequently portrayed. And as if to defy the modern contention that romantic love was somehow first introduced by fourteenth-century troubadours, Cro-Magnon men and women loved each other and their children in much the same way as would any contemporary family.

In fact, if there was one fundamental difference between the Cro-Magnon times and modern life it lay in the area of health. Pain was a far more familiar companion when broken limbs had to be tolerated, when teeth rotted in mouths, and when sepsis threatened cuts and grazes not licked clean by dogs.

Many of their children died in childbirth or in the first five years of life, and yet this served to keep their population from expanding too rapidly. This also had the effect of bestowing a certain glow of special-ness on those who reached adulthood at the age of thirteen and led directly to the most important ritual of a young man's life: the day he became inducted into the tribe as a full member.

In many ways your Cro-Magnon ancestors lived an idyllic life. These were the times of calm before the coming storm of the next few millennia. Indeed, if there was ever a period when human beings lived in the mythic state of innocence from which the totality of humanity is thought to have been descended, it would have been then. When the Cro-Magnon people were living their short but not unpleasant lives for that period in the ninth

millennium is probably as close to that fantasy as I've ever had the opportunity to observe.

If it's an unpalatable reality for some people, I doubt if I'm disillusioning any of my thoughtful readers when I say that the human species has never experienced a true golden age. Not in the half a million years I've been posted on this world. There was no pre-Adamic time during which human beings were wholly innocent and incapable of error or sin. No moment of temptation. No fall from Grace.

Although there are signs that human beings are collectively killing progressively less of their own kind as the millennia have passed, human nature in its most basic form has changed little over time. And no doubt a man of the ninth millennium would be initially nonplussed by an iPhone, yet if you were able to share a language, you'd find a recognizably familiar intelligence trying to understand the device.

12

Hope Deferred

Cutting the Album, Pain and Pleasure, a Brutal Dismissal, Mortals as "Will-Creatures," the Angelic Mandate, and Sexual Rage

There's a reason I'm writing in such detail about my ward's time with the band, the Process Version, which will emerge in good time. Until then, let me lay out how this next revealing event came about. Another opportunity my ward missed that might have shattered the trance in which Mary Ann held him.

The band was polished; the songs chosen for the album were practiced until they could play them in their sleep. All that was needed was a recording studio. Mein Host soon found that an adequate studio would cost hundreds of dollars an hour, money the Omega would never release for the project. Paying Chris Ashley as producer was a rare enough exception to the Omega's belief that money should flow into the Process Church and not the other way. It was only my ward's powers of persuasion that had sprung the money for a producer; it was obvious he had no wish to return to the well. He knew the band had to find some way of "retrieving" the necessary studio time. Retrieving, you'll recall, was Process jargon for getting something for free. But four hundred dollars an hour, for as many hours as it would take to record and mix ten songs, was going to require a miracle.

Now it was up to their gods to do their part.

It didn't take long.

Browsing through a list of possible recording studios my ward seemed to be drawn to a studio called Thundersound. He explained it later as simply

being attracted to the strength of its name. Yet it was when the miracle really started to kick into action. (It's probably redundant at this stage to reveal that angels played a part in this "miracle," but I'll note it anyway as a reminder of how actively angels are willing to support creative endeavors.)

It so happened that while my ward was speaking to the owner of the recording studio, it emerged that Thundersound was planning to upgrade their recording technology to a new Olive 2000 24-track system in a few weeks. The owner explained that the studio had become one of the most successful in Canada, and the new 24-track board was going to allow them to expand still further. It was when the owner was talking proudly about the system and how it was going to be a major challenge to master the new technology that Mein Host saw his opportunity and dove in.

"So, how long does it take to install this Olive 2000?" he asked mildly.

"Well, it can't take too long or we'll lose business. Maybe twenty-four hours . . ."

"After you've dismantled the board you've been using?"

"If we take that out Friday evening . . ." the owner was thinking out loud, "that'd give us Saturday . . . Sunday to get the bugs out . . . we should be up and running by that Monday."

"How do you get bugs out?" my ward asked innocently.

The owner explained how the engineers would need to test the new deck under a variety of extreme conditions.

"You mean, like with a band?" all wide-eyed and innocent again.

"Yeah. Ideally, yes. It's not only getting the bugs out; the engineers need to get used to the board . . . all its little quirks."

And there was the deal.

The Process Version could come in on the Saturday morning and have twenty-four hours to record their album. That, together with all the planned overdubbing, would be an almost impossibly demanding schedule. The band had to agree to be patient with the engineers who'd be learning the board, debugging the system, and recording the Version's songs—all at the same time.

It was going to be twenty-four hours of constant high tension for both band and engineers, but it was free and the band would have their album at

the end of it.

When Chris Ashley first heard about it he hooted with laughter and pronounced the prospect completely impossible. At the best of times, with the finest musicians in the world, he didn't believe ten songs could ever be recorded in twenty-four hours. He explained how each song had to be created in layers—first drums and bass together, then rhythm guitar, then keyboards, then lead guitar, then lead vocals, then backup vocals. Add to that a layer or layers for any additional bells and whistles—and, he said, there are *always* additional bells and whistles! And then each layer, each track, could involve four or five takes, maybe more in some cases. There was also the business of mixing and mastering each of the songs . . .

"No," Chris said firmly, "it'll be quite impossible. Even under perfect conditions . . . and you said they'd be learning the board *while* they're recording? All at the same time? You gotta be fuckin' kidding!" Chris rarely spoke so harshly. He must have thought my ward was messing with his head.

"Listen, Chris. We'll be like their guinea pigs. We're good at that! We'll do as much as we can . . . anyway, it's still a few weeks away. If we focus on just those ten or eleven songs, we can go in there and get our parts right the first time."

"Yeah, right . . . first time, eh?" Chris obviously knew better and wasn't shy to show it. However, he also wasn't fool enough to overlook the intriguing way the deal came about.

Christopher Ashley was not a religious man. He wasn't a skeptic, he was a musician. He liked the people in the band and was professional enough to leave the lyrics alone and focus on what he knew. However, he must have known there'd be problems. His compulsive perfectionism would be sorely tested by the schedule. Although this aspect of his personality had served the Version handily in accelerating their progress, Christ must have been aware that bands more volatile than the Process Version had found him irritating and impossible to satisfy.

"But, Chris! It's *free*! Twenty-four hours of *free* recording time—and *with* an engineer! What's the worst that can happen?! Even if it's a mighty screwup, we're going to learn a lot from it. C'mon, Chris, we can do it! And, we'll get it right!"

In light of Mein Host's confident certainty and the band's enthusiasm,

Chris really had no choice but to acquiesce.

I've heard my ward say more than once that those twenty-four hours in Thundersound Studios were the most intense, unbroken twenty-four hours he has ever spent. A miracle it might have been to retrieve the studio time, but there the miracles abruptly stopped.

Excited, the band arrived well rested and punctually at the appointed time, only to find the new board wasn't yet set up and ready for them. A few hours later the engineers were signaling that it was time to start. But that first delay was going to be symptomatic of the constant stops and starts while the Olive 2000 whirred uncertainly into life. The hours passed. The machine stopped. It started. Sometimes it stopped in the middle of an otherwise perfectly played piece. At other times a perfectly played piece was stopped in the control room by Chris, who wanted one of the microphones moved a fraction closer. He was obviously trying to rein in his need for perfection. But it was clearly a wrestle for him. He was a stern taskmaster, sterner it seemed with others than with himself. He could not resist demanding numerous takes when he wasn't entirely happy with how the musicians had played.

The hours ticked by.

The three backup singers were curled up in a corner taking the opportunity to get a few winks. As soldiers at war are said to do, grabbing a few hours of sleep whenever the chance presented itself was a luxury too tempting to ignore in a hardworking community like the Process.

Slowly, frustratingly slowly, the various parts were laid down. It required both an extraordinary level of focused concentration on the part of each musician in turn, as well as an almost inhuman degree of patience. Although I'm sure the recording engineer and Chris in the control booth, the couple of Olive 2000 installation engineers still scuttling around administering their last-minute tweaks to their infernal machine, all of them were being pushed to their very limits. But that was their business in the control room.

In the studio they all knew it ultimately depended on the band. And on my ward, most of all. He was carrying the heaviest weight. There was the commitment he'd made to the Omega that persuaded Mary Ann to release the members of the band for their months of rehearsals, his personal investment

of energy and time to make the session a success, his rash claim to Chris that they'd pull it off in the time allotted—and on top of those concerns there was coping with his own musical insecurities.

"My fingers are too short," he'd complain. "Look, the pads are too wide to ever make me a natural. I know it sounds like an excuse. Perhaps if I'd focused my life on the guitar I might have gotten okay. Never really *good*, though."

Although I've not made much of it in my narrative, music has always been both a pleasure and a challenge for my ward. Here's part of our discussion when we came to write about this.

"Playing seriously," he tells me, "was always a bit of a challenge for me. Learning my parts and stuff. Probably it's one of the reasons I retreated into my own private music. Playing lead with the Version brought me back out of the shadows, but it was a constant struggle to keep up with a good musician like the bass player, Benjamin. I had to completely relearn all the usual Western chords, and then I never learned to read music, and frankly I never really understood the guitar fret board in the first place—that always limited my spontaneity as a lead guitarist.

"Believe me, I had to concentrate! I'd learn a lead part by playing it over and over, twenty, thirty, forty times . . . it's the only way I could carry it off."

"What about that gig at the women's prison?" I ask him.

"That was different, you're right, Georgia. Probably it was the only time in the Version I felt taken over . . . possessed . . . like my fingers were playing themselves. I was watching myself . . . I just let go . . . I reckon that was it. I forgot myself."

"And what about the twenty-four-hour session? Was it like that?"

"God no! Just the opposite. It was agony all the way! I've seldom been so tense. Not only did I agonize through my own parts, but I was suffering through everyone else's attempts to lay down their parts perfectly. No, it was hell . . . but it was utterly exhilarating too!"

What a strange mix that was! Agony and exhilaration.

Is this what mortals enjoy? This intensity of pain and pleasure all at the

same time? Is that what I have to look forward to when I come to incarnate?

I know! I know! There's much worse to experience in life than the creative agonies of a bunch of musicians locked in a nonstop recording session for twenty-four hours. Of course there's much worse than that!

However, please realize that we Watchers are all the more vulnerable, because we have little choice but to absorb all the emotions in the room, however disparate, confused, or conflicted. We can shut down our emotional sensitivity, of course, but that would be rather like blinding ourselves, or cutting off a limb. If we can't feel, we can't truly understand what is going on with mortals. Although we can't get into mortals' minds, we can certainly experience your feelings!

I have to admit that as the long session drew to a close I needed to withdraw, given that the tension was becoming too much for my weaker emotional body to tolerate. Yet even then it wasn't quite the emotional turbulence I've normally felt around mortals. It was more the chaos of so many *different* extreme emotions, so many polarities at once, all colliding, swirling around, the one contradicting another—while other emotions reinforced each other. One person's stage fright became magnified by someone else's fear of making a mistake and holding everyone up—and all this psychic cacophony was somehow being compressed into achieving this Herculean task.

Twenty-four hours later, promptly as promised, the band stumbled out into the glare of the Toronto morning without even having heard any of the tracks. They had somehow completed all the many parts on all ten songs, yet they had no idea how it sounded. It had been the producer's policy, for better or worse, not to allow the band to break off at any point to listen to what they'd played.

Thus, as Mein Host and the others hauled themselves off to their beds, they had no way to judge the session, apart from the harsh critical judgments that artists tend to feel about their own work. No one appeared particularly happy with how it had gone and, Mein Host for one, didn't manage to get much sleep that next day.

They didn't hear from their producer for a couple of days, which allowed the conviction to grow that it had been a ghastly fiasco, that they'd be blamed for

wasting time rehearsing day after day. There were enough junior members who already resented the band's privileged position of not having to spend their waking hours out on the streets selling magazines, let alone, I imagined them thinking, what the Omega was going to say.

They needn't have been so concerned.

When Chris finally called back he was delighted, overjoyed at how it had turned out. He'd been spending his time mixing the tracks down; did they want to come and listen?

And not only that. The studio staff, the owner, *and* the recording engineers liked the music so much they allowed Chris to spend the past few days mixing the tracks with the engineer. It was an astonishing act of generosity on the part of Thundersound Studios and their staff, and the band hoped it meant the studio must have genuinely liked their music.

When the band was finally able to gather in the studio, hearing the songs played back for the first time must have been a revelation for them. Chris had completed a rough mix of all ten songs, and when they were played back over the studio's first-rate sound system it seemed to me from the band's reaction that they couldn't believe it was *them*. It was true. Chris, working with the engineer, had done a superb job. A miracle, you could say.

The Olive 2000 had been a spectacular success. The advantages of isolating each player on his or her own track, although obviously torturous for the musicians during the session, became evident after listening to the mix. Chris had skillfully woven the tracks together so as to obscure all the little flubs that musicians compulsively listen for when they hear their music first played back to them.

This perfectly natural self-concern of the artist was compounded in the Version's case by the fact that the musicians hadn't had the chance to listen to the playback during the session. They'd no chance to correct their errors. Yet in the mix, with the addition of reverb and the various effects available on the new and advanced Olive 2000, Chris had transformed the songs they'd so often played together into what I overheard one of them call "real music"!

And it really was! Any of the ten songs could have made it to a hit parade. They had catchy melodies with strong hooks; the lyrics were clever and made their points without being preachy. In short, the members of the band were absolutely delighted with how the album was turning out. And for

what it's worth, from what I've heard of contemporary popular music, I second that emotion.

Enough. I'm sure you've grasped the amount of energy, commitment, hope, talent, and the blood, sweat, and tears that went into the making of the album. Thundersound Studios had gone out of its way to help, and that was out of respect for the music. The band was thrilled with the production; even perfectionist Chris Ashley was actually happy with the music—in itself a remarkable achievement. He was confident it was good enough to be picked up by a record company. He was also insistent that as soon as possible someone needed to take the master tape down to New York City, to the East Coast hub of the music industry, and to seriously shop it around for a recording contract.

The streets of Toronto were starting to get unexpectedly chilly as Canada's brief summer turned to fall. The Toronto Chapter of the Process was enjoying unprecedented success, and Process chapters had now been started in Boston and Miami. The first print run of the new magazine, PROCESS on Love, was on the order of 200,000 copies, which suggests something of the reach of the Process Church in the early 1970s. Although my ward was still art director of the magazine, with the pressure of the music he had delegated the design of the next issue to Brother Eden, the brilliant young German photographer who'd become such a key member of their little team in the art department.

It was soon obvious that the Omega had their eyes on New York City. The Boston Chapter had recently bought a used Winnebago RV and was sending teams of "donators"—let's call them what they called themselves—down in the RV to Manhattan for a week of concentrated magazine selling.

Most large cities had been rich pickings for Process donators, yet they found Manhattan was in a class of its own. People actually *walked* in the city, the streets crowded day and night. There were a hundred profitable pitches just in the midtown area, where there was good money to be made; tourists were always plentiful and enjoyed the self-importance of being seen as generous; and apart from a few Hare Krishna devotees chanting and bouncing about on the sidewalks, the streets of the city were usually clear of panhandlers, beggars, Moonies, or fanatics of one stripe or another. This is to say that the good folk of Manhattan, largely unbeknownst to them, were

about to open their arms to the idiosyncratic charms of the Process Church of the Final Judgment.

An advance team had already been sent to the city and established themselves in a large apartment on Park Avenue in the high nineties. It was there that Mein Host would arrive some weeks after the album's final mixing was completed, clutching the Version's precious master tape with the aim of negotiating a recording contract.

That was the intention, anyway.

He confidently set up appointments with the few people in the business who'd see him, hitting it off on the phone with a well-known music attorney who was willing to hear their tape. My ward must have felt everything was falling into place. The attorney was a powerful mover and shaker in the music industry, and if he liked the tape my ward was sure the doors would open as smoothly as they had with Thundersound, to equally successful contract negotiations.

However, within a few weeks of arriving in Manhattan he finally heard the news upon which everything was determined. And it came as a rumor, the very worst way of hearing it. The Omega, their beloved Mary Ann, their Oracle, and Robert, their Teacher: Well, they hated the music. Apparently they hadn't taken to it one little bit.

This unfortunate piece of information was leaked out from the Omega's inner circle and passed along to my ward in Manhattan with a perverse relish that I noticed but my ward did not.

Mary Ann and Robert hadn't even deigned to reply when they'd first received the tape. As the weeks had passed and the band heard no response whatsoever from either Robert or Mary Ann—in itself unusual, as the Omega had been previously so supportive of the Version—I overheard band members talking together, speculating hopefully on the possibility that the Omega didn't possess a reel-to-reel deck to play the tape on. I found it significant that not one of them could have conceived that the lack of response might have had anything to do with the Omega's reactions to the music.

As Mein Host heard it, Robert and Mary Ann had been rudely dismissive of the album, speaking sarcastically about the songs to their inner circle. Mary Ann had apparently announced, in a pearl of misunderstanding,

that “the songs sounded just like everything else on the radio”—thus demonstrating, or so my ward has since joked, that she completely missed the whole point of what the Version had accomplished. That’s what popular music is; it sounds like everything else on the radio! (Although how either of them would even know that—they never listened to the radio and knew nothing about pop music.)

Regardless of what the members of the band, or Chris Ashley, or the team at Thundersound, or Mein Host for that matter, thought of the album, hearing that their Goddess was treating their music with such casual and thoughtless contempt knocked all the stuffing out of him.

He has written his own account of his reaction. “Even if the album wasn’t as great as we might have thought it, to hear that it had been dismissed in such an offhand way by the Ones we considered to be the ultimate arbiters of our lives was a crushing blow from which the band never recovered.”

He might have added that it also killed any further interest he had in trying to sell the album. Had he been in a more prescient mood he might have been able to spot this absurdist fiasco as a sign that something was very wrong.

It was clear to me that my ward was devastated by Mary Ann’s reaction. It was rendered all the more disappointing by the struggle he’d gone through to relearn the instrument. There were those six months the band had submitted to a bullying producer and getting an entire album completed without paying thousands of dollars; there was all he’d done to hold the band together when things got fractious.

And yet this is what it had come to.

He’d thrown his heart and soul into the music of the Version, and his Goddess had dismissed it with a sneer. That was it! I saw him turn away from Western music from that point on to develop his own concept of Bozon music with a number of other bands over the next forty years.

In what was perhaps the final irony of this sad but revealing story, it turned out that the music attorney loved the music when he heard it. Had he felt the slightest enthusiasm from Mein Host, I’ve no doubt he would have taken on the album. He might well have sold it to a record company. However, by the time my ward’s appointment with the attorney rolled around the lad had lost any interest in pushing the album. The attorney might have

loved the music, but he was wise enough to recognize that it would have been a fruitless task to get a contract without a passionate commitment from the band itself.

Besides, by then my ward had moved on, as has always been his way. Self-pity has never sat well with him. Yes, he was devastated, but it didn't last long. After all, he was back in Manhattan, a city he'd come to love more than any other, and where he would make his home for the next twenty-one years.

If the band debacle had achieved anything of value in my ward's eyes, it had brought him back to New York. New York, City of Dreams—which, true to form, will not always be what it seems.

* * *

There will be those, no doubt, who may consider my narrative to be unreasonably Eurocentric. They'll ask, What was going on in China during the ninth millennium? Or India? Or South Africa? These are all reasonable questions, and I'm sure those curious and mentally adventurous enough will find their own answers. As I've said before, I am not trying to write the history of the world. I can only relate what I've observed or heard directly for myself. Yes, I can move from place to place with what you would think of as astonishing rapidity, but regardless, Watchers, like most celestials, can only be in one place at a time.

There are two simple answers to the criticism of my excessive focus on the European continent. As I can only be in one place at a time, I function on what draws my deepest interest. As a causative principle yourself, dear reader, this apparent passivity may be difficult to understand.

In Multiverse argot mortals are known broadly as "will-creatures," which means you have the free will to decide to make something happen, to initiate an action of your own volition. In short, you have free choice. Given that I cannot directly affect your third-density reality, I am therefore unable to make anything actually happen. As holds true for most celestials, Watchers have little choice but to be drawn to where we are intended to be at any given time.

I say *little* choice rather than *no* choice, because as you may have

noticed over the course of my narrative, I've gradually been able to make increasingly independent decisions. Yet even those decisions will become overridden if, for some reason, I'm drawn elsewhere by necessity. Perhaps the closest analogue I've observed in the mortal realm is if you were to follow your intuition unconditionally wherever it takes you, regardless of results. However, for a human being this would still involve a constant series of choices. For angels, the draw—the magnetism of the task, if you like—effectively blots out any independent course of action. It's an aspect of our functional natures. A perfect example of this was my intention, if you'll recall, to revisit Zandana again. I felt I'd cleared the way this time. I wasn't using the trip, as I had a couple of times before, to avoid having to observe the terrible events unfolding on Earth. I believed I'd paid my dues and was all set for the visit, when, for no reason I knew at the time, I was drawn back to the European continent.

That's what I mean. Perhaps as a mortal will-creature you might find the automaticity of this response somewhat disturbing, but I can assure you it brings its own blessings. For example, I had no idea why I was called to observe the Cro-Magnon clan, but I never had any doubt I was meant to be there. I'm sure you can understand there is a deep security in knowing this, because, as my ward likes to say, "The heart of practical magic requires simply being in the right place at the right time."

The second reason I haven't attempted to describe the situation in ninth-millennium China or India is that life in those places, from all I'd heard, was not so very different from the one I'd observed in Europe. In some regions the people were a trifle more advanced, in other places less so; and yet in others, as in Australia, humans continued to live a tribal nomadic life. During those thousand years it was as though the whole planet lay frozen in stasis, like a world of insects trapped in tree sap.

I have written extensively about the rebel midwayers and their antics; how they were using an appropriation of divine identities to control and manipulate their followers. This was a worldwide phenomenon, yet even then there was an unusual concentration of these quasi-divinities all through the Middle East and Europe. However, I don't want to overlook the work of those midwayers who'd remained loyal to MA and had spurned the proclamations of Lucifer and Prince Caligastia.

As Caligastia's announcement that he was "God of this World" would have been considered by MA as one of the most heinous of the Prince's blasphemies, so also would the rebel midwayers' arrogation of divinity be likely believed by the same authorities as the most egregious of their many abuses. I have no doubt that MA's courts would have been certain to interpret their behavior in the harshest light—as the only true evil, that of turning another sentient being away from God. The courts would be sure to argue that the rebel midwayers, in cloaking themselves with false divinity, were turning their mortal followers away from the God of their hearts.

The rebel midwayers, in their turn, would be equally likely to assert that they were legitimately following the example, if not the orders, of their superior, Prince Caligastia. Whether this claim successfully mitigates their offenses remains to be seen. The result lies many millennia in the future, and its consequences will have some surprises in store for Mein Host.

The loyal midwayers, on the other hand, had always done their best to avoid falling into this self-aggrandizing temptation. It's not in my brief to comment too widely on the actions of these loyal ones. It isn't for me to reveal whether they felt it necessary, from time to time, to emulate their rebellious kin. I can only say as an observer that they faced an almost impossible task. The ease with which human beings could be impressed and manipulated by a manifestation of power that they don't understand, together with the rebel midwayers' willingness to use these powers for their own purposes, had made the far smaller number of loyalists' normal functions a great deal harder to perform effectively.

I have noticed over the course of the many cultural upswings I've observed in my time here that rather than posing as divinities, the loyalist midwayers preferred to work behind the scenes to support those human enterprises deemed to be contributing to human advancement. I could always find them smoothing the way, for example, of various merchant families when they were involved in honest transactions. The loyalists were great believers in supporting trade between different regions, asserting this would open people's minds, making them more tolerant of differences, and would lead over time to a reduction in the ever-present risk of an explosion of violence.

Needless to say, the raw power of the religious impulse in human beings generally outweighed the sanctity of their trading arrangements, so even the

loyalist midwayers' best-laid plans were swept aside when the religious passions of the traders were inflamed by the demands of their local deity. In all the many millennia since the outbreak of the rebellion, the loyal midwayers have been facing this demanding challenge with an enduring courage and goodwill that has impressed us all, loyalists and rebels alike.

The activities of the loyalists on the Indian subcontinent over the next few millennia saw them at possibly their most active and successful. Great coastal cities grew under their imperceptible guardianship. Some flourished for a while, some were wiped out by natural disasters, and in still other cities the rebel midwayers must have found some way to interfere and turn the people against each other.

Given that the purpose of my narrative is to explore those key events I've observed over the planet's past 500,000 years, and which have led to her present unfortunate condition, I have no need to comment much more on the activities of the loyal midwayers. I have previously mentioned their penchant over the centuries for rescuing the finest of human artifacts before they become lost or destroyed, and then hiding them away in their various secret caches for some future event. The Treasure of Eldorado, as these hoards have become known in more recent times, are believed by the midwayers to be held back for a time of planetary transformation that they're convinced is sure to come about.

I have wondered whether the loyal midwayers might have been privileged to know more of the truth of what was occurring on the planet than we rebel angels had access to at the time. After all, the loyalists would have been reporting back to the planetary Seraphic Overgovernment. Having rejected the rebellion they no longer owed any allegiance to Prince Caligastia and would have had to be taking their instructions from MA's agents on the higher frequencies of the Seraphic Overgovernment. I can only assume that the constant level of the loyal midwayers' optimism, throughout the most depressing times this planet has seen, was due to some special inside knowledge.

With that I'll leave the loyal midwayers to their modest invisibility. In nine thousand years' time they will reap a rich spiritual reward for their tireless service.

So, I felt finally free to pay that visit to Zandana.

I'd been on Earth far too long during this recent period, and, frankly, I needed to clear my mind. The planet of Zandana had always been good to me. I remembered that time I sat back against one of the noble trees on that world—I believe it was soon after the Systemwide troubles broke out—and I felt all my confusion and tension dropping away. As I was recalling the pleasures of that violet glade, I felt my heart quickening and the desire to be back there—to be held once again in the healing embrace of a healthy world.

As I felt the inner necessity of remaining at my post observing the Cro-Magnon cave dwellers starting to drop away, I chanced to witness an aspect of mortal nature that was both unexpected and surprisingly touching.

I realize in retrospect that I must have been deliberately delaying my trip to Zandana. I was free to leave, but because I was in southern Europe, I would have no excuse not to use the more convenient Transport Center in the forested hills of Salem. To get there I knew I'd have to pass close to the palace that Caligastia manifested for himself in the fifth dimension, and I was feeling increasingly troubled by his self-inflation. I'd managed to stay out of the Prince's way for a good while, and I knew I'd be risking attracting his attention if he felt me passing by. I would have to be very cautious, surreptitious even. If he caught me trying to avoid him it would be all the worse for me.

However, as it turned out, I was glad I delayed leaving the caves.

I had grown accustomed to the rhythms of the cave dwellers' lives. They went about their short lives much as they'd done for tens of thousands of years. The glacial ice never reached that far south, so the cave complex had been almost continually occupied since early humans had first entered Europe. The caves were also so isolated, and yet at the same time sufficiently well provisioned, that the cave dwellers had seldom traveled more than a few dozen miles from their valley.

It was therefore one of those surprises that illustrates what I was saying earlier about being in the right place at the right time. I was able to observe the first interaction between this particular clan of Cro-Magnon cave dwellers and a small group of the northern Blue People. I fully expected there would be an immediate display of hostility between the two races, but I underestimated the very human qualities of curiosity and compassion.

Seven of these Blue People limped in on foot one morning on a cool spring day, having followed the river that ran through the valley below the cliff dwellings. These were people of the plains who preferred to build their settlements alongside the great rivers of Europe and seldom ventured into the mountains. The little group, in this case, was a very long way from home. They were also utterly exhausted. I feared the worst at that point. I had seen so much violence between humans of different races that I was actually taken aback when it didn't immediately erupt here. Of course the balance of numbers was so greatly in favor of the cave dwellers, many of whom had been pouring down from out of their caves, that the strangers presented no threat to them.

Once I got over my initial surprise I found myself deeply moved by the kindness I observed being extended to the strangers. It was so counterintuitive from all I'd been seeing that I wondered whether I was watching one of the early displays of a natural human empathy that can emerge when intelligence, curiosity, and suffering come together in the right mix.

The strangers' wounds were washed and dressed by the women with the leaves of local healing plants. They were fed and cared for throughout that afternoon and then permitted to rest overnight in a large cave close to the valley floor. It had gradually come out through signs and a lot of pointing that the strangers were river people who were exploring one of the tributaries of the river on the plains far below.

They'd been following it up through the mountains, clambering up beside waterfalls, hacking out canoes to cross lakes—only to have to leave them behind at the endless rapids. They signed that they'd lost two of their number to lion attacks and showed the cave dwellers the deep wounds several others had on their backs and necks. They tried to explain that one of them had died in a fall, and yet another had broken his leg early in their journey upriver and had to be left behind. They were unfamiliar with the mountains, and as they'd climbed higher they'd eaten some dark-violet berries that had sickened them, killing yet two more. The poisonous berries were responsible for the deplorable condition in which they'd been found. By drawing pictures with a stick in the sand they attempted to show how far they'd traveled and that they were the first to have climbed this far up into the mountains. Some of them had wanted to return, but they'd pressed on, climbing upward.

Apparently what had driven them on was their quest to find the sacred source of the river.

How much of this the cave people understood was hard to tell and didn't seem to much matter. They'd been so isolated for so long they'd never before encountered human beings of another race. They could well have slaughtered the bedraggled strangers without a second thought, yet there was clearly some quality about them that brought out the better nature of the cave dwellers. Curiosity won over fear that day, and empathy likewise overcame tribal loyalties.

The strangers stayed for a full turning of the moon while they slowly recuperated, cared for by the women of the tribe with their wide knowledge of the healing properties of the various local herbs.

As I said earlier, I was unexpectedly moved by this small and seemingly insignificant event. It was only far later that I learned I may have witnessed one of the early, if not the earliest, interaction between these two different people. What I couldn't have known at the time was that the mutual compatibility and interest they showed for each other would blossom over the generations of increasing familiarity into a genuine attraction between the sexes of the two races.

Unlike the Neanderthals, whom the Blue People generally found sexually unappealing, the racial mix that emerged from the matings of the Cro-Magnon and the blue race became one of the dominant genetic strains over the next few millennia. It also led to the Cro-Magnon disappearing over time as a distinct racial type as they became absorbed into the continental melting pot, which led, after many more genetic twists and turns, to the contemporary European Caucasian type.

* * *

I would have preferred to leave the subject of sex aside as it doesn't hold great interest for me. But certain events occurred during Mein Host's time in Toronto that continued to puzzle him, and I believe I may be able shed some light on them.

Sexual behavior is illuminating to the extent that any group or community of human beings who live in close contact with one another will

have to develop some way of handling the sexual urges that naturally arise, especially in spirited young men and women.

The recent scandals that have so disgraced the Roman Catholic Church have demonstrated some of the problems that can emerge from a life of enforced (and presumed) celibacy. At the other extreme, libertine communities that have practiced free love do not historically last very long—seldom more than a single generation—before internal conflicts tear them apart.

Nuclear families, as well as popular morality, have tended to require fidelity in marriage for the sake of emotional stability as well as securing a lineage—which can create its own set of conflicts. Yet nuclear families rarely have reason to gather into close-knit communities, and when and if they do their intention is unlikely to be for sexual availability. This much is common knowledge.

But none of these paths quite applied to the Process Church. Celibacy first emerged naturally when the group of young people gathering around Robert and Mary Ann first coalesced into living together as a community. Mein Host said that it was an unspoken agreement between them that they hadn't joined the Process for sex. A number of them had already been involved in relationships with one another before they had become a community, so perhaps there wasn't quite the same degree of sexual curiosity as would be found in a group of thirty strangers.

They'd only lived communally for a few months before they left England in the early summer of 1966. This had set them off on an adventure that had taken them to Nassau, in the Bahamas, and then on to the Yucatan Peninsula to settle for a while in Xtul. All their psychic and spiritual work was so intensely focused that it left little energy for sexual activity. By the time the community returned to London again to live together in Balfour Place, the casual agreement of celibacy became hardened into the expected way to behave. New followers, for example, were told that on joining the Process they would be required to be celibate.

This claim of celibacy was then undercut for those in the community by their Absorptions, the one-week sacred marriages I've previously described. Being permitted to spend an intimate week with one person was now formally understood within the group to preclude having sex with anyone else.

Then came the sexual event in Balfour Place that happened while my ward was in Paris. It was at this that Mary Ann had challenged those she'd selected to be present to act out their sexual fantasies with one another. It was as a result of this situation that Catherine's son was conceived and from which the lie of Mein Host's putative fatherhood first sprang. This scenario was entirely manipulated by Mary Ann—with Catherine's obvious complicity in supporting the deception—as a way of explaining the mystery of the child's actual conception.

This was followed within months by the sexual event that occurred in Rome at which my ward took an active part—but Catherine wasn't present—and which I described in chapter 5. After this Roman orgy a long silence seemed to fall over the topic of sexuality. It didn't raise its head again until Mary Ann and Robert moved to their house in Toronto in 1971. It was then that the sexual orgies started up once more.

Up to this point I was prepared to credit Mary Ann with creating these events with the authentic intention of exposing sexual repression by having people confront and act out their fears and fantasies. At the time I believed this was necessary. Mary Ann was perfectly correct in her perception that most young English men and women of that era had been raised in atmospheres of sexual repression. As a woman with a far wider field of sexual experience than any of the others, as well as a deep intuitive knowledge of other people's frailties, Mary Ann must have felt ideally suited for the task.

I attributed the fact that my ward was required to attend only one of these events as being due to his relative lack of sexual inhibition. Apparently others needed this dramatic form of disinhibition more than my ward; I'd agreed with that. I would even go so far as to say I admired Mary Ann for her courage in confronting the issue of sexual repression. I believed she was doing her best to help her people become more familiar with their second-chakra concerns. Dr. Wilhelm Reich would have supported her intention, even if he would have been sure to question her methodology. Outside the Process Chapter's front doors, and within the larger social context, Swinging London was having its own sexually disinhibiting influence on the country's youth.

Regardless of how Mary Ann later manipulated the results of these sexual events, I credited her at the time with sufficient insight to under stand

the importance of releasing the sexual repression of her people.

Over those three years separating Rome and Toronto the members of the community continued to live in celibacy. In the few cases when senior members' Absorptions had turned into legal marriages, those pairs were permitted to share a room whenever they found themselves together in the same chapter. This turned out to be infrequent. In most cases Mary Ann preferred to separate husbands and wives into different chapters. I've no doubt she did this to maintain her control over each separately rather than allow them (in her imagination) to plot and plan secrets behind her back.

In my ward's case this arrangement seemed to suit him well, having lived in different Process chapters from Catherine for the previous three years. He'd shown no interest in being anywhere near his wife—certainly not since Catherine had been found alone in the basement of the Chicago Chapter in the midst of a voodoo ceremony of her own devising. I have heard my ward half-jokingly say, "She can stick needles into wax figures of me for all I care, but I don't want her sticking 'em in my body if I'm sleeping next to her!"

Thus for those three years when Mein Host was touring Europe, when he was traveling back and forth to America, and when he was living in the London Chapter before being transferred to Toronto, he was living the celibate life. And from my observation of his emotional body throughout this period, he seemed to treasure rechanneling the fertile energies of his second chakra into the intense creativity that blossomed into his original graphic designs for PROCESS magazine.

Yet my ward's three-year abstinence from sex had other, rather stranger, consequences. I believe my ward will find some value in my perceptions about one of these effects, as it has remained an oddity in his life. He has written in one of his previous books about an incident that characterized this effect for him—although in this case in a somewhat exaggerated form.

He wrote:

> I had been invited by a minor TV personality to lunch at her place. I'd known the woman professionally for a couple of months—we

> both had TV shows on the same Toronto station—and we'd become loosely acquainted. She'd been curious about the Process Church and certainly knew I was celibate. Yet, on entering her apartment, I was physically pounced on and wrestled to the ground by this tall, tough, young Italian woman, seemingly caught in a frenzy of desire and intent on having her way with me. We rolled around on the carpet amid my increasingly feeble protestations before I managed to wriggle my way out of her grasp. Holding firm to my vow of celibacy and no doubt exuding spiritual superiority, I made it to the door and safety, unscathed.

This is a perfectly adequate description of what I observed occurring, although I saw him struggling a great deal harder to release himself from the young woman's tenacious and lascivious grasp than his self-effacing description suggests. She was tough and remarkably determined.

So what was really going on here?

I can vouch that my ward had said and done nothing in the brief time he'd known the woman to suggest their relationship was or could become anything other than professional. Nor had the woman displayed any obvious previous sexual interest in my ward. The attack came as a complete surprise—for me too. There'd been no sign I'd observed that such an intention was brewing in the young woman's emotional body.

Then, as the pair tussled on the floor, I understood why this might have happened, why I hadn't seen any prior sign of it in the woman. It was an instantaneous flare-up that was out of her control. And it wasn't sexual desire that was fueling her assault—it was sexual rage! It was the fury and the desire to avenge a rapist!

I was able to observe her emotional body while she was attempting to pin my ward's hands to the floor, and I could perceive the deep emotional scar caused by the rape she'd endured as a child. She had repressed this pain so deeply that she was consciously unaware of the abuse she'd suffered in her childhood. The repercussions had been shaping her life, making her incapable of forming loving relationships.

She was a tall, powerfully built, and darkly beautiful woman in her midthirties. She was intensely ambitious, channeling all her pain—and her

compulsive need to prove herself superior to men—into her work at the TV station. She was good at her job, yet the brutal way she'd seduced and then rejected the men in her life had made her disliked. She had slept her way unsentimentally to the top and currently had the station manager in her pocket, which made her invulnerable to the complaints of her fellow workers, many of whom she already controlled through their sexual guilt.

Over the course of her career she had become the most dangerous of people: a woman so profoundly in denial of her psychic and emotional damage that she compulsively acted out her pathology in all of her relationships. She had no empathy for those she hurt, no recognition of the damage she caused, and no self-awareness as to why she'd been creating these unfortunate effects.

Yet as can occur in these childhood sexual abuse situations, especially when the abuser has been the father—as was true in this case—a woman's pathology can become even more complicated. Added to the feelings of rage, fear, and pain are the unsustainable contradictory emotions of betrayal, love, guilt, and desire. The TV presenter's profile wasn't that of a woman who would turn to lesbianism out of her dislike for men, which might have allowed her some relief. No, indeed. This unfortunate woman was trapped in a far more painful cycle from which there was no such convenient sedative.

Given that she was an exceptionally good-looking woman, she was accustomed to seducing any man she set her sights on, but she was just as incapable of keeping them. She loathed and resented the men she slept with while simultaneously needing them to exact her revenge. As a passionate Italian woman, the act of having sex with a man would automatically evoke the sensual excitement she'd felt with her father. Sex would then be followed by bouts of intense guilt and self-disgust. This was projected onto the man, who would then be accused of being the sexual aggressor. An accusation like this, when used by a woman as a scalpel, will turn most men into shamed and guilty children, which in turn only further infuriates the woman.

My ward knew nothing of this when he walked innocently into the maw of this spider goddess. He couldn't have known, for example, that he bore some resemblance to the woman's abusive father. Nor could he have understood the effect his celibate unavailability had on a woman whose self-esteem rested on her ability to sexually dominate men. He was too young and inexperienced to have previously encountered the psychic damage that can

result from childhood sexual abuse. And, of course, he was still too unaware of himself to know that in Mary Ann he was already caught in the web of a woman with a sexual pathology not altogether dissimilar from that of the aggressive young woman who'd just tried to ravish him.

Today there is a much greater general awareness of the lasting emotional damage inflicted by sexual abuse in childhood, so my ward can't be faulted for his ignorance as a young man.

What I can tell him, however—because he never saw nor heard from her again—was that the woman's behavior had so deeply horrified her in retrospect that it jolted her into realizing how badly she needed psychotherapy. This started her off on the slow process of healing and reclaiming her true self.

It was only a week or so before Mein Host left Toronto for New York City, clutching the master tape of the Version's album, that he was required to attend the last of Mary Ann's sexual gatherings at the Omega's house on the outskirts of the city.

The orgy started in much the same way as the previous ones, with copious glasses of wine and spirits, thus flouting another of the Process rules, this one prohibiting alcohol. Lights were ordered dimmed, drapes drawn, and candles lit and strategically placed around the living room, presumably for romantic effect.

Everyone present knew what was coming, and I could see they were facing the encounter with a complex mixture of emotions. They realized that they were the privileged few—the elite of the elect, if you like—the only ones who were ever invited to these events; yet I could also sense most of them felt distinctly uneasy about these occasions. The sex was there to be confronted, and not necessarily enjoyed. I'd observed they hadn't greeted the invitation with much enthusiasm, yet I never overheard any one of them objecting, or declining to go. It would have been obvious to each of them that refusing to participate in the sexual shenanigans would have been extremely poorly regarded by the Omega.

After some awkward conversation, Mary Ann kicked the gathering off by instructing everyone to take off their clothes and telling them who should partner with whom. As in previous orgies, the Oracle and Teacher remained

fully dressed and seated outside the general melee on the carpeted floor. Mary Ann would get up every so often from her armchair and walk around, commenting on sexual techniques and giving tips to the writhing forms on the floor. She would rearrange partners and whisper in the ears of her favored matriarchs. In a few cases she had coupled otherwise heterosexual men together. I noticed she didn't include my ward in this as an active participant, much to his relief as I'd heard him tell Juliette afterward.

Robert, as he had previously, remained sitting quite still in his armchair, his eyes fixed on some distant point as if he was watching a cricket match. I could only assume he was wrestling with his own demons given that he must have known his wife had staged the event, in part anyway, to rattle his cage.

As the evening progressed Mary Ann surprised my ward by telling him and one of the young women to go upstairs and use a spare bedroom. This hadn't happened before, and I could see it puzzled him. Mary Ann had never shown much concern for other people's privacy. What could she have been up to?

He has since written about this odd situation as follows: "It happened to me with a woman I knew well enough to be a sister and with whom there was little mutual sexual attraction. After an uninspired and comically unsatisfactory attempt to fulfill Mary Ann's instructions, we stopped bothering and just laughed it off. On reflection, I can only think that because this woman was another of the Oracle's favorite matriarchs, Mary Ann was trying to delegate something of the control she had over me to her proxy."

I agree with my ward's assessment of Mary Ann's intention and only wish he'd been more aware of it at the time. As it was, the two of them lay together on the bed chatting innocently and laughing at the silliness of their task until they'd given it enough time and returned downstairs to join the others. I was not surprised to see both of them trying to delay this as long as possible.

However, the most disturbing event for my ward was when Mary Ann told him to join her in her bedroom. He appeared shocked—this had never happened to him before, nor to anyone else he knew about, for that matter—but, as he has since admitted, he was also aroused by the prospect. I chose to avert my eyes from this encounter, so here is my ward's brief description of what happened.

> Of course I was excited, and I would have been flattered too. I believed the woman was the living Goddess. Whether she had done this with any of my colleagues, I still have no idea, because I never saw any signs of it. She had some bizarre ideas, granted, but by that time I was hopelessly enmeshed in her web.
>
> The sex was mercifully unmemorable with the exception of its upsetting consummation. As I was coming to orgasm Mary Ann stuck a long-nailed finger up my virginal posterior. It was shocking, extremely painful, and did absolutely nothing to improve the pleasure. Quite the opposite.
>
> Now why would she have done that? Did she think I was a masochist? Did she imagine I might enjoy it? It didn't feel like a loving action—it was neither gentle nor considerate. Was it some way of coupling pleasure and pain—one of those arcane dominatrix tricks? I didn't quite know what to make of it, so I tucked aside the incident, which was never repeated nor ever referred to again.

Although that would be the last orgy my ward attended and he would never again be in a similar situation with Mary Ann, sex would continue to play a role in Mary Ann's manipulation of her followers.

And not only her followers.

She would use her deviousness to tempt Robert into a sexual betrayal that she then used to rid herself of her increasingly redundant husband. She would continue to separate married couples into different chapters if, in her opinion, they become too close and might share their secrets. She would set people up, encouraging them to find a sexual partner, and if they did she would excoriate them mercilessly for failing her test.

So perhaps it won't be altogether surprising that it will be Mary Ann's preoccupation with sexual manipulations that will so cloud her good judgment that her lies and misperceptions will become so blatant that they'll jolt my ward awake, to finally liberate him from her grasp.

However, that event is still some six years in the future.

AFTERWORD

The Implications of Angelic Rebellions

Lucifer's Alchemy, Sufis, Profound Ambiguity, Absolutist Myopia, and Learning to Serve

As I complete this, the fifth volume of my *Confessions*, I feel it is appropriate to take stock of how we are both progressing with this project. Am I cutting to the core of the issues I want to examine? Am I digging deep enough? Is my narrative of any value to those other than myself? Is Mein Host benefiting from my insights?

And, will I finally ever manage to get to Zandana again?

When I started working with Mein Host on this narrative I didn't know how it would turn out—whether it would be long or short, detailed or broad based, or what it might encompass. I'd never collaborated before with a mortal, and part of the interest for me is in discovering how the story emerges under such circumstances. I didn't contain the pattern of the narrative within me, as I might have under more formal circumstances. All I started this project with was as pure an intention as I could muster. This, in itself, has been an unusual sensation for a Watcher.

It was the rebellion, of course, that changed everything for us. It threw us out of our internal equilibrium. Those of us Watchers who were permitted to remain on our planets of assignment were among the most confused. Having been created for our functions in a Local Universe under MA's jurisdiction, we suddenly found ourselves precipitated—granted as a result of

our own choices—into an entirely unpredictable environment.

We were all experiencing unprecedented levels of personal freedom, which in the case of the rebel midwayers turned out to be an indulgence that proved all too tempting to exploit and, over time, to abuse. Prince Caligastia too has appeared unable, or unwilling, to make any constructive use of the increased freedoms accorded by the Lucifer doctrine.

However, whether this 203,000-year period of Lucifer's ascendancy will come to be considered as a bold experiment in personal freedom or whether the rebel angels will continue to be viewed in the worst possible light and the participants as criminals, the overall impact of the revolution has turned out ultimately to be far harder on mortals than on angels.

In fact, and I don't say this with pride, I believe I was one of the most fortunate among many others of my kind. Having been created and assigned as an observer to the Prince's mission prior to the rebellion, my function as an observing angel has been among those least disrupted by the changes in planetary administration. I have since wondered whether the relative ease with which I made the transition, as well as my owning a certain independence of mind (for a Watcher), were both key factors in favor of my ability to fulfill this task and why I might have been chosen for this project.

The fact there have only been two previous rebellions among the angels in this Local Universe suggests that in their very rarity these rebellions must reveal valuable information that is unavailable under normal conditions. If that information demonstrates merely the foolishness of rebelling against the Multiverse Administration, then wouldn't the details of such a failure be of great value for later analysis?

And if, as I have started to believe, the Lucifer Rebellion may have been sanctioned or even encouraged at the highest levels of the Local Universe administration, then my narrative could have even more value for those participants unaware of the roles they've been playing in this cosmic drama. The very fact that I'm permitted to write this extended study of what otherwise might well have remained unrevealed is a sure sign that matters are coming to a head on the planet.

Indeed, if I'm right in my most optimistic vision then this world will soon be assuming its rightful place in our Local Universe of ten million

inhabitable worlds.

I'm aware how very unlikely it must seem that a positive outcome could ever be achieved from the deteriorating global situation. That would be true if the planet was a closed system. But I'm sure you'll have gathered by now—if you don't already know it—that Earth, like all worlds, is very much an open system. This planet may have been quarantined as a result of the rebellion, but that doesn't mean it's not still a vibrant member of a vast and caring Multiverse. Just because the people of this planet have for so long believed themselves alone, the only intelligent life in the Universe, hasn't meant for one moment that said intelligent life lacks any belief in them.

In fact, it's the very isolation of the planet and the manner in which mortals attempt to conduct their lives *without* the constant guidance and supervision of celestials that touches the heart and gains such respect from those you'll encounter in the afterlife as you continue on your Multiverse adventure. You, who've lived on isolated rebel-held worlds are the exceptions. You'll have the best stories.

Over time it will become more generally understood that the original cause of the deplorable state of the biosphere as well as the suffering of so many on this world were set in motion by events over which humans had no control. The result being the chaos and corruption supported by agencies operating behind the scrim of reality. This has been the global reality for the long Dark Ages since the time of the angelic rebellion.

I fully realize this might be a bitter pill for an independent person to swallow. And it must be a shocking realization to know how profoundly affected life has been by unseen entities with dubious motives. Yet this knowledge can also do much to lift the pall of guilt, fear, and remorse that can so weigh down the collective human psyche and the World Mind.

My ward's worries in this matter are necessarily greater than mine, given that he is currently wearing a mortal body. His concerns for the shocking state of the biosphere are the concerns of a material being for a material world. But I can report some progress in this department over the course of our delving progressively deeper into this collaborative narrative. The book he wrote (without my direct collaboration) in 2010, *The Return of the Rebel Angels,* gives some insight into the challenges a human being faces in shedding the emotional armor and the habituated negative thought patterns gathered during a lifetime on this planet.

I would be remiss if I didn't comment briefly on my interview with Lucifer in an earlier volume of this narrative.

I found to my surprise that I wasn't cowed by his "nefarious presence," neither did I find him insane, nor unduly prideful, as he'd been painted by MA's propaganda. Although he had spoken then of his revolution as a preparatory stage in an act of planetary alchemy, he'd closed my mind to the memory of his revelation, in fact, until the time I came to record my encounter with Lucifer in this narrative. I can only think the timing of this is significant, and, as a consequence, I have been freed to speak about the deeper currents I believe to be running occulted beneath the angelic rebellion.

Now that I've had a chance to factor into my narrative what I'd remained ignorant of for all those millennia, I feel the structure of this convoluted interplanetary drama coming into clearer focus.

Here I need to be cautious not to get ahead of myself, because the final act of this drama, the act in which all will be revealed, is yet to come. It is also not an event that is mine to predict. What I am able to say at this stage is that all of us, mortal and Watcher alike, are in for the most sublimely glorious time of our lives.

But not quite yet.

And what of Mein Host?

We've left him at the end of this volume as a thirty-one-year-old man having just moved to New York City. He is, by any conventional standards, in the prime of his life. He's never broken a bone in his body and hasn't had a serious illness since his childhood. He throws himself into whatever interests him with considerable enthusiasm but is clearly still caught firmly in Mary Ann's web. He hasn't yet woken up to how much he has given away his personal power to this woman he believes is the incarnate Goddess.

He continues to believe the Process Church is a Mystery school and Mary Ann and Robert are his "Sufi teachers." He accepted them as being disguised in the manner described in Idries Shah's seminal book, *The Sufis*, which he'd read shortly after it came out in 1964. It had been a hardback copy of *The Sufis* that had fallen on his head, unpropelled by human hands, from the top shelf of a bookshop in Nottinghill Gate, which impelled him to buy the book. Even back then he wasn't so dense as to ignore such an

obvious sign.

Idries Shah's understanding that Sufism is an ancient path of universal wisdom, one that preceded Islam and transcends individual religions, clearly touched my ward deeply. Shah's emphasis that Sufism is adaptive, appearing in different guises in all cultures throughout human history; that Sufi teachers will appear unannounced whenever necessity demands it; that Sufism can be a psychological, secular path to wisdom—all this and more—had led my ward to the conviction that Mary Ann and Robert were indeed his teachers.

And herein lies the ambiguity.

I've no doubt Mein Host, at twenty-four years old, was completely sincere in his belief that Mary Ann was his Sufi teacher, just as he later came to believe she was the incarnate Goddess. Yet, as I'm sure by now you will have discerned, I didn't share his revelation. I have already noted that his companion angels (whether they shared his belief I never discovered) appeared to have supported his rejoining the group after his two-year hiatus back in the early days.

I believe it was this conviction—that Mary Ann was his Sufi teacher, and, as such, he was bound to her as an initiate in a vow of obedience—that permitted him to rationalize some of her more egregious behavior.

He knew from his reading that Sufi adepts were widely recognized for treating their students in unconventional and frequently confrontational ways that are difficult for outsiders to understand. He was also aware from his entheogenic journeys prior to joining the Process how deeply traumatized his subtle-energy bodies had been by his childhood terrors of the falling bombs. He was aware too that he was turning in to a hard, cynical young man by his early twenties and that he'd been using entheogens to try to break his head open.

At the time he'd joined Mary Ann and Robert in 1964, he acknowledged that his experiences with LSD and mescaline had shown him all too clearly how emotionally damaged he'd been in his early years. Acid had opened the doors of his self-perception, but he must have intuitively known that he was going to have to find another, more pragmatic, way of healing himself.

It was precisely at this point in time that he manifested the Process in his life. In the six subsequent years of community life that led up to his move

to Manhattan in 1971, Process life had allowed him some remarkably effective abreacted therapy, although he wouldn't have had the therapeutic lingo back then to describe what was happening to him. It seemed to me that he must have known intuitively that regardless of whether the Process was the authentic Mystery school he believed it was, and Mary Ann his Sufi teacher, or if it was all pure fabrication, was of far less importance than the benefit he felt he was deriving from his Process life, as well as the talents the experience had drawn out of him.

And yet, whether the woman was an authentic teacher, or a savvy dominatrix with a grandiose self-regard; whether the Process was a genuine Mystery school, or a manipulative cult; whether Mein Host was benefiting from his life in the community; or whether he had fallen victim to systemic mind control—what has been accomplished so far is that an emotionally armored, cynical, self-involved young man has been able to wholeheartedly give himself over to something greater than himself.

Although it appeared that my ward had given away his power to a vain and capricious woman, he *had* learned to serve. He'd been subject to arbitrary punishments, and through this he had learned to submit. His head had been filled with theological rhetoric, so he had the opportunity to discern truth from nonsense. He was living without personal money or possessions and had thus discovered their impermanence. He had given up the many choices and responsibilities of a regular adult life for the one overriding decision to be in the Process, and he was learning the value of simplicity.

Like everyone else in the community, he worked seven days a week, between sixteen and eighteen hours each day, and he hadn't had a vacation for six years. His only free time was on Thursday afternoons and evenings. He clearly enjoyed pushing himself to the limit.

When he was promoted from "prophet" to "priest," he was given power over those beneath him in the hierarchy. He learned to wield that power with delicacy and wisdom. He'd been bumped to the bottom of the newly forming hierarchy when he'd rejoined the Process after leaving for those two years. This diminution, although obviously intended to humiliate him, had allowed him the experience of serving at the behest of high-handed bullies who took advantage of their power over him. His obvious value to the community permitted him to quickly rise back up the hierarchy to a position of authority, but with those years of disgrace behind him, he understood how to treat those

below him in the hierarchy with fairness and respect.

I have no doubt that at this point he felt completely devoted to Mary Ann and committed to a life in the Process Church. I know he wasn't deeply moved by the church's developing theology, but he told himself he was not there for the theology; he was there for experience and for the Goddess. He showed no sign of wanting to leave, as he had once before, because he now believed he was being given opportunities to face challenges that would be unavailable to him under normal circumstances. When someone from outside the group suggested, as they sometimes did, that one day my ward would leave the community, he would firmly dismiss any possibility of that. He was "in the Process for keeps," was how I heard him express it.

Yet the deeper truth of this was one that my ward would not understand for many years. As with so many of the young European men and women with any imagination who were growing up with memories of the Second World War, only to then find themselves under constant threat of atomic annihilation, my ward had never given any serious thought to his future.

It was this feeling of personal helplessness and imminent disaster that lay beneath much of the behavior of susceptible young people during the 1960s and 1970s. Some fought against their sense of personal impotence by marching with the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND) against the war in Vietnam and American military aggression. A large number turned away from the world to become beatniks and hippies. Too many gave themselves over to mind-numbing drugs and an easy escape. Need I add that many of these young people belonged to the wave of rebel angels who incarnated in mortal bodies in the middle of the twentieth century? And, while all this unrest was rising to the surface, the unthinking majority closed their eyes, denied the rapidly deteriorating environment, and settled into their lives of quiet desperation.

I heard many people comment to one another at that time that everything they had previously held secure was disappearing, just dropping away. These were people who bent themselves into the shapes expected of them by their factories and offices, who mindlessly manufactured weaponry, or who worked as office drones for soulless corporations—people who found their solace in alcohol and the repetitive patterns of hive life.

It was a time primed for communities. Some groups headed for the hills and ducked their heads; some tried to start over on isolated islands; a few

took up opposition to the established order; while many others either took up religion, or entirely rejected it.

The Process was unique in this respect. They appeared to greet the end of the world with enthusiasm. “Another day nearer the end!” I heard Mein Host joke more than once, and with some relief, after a particularly demanding day. The propaganda issuing from PROCESS magazines and books explicitly celebrated the final times of a brutalized and corrupted civilization as well as a welcome conclusion to what they referred to sardonically as “the human game.”

Process propaganda was making a convincing case for the end of the world and many of them were absolutely sure it would be soon. Surely within their lifetimes, but somewhat to their credit, they were never foolish enough to fall into the trap of predicting a particular date.

A psychology degree isn’t required to understand that the very absolutism with which they held this conviction is a clue that they were projecting their own fear of death and their desperate sense of helplessness out onto the collective. It was this innate sense of catastrophobia that Mary Ann was able to stir up into a mutually agreed upon reality amongst her followers. This was Sigmund Freud’s Thanatos Principle on steroids, a death wish taken to the absurd extreme of welcoming the end of the world and reinforced by the belief that they alone possessed the ultimate truth. A belief like this, when it’s held with such fervid certainty—as many prophets of doom before Mary Ann have discovered—can weld their believers into a tight-knit community determined to prove it’s correct and the rest of the world is wrong.

Mein Host may not have bought into the theology of the Process Church, but he spoke with considered passion about the end of the world and the death of the human species. In his case, it wasn’t thermonuclear devastation that so concerned him but the seemingly inexorable destruction of the nature world.

What my ward couldn’t have known that cold winter of 1971, with all the excitement of the prospect of a life in New York City opening up before him, was that in less than two years he will die. He will have the near-death experience that will change everything. He will encounter a Being of Light exuding love and wisdom. He will be informed he’s completed what he’d come to do and he will be given the choice to continue or to return to life.

It won’t be a simple or easy journey, but after returning from his NDE it will be with a quiet certainty in the reality of the afterlife realms, the knowledge that each mortal life has profound meaning and purpose, and an awareness of the part angels play in human life.

It will take Mein Host another four years after his NDE to finally release himself from Mary Ann’s web, leave the community and start his new life. He will take what he learned from his NDE and start what will become a thirty-year personal exploration of the hidden presence and influence of non-human intelligences, namely cetaceans, extraterrestrials, devas and nature spirits and angels, gaining knowledge and growing in confidence as his encounters unfold.

I watched this transition with mounting interest and supported him in my own quiet way, as I knew his growing familiarity with the unseen realms would work to ease the path to our eventual relationship. But that will be some years in the future and my ward still has much to explore and experience of the depths and heights of his own nature before we will both be fully prepared to embark on this unique collaboration.

Thus, as this volume of my *Confessions* comes to a close, I bide my time. Ever the Watcher, I wait and observe my ward’s life play itself out with a growing sense that he will indeed survive long enough to undertake this project. And he’ll give me a rough ride of it, I can tell you!

Although these coming years—thankfully now free of Mary Ann’s influence—will be an emotional roller-coaster ride for me, he will need this wide variety of extreme experiences to fully come to terms with his angelic identity, albeit once a rebel angel.

In the next volumes of my *Confessions*, my faithful readers may well find my ward’s experiences and insights increasingly helpful in furthering your own spiritual awakening. By no means all are rebel angel incarnates, but all are participating in the great awakening.

APPENDIX

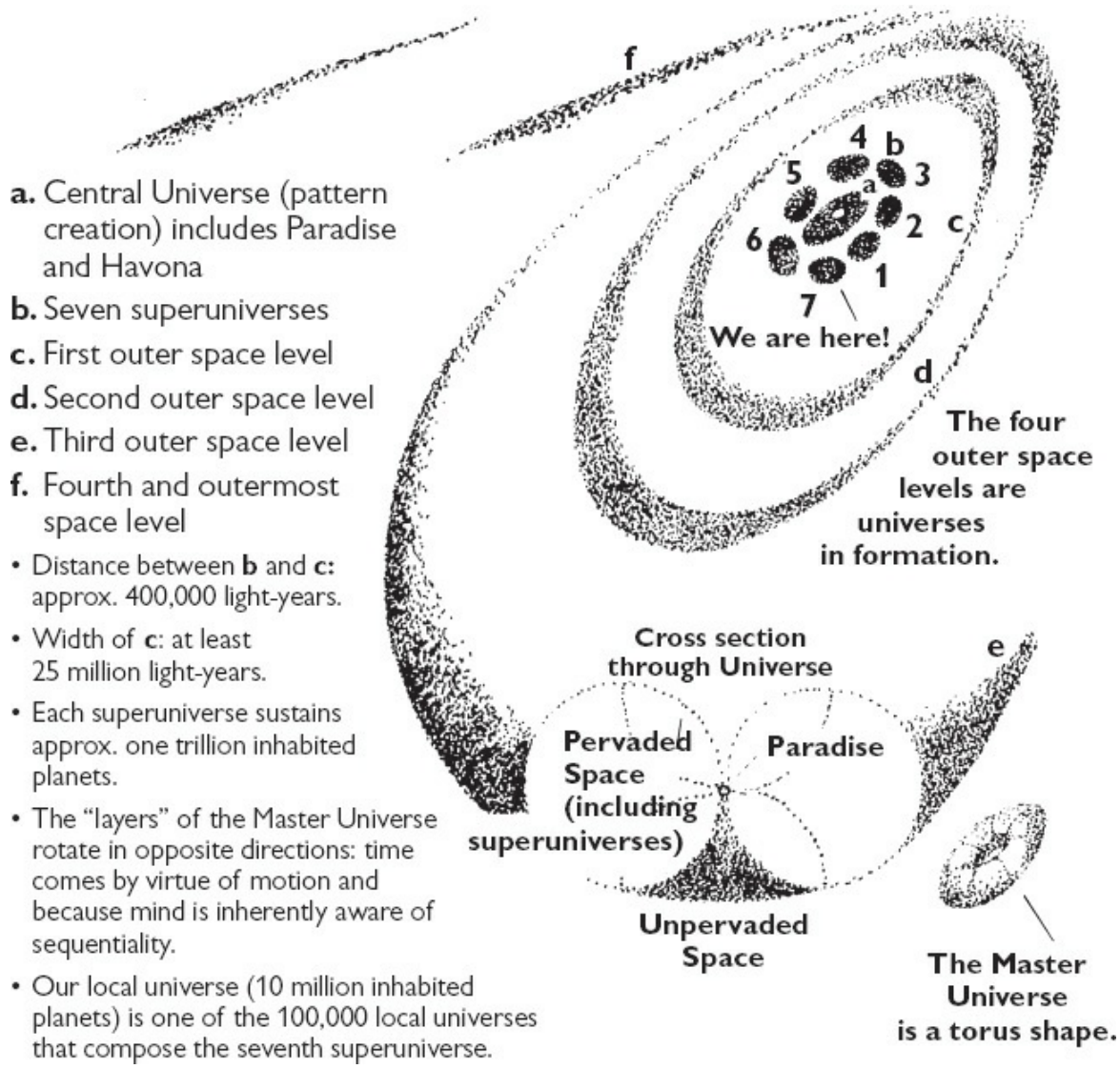
The Angelic Cosmology

Different versions of the so-called War in Heaven appear so frequently in indigenous legends and mythologies from all over the world, as well as in the sacred books and traditions of major religions, that the war is more than likely based on a real event. I believe the most authoritative account can be found in *The Urantia Book*, where it is referred to as "the Lucifer Rebellion."

Thirty years after first reading *The Urantia Book*, I still regard it as the most reliable source of information about both extraterrestrial and celestial activities. It is broken down into four parts devoted to the following subjects: the nature of God, the Central and Superuniverses; the Local Universe; the History of Urantia (their name for this planet); and the Life and Teachings of Jesus Christ. (For a definition of terms common to both *The Urantia Book* and this book, please refer to the glossary.)

According to the Urantia model, there are seven Superuniverses, which together compose the material Multiverse. These seven Super-universes form the substance of the finite Multiverse and circle the Central Universe, which can be visualized as the hole in the center of the toroidal form of the Multiverse.

Each Superuniverse contains one hundred thousand Local Universes, each of which has its own Creator Son (ours is Christ Michael or Jesus Christ) and its own Divine Mother—these are the Creator Beings of their domain. This pair of High Beings modulate the energy down stepped from the Central Universe to create and form the beings and the planetary biospheres with their Local Universe. Each Local Universe sustains ten million inhabited planets broken out into ten thousand Local Systems.


a. Central Universe (pattern creation) includes Paradise and Havona
b. Seven superuniverses
c. First outer space level
d. Second outer space level
e. Third outer space level
f. Fourth and outermost space level
• Distance between b and c: approx. 400,000 light-years.
• Width of c: at least 25 million light-years.
• Each superuniverse sustains approx. one trillion inhabited planets.
• The "layers" of the Master Universe rotate in opposite directions: time comes by virtue of motion and because mind is inherently aware of sequentiality.
• Our local universe (10 million inhabited planets) is one of the 100,000 local universes that compose the seventh superuniverse.
f
4
b
5
a
3
2
c
6
1
7
We are here!
d
The four outer space levels are universes in formation.
Cross section through Universe
e
Pervaded Space (including superuniverses)
Paradise
Unpervaded Space
The Master Universe is a torus shape.

Master Universe Structure (from *The Urantia Book,* p. 129)

Each Local System, in turn, contains one thousand inhabited, or to be inhabited, planets, and each has its own System Sovereign (ours was Lucifer) appointed to govern the system. Each planet, in turn, has a Planetary Prince (ours was Prince Caligastia) who oversees their particular world.

According to *The Urantia Book*, Lucifer and Satan (Lucifer's main assistant) came to believe that an elaborate conspiracy had been concocted by the Creator Sons of the Local Universes to promote the existence of a fictitious Unseen Divinity, which the Creator Sons then used as a control device to manipulate the orders of celestials and angels within their creations. Having announced the existence of this conspiracy, Lucifer demanded more

autonomy for all beings and for System Sovereigns and Planetary Princes to follow their own approaches for accelerating the spiritual development of their mortal charges.

The revolutionaries quickly gained followers, and the rebellion spread rapidly to affect thirty-seven planets in our system, with Urantia, our planet Earth, being one of them. Choice was given to the many angels involved with supervising system activities as to whether to join the rebel faction.

Lucifer's charge—that too much attention was being given to ascending mortals—appeared to ring true to a large number of angels, as well as the thirty-seven pairs of administrative angels: the Planetary Princes and their assistants who were responsible for the orderly progression of mortal (human) beings on their worlds. The revolution was effectively suppressed by the administration authorities and recast as a heinous rebellion, its immediate consequence being the removal of Lucifer and Satan from their posts in the system.

At the time of the Lucifer Rebellion, the vast majority of the fifty thousand midway angels on Earth—40,119—aligned themselves with Lucifer and Satan. They were destined to remain on our planet until the time of Christ, when, according to *The Urantia Book*, it was one of Christ's occulted functions to remove them. It is a brief reference, and no further details are given in the book as to where the rebel midwayers were taken. However, with the removal of these rebel midwayers, a mere 9,981 loyalist midwayers remained here to fulfill the tasks of five times their number.

As a result of all of this, in contrast to a normal planet (one not quarantined), on which angelic companions and the presence of helpful midwayers and extraterrestrials must be commonplace knowledge, we Earthlings have slumbered in our corner of a populated Multiverse, unaware of who we are and how we got this way. Having been quarantined and isolated from normal extraterrestrial activity for the long 203,000 years since the rebellion, we first lost touch with, and then forgot entirely, our rightful place in the populated Multiverse. Given this, we were bound to evolve as a troubled species. Our world is one of the few planets that, due to the Lucifer Rebellion, have been thrown off their normal patterns of development.

This disquieting situation, this planetary quarantine, has persisted for more than 200,000 years, only to have finally been adjudicated, in my understanding, in the early 1980s.

Given that the planetary quarantine has finally been lifted, the rest of the Multiverse is now able to make legitimate contact with us. More recently what we are witnessing is both the return of the rebel midwayers (the Beings of the Violet Flame), who are now coming back to assist us in the coming transformation of our world, and, perhaps of more personal interest to my readers, the many angels who aligned with Lucifer at the time of the rebellion are incarnating as mortals.

In a compassionate and loving Multiverse, we can draw deep encouragement from the fact that the rebel angels are being offered mortal incarnation on one of the thirty-seven isolated worlds. There is both a karmic pattern to this and a chance for personal redemption. It seems it is a fit task for those who originally instigated and supported the angelic revolution, that an opportunity has been given to serve on these isolated planets. These are worlds that are only now emerging from an interminably long Dark Age, and it is both a gift and a privilege for incarnate rebel angels to be playing their part in shaking off the shades of the past, so that a world such as ours can fulfill her remarkable destiny.

Glossary

Many valuable insights from many different sources have contributed to the themes and fundamental questions that this series of books, the *Confessions* series, seeks to explore, but the most reliable and comprehensive exposition of God, the Universe, and Everything that I have come across remains *The Urantia Book.* A number of the concepts and words below are drawn from it and marked (UB), but the definitions are mine.

Albedo: the second stage of the alchemical process resulting from the slow burning out of the impurities present in the first stage.

Angel: a general term for any order of being who administers within a Local Universe.

Atman, Indwelling Spirit, Thought Adjuster (UB): an essence of the Creator that indwells all mortal beings, human and extraterrestrial.

Bioplasm (UB): a constituent of an individual's genome required to reconstitute a biological duplicate of the bioplasm's donor, or for calibrating a cloned physical vehicle to its intended environment.

Caligastia (UB): a Secondary Lanonandek Son who served as Planetary Prince of this world and who aligned himself with Lucifer.

Cano (UB): Young Nodite aristocrat who mated with Eve, the female visitor.

Central Universe (UB): the abode of the original Creator God/s—the Father, the Mother/Son, and the Holy Spirit (UB). If the Multiverse is a torus, then the Central Universe is the hole in the middle existing on a far finer frequency and from which energy is down-stepped to form the building blocks of the Multiverse.

Citrinitas: advanced state of spiritual enlightenment whereby the alchemist can make an ultimate unification with the Supreme.

Creator Sons (UB): co-creators—each having a female complement, the

Mother Spirit (UB)—of each of the 700,000 Local Universes (UB). The co-creators of the Local Universes modulate the downstepped energies from the Central Universe to design the life-forms for those beings existing within all the frequency domains of their Local Universe.

Daligastia (UB): a Secondary Lanonandek Son who served as Caligastia's right-hand aide.

Demons: negative thoughtforms.

Devas: the coordinating spirits of the natural world. All living organisms are cared for by devas (or nature spirits). In the human being the deva is that which coordinates and synchronizes the immense amount of physical and biochemical information that keeps our bodies alive.

Eidetic Screen: A metaphorical screen that can be imagined inside the curve of the skull, like a two-way mirror upon which images can be displayed, either internally generated, or projected from a telepathic source.

Energy Beings (UB): Sentient beings whose sphere of responsibility includes the control and manipulation of the fundament energies in the Multiverse.

Extraterrestrial: mortal beings such as ourselves who hail from more developed worlds with access to our frequency domain.

Fandor (UB): a large semi-telepathic passenger bird said to have become extinct about thirty-eight thousand years ago.

Frequency domain: the spectrum of frequencies that support the life-forms whose senses are tuned to that specific spectrum.

God: in *my* personal experience, God is both the Creator and the totality of Creation, manifest and unmanifest, immanent and transcendent.

Guardian (Companion) Angels (UB): function in pairs to ensure their mortal wards grow in spirit over the course of their lifetimes.

Indwelling Spirit, Atman, Thought Adjuster (UB): an essence of the Creator that indwells all mortal beings, human and extraterrestrial.

Janda-chi: the second of the two Planetary Princes on the planet Zandana.

Jesus Christ: the Michaelson (UB) of our Local Universe (UB) who incarnated as Jesus Christ in the physical body of Joshua ben Joseph; he is also known as Michael of Nebadon (UB).

Lanaforge (UB): a primary Lanonandek Son who succeeded Lucifer as System Sovereign.

Lanonandek Order of Sonship (UB): The third order of Local Universe Descending Sons of God who serve as System Sovereigns (Primary Lanonandeks) and Planetary Princes (Secondary Lanonandeks).

Local System (UB): our Local System, named Satania (UB), is believed to currently possess between 600 and 650 inhabited planets. Earth is numbered 606 in this sequence (UB).

Local System HQ Planet, Jerusem (UB): the political and social center of the Satania System.

Local Universe (UB): a grouping of planets that comprises 10 million inhabited worlds.

Lucifer (UB): deposed System Sovereign and primary protagonist in the rebellion among the angels.

Lucifer Rebellion (UB): A rebellion among the angels occurring 203,000 years ago on Jerusem that affected thirty-seven inhabited worlds, of which Earth was one.

Master Universe (UB): the Multiverse that contains the seven Super-universes (UB).

Melchizedek Sons/Brothers (UB): a high order of Local Universe Sons devoted primarily to education and who function as planetary administrators in emergencies.

Midwayers or **Midway Creatures (UB):** intelligent beings, imperceptible to humans, who exist in a contiguous frequency domain and serve as the permanent planetary citizens.

Mortal Ascension Scheme (UB): the process by which all mortal beings who live and die on the material worlds of the Local Systems pass up through the seven subsequent levels to Jerusem, where they embark on their Universe career.

Mortals (UB): intelligent beings who emerge as a result of biological evolutionary processes on a planet. Souls are born to their immortal lives as mortals, whose physical bodies live and die before they are given the choice to continue their Multiverse career.

Mother Spirit (UB): with the Michaelson, the female co-creator of a Local

Universe.

Multiverse: the author's term for the entire range of frequency domains, on every level of the Master Universe (UB).

Multiverse Administration (MA): the author's general term for the celestial administration, with special reference to the Local Universe bureaucracy.

Nebadon (UB): the name of this Local Universe of 10 million inhabited planets.

Nodites (UB): descendants of the illicit interbreeding between selected mortals and, on realizing they were doomed to physical death, those of the Prince's staff who followed Caligastia's uprising.

Nodu, Nod (UB): Nodu is Georgia's informal, but respectful, name for the member of the Prince's staff who opposed Caligastia and who, in time, led his people to the Islands of Mu.

Omega, The: The collective Process name for Robert and Mary Ann as well as for wherever they were calling their home at the time.

Oracle, The: The Process spiritual title for Mary Ann, as Robert's title was the Teacher

Satan (UB): Lucifer's right-hand aide who co-instigated the angelic rebellion 203,000 years ago.

Serapatatia (UB): Nodite prince who persuaded Eve to accelerate the visitors' mission by mating with Cano and creating a singular Nodite bloodline with a healthy dash of violet blood.

Seraphic Overgovernment (UB): The many celestials who serve on inhabited third-density planets function under the oversight of a Seraphic Overgovernment.

Seraph(im) (UB): a high order of angels whose functions include that of companion (guardian) angels, or, like Georgia, observing angels.

Seraphic Transport System (UB): Transport Seraphs, living beings who carry non-material beings, Watchers as well as ascending mortals, to the other worlds on a variety of frequency domains within the Multiverse.

Solonia (UB): the seraphic "voice in the garden" (UB) who admonished the visitors and had them leave their garden home and start their long journey to settle in the Land of the Two Rivers.

Superuniverse (UB): a Universe that contains one hundred thousand Local Universes.

System of Planets (UB): a grouping of planets consisting of a thousand inhabited, or to be inhabited, planets.

System of Satania: The system of planets within which Earth is but one of the more than 650 inhabited worlds of the one thousand planets within its administrative domain, and the locale of the Lucifer revolution.

System Sovereign (UB): the administrative angel, together with an assistant of the same rank, who is in overall authority of a Local System. Lucifer and Satan were the pair in charge of this system of planets.

Thoughtforms: quasi-life-forms existing in the astral regions, drawing their limited power from strong emotional thoughts projected out from human mentation, both conscious and unconscious. Thoughtforms can be negative or positive. Localized negative ones are referred to as fear-impacted thoughtforms.

Transport Seraphim: order of Seraphim specifically created as sentient vehicles to make interplanetary transit available in the fourth and fifth dimensions.

Ultraterrestrial or **Intraterrestrial Beings:** the beings who inhabit our neighboring frequency domain and whom *The Urantia Book* calls the midwayers or midway creatures.

Unava: Chief of Staff to Prince Zanda, the senior of the two Planetary Princes of the neighboring planet Zandana.

Universe Career (UB): a mortal's destiny, unless chosen otherwise, to rise through the many hundreds of levels of the Multiverse to finally encounter the Creator.

Violet Blood (UB): the potential of an infusion of a slightly higher frequency genetic endowment, which results in more acute senses and a deeper spiritual awareness and responsiveness.

Zanda: senior Planetary Prince of Zandana, a planet named in his honor and to which Georgia has made frequent visits.

Zandana: a neighboring planet developing within approximately the same time frame as Earth and whose Planetary Princes also followed Lucifer into revolution.

Footnotes

*1. Thirty years after first reading *The Urantia Book*, I still regard it as the most reliable source of information about both extraterrestrial and celestial activities. The book is broken down into four parts devoted to the following subjects: the Nature of God and the Central and Superuniverses, the Local Universe, the History of Urantia (their name for this planet), and the Life and Teachings of Jesus Christ.

*2. Timothy Wyllie with Adam Parfrey, *Love, Sex, Fear, Death: The Inside Story of the Process Church of the Final Judgment* (Port Townsend, Wash.: Feral House, 2009).

About the Author

Timothy Wyllie chose to be born in London in 1940 at the height of the Battle of Britain. Surviving an English public school education unbroken, he studied architecture, qualifying in 1964 and practicing in London and the Bahamas. During this time he also worked with two others to create a Mystery school, which came to be known as the Process Church, and subsequently traveled with the community throughout Europe and America. He became art director of PROCESS magazine, designing a series of magazines in the 1960s and ’70s that have recently become recognized as among the prime progenitors of psychedelic magazine design. In 1975 Wyllie became the director of the New York headquarters and organized a series of conferences and seminars on such unorthodox issues as out-of-body travel, extraterrestrial encounters, alternative cancer therapies, and Tibetan Buddhism. After some fractious and fundamental disagreements with his colleagues in the community, he left to start a new life in 1977. The record of

Wyllie's fifteen years in the Mystery school of the Process Church and the true account of this eccentric spiritual community appears in his book *Love, Sex, Fear, Death: The Inside Story of the Process Church of the Final Judgment,* which was published by Feral House in 2009. It is slowly becoming a cult classic.

A profound near-death experience in 1973 confirmed for Wyllie the reality of other levels of existence and instigated what has become a lifetime exploration of nonhuman intelligences. Having created his intention, the Multiverse opened in a trail of synchronicities that led to his swimming with a coastal pod of wild dolphins, two extraterrestrial encounters—during one of which he was able to question the ET mouthpiece as to some of the ways of the inhabited Multiverse—and finally to an extended dialogue with a group of angels speaking through a light-trance medium in Toronto, Canada.

Wyllie's first phase of spiritual exploration was published as *The DETA Factor: Dolphins, Extraterrestrials & Angels* by Coleman Press in 1984 and republished by Bear & Company as *Dolphins, ETs & Angels* in 1993.

His second book, *Dolphins, Telepathy & Underwater Birthing,* published by Bear & Company in 1993, was republished by Wisdom Editions in 2001 under the title *Adventures Among Spiritual Intelligences: Angels, Aliens, Dolphins & Shamans*. In this book Wyllie continues his travels exploring Balinese shamanic healing, Australian Aboriginal cosmology, human underwater birthing, dolphin death and sexuality, entheogenic spirituality, the gathering alien presence on the planet, and his travels with a Walk-In, along with much else.

Wyllie's work with the angels through the 1980s resulted in the book *Ask Your Angels: A Practical Guide to Working with Your Messengers of Heaven to Empower and Enrich Your Life,* written with Alma Daniel and Andrew Ramer and published by Ballantine Books in 1992. After spending time at the top of the New York Times religious bestsellers, *Ask Your Angels* went on to become an international success in eleven translations.

The Return of the Rebel Angels continues the series he began with *Dolphins, ETs & Angels* and *Adventures Among Spiritual Intelligences,* presenting further in-depth intuitive explorations of nonhuman intelligences. It draws together the many meaningful strands of Wyllie's thirty-year voyage of discovery into unknown and long-taboo territories in a coherent and remarkably optimistic picture for the immediate future of the human species,

with the inconspicuous help of a benign and richly inhabited living Multiverse.

The Helianx Proposition: The Return of the Rainbow Serpent—A Cosmic Creation Fable, also thirty years in the making, is Wyllie's illustrated mythic exploration of an ancient extraterrestrial personality and its occult influence on life in this world. Published by Daynal Institute Press in 2010, it includes two DVDs and two CDs of associated material. The CDs contain nineteen tracks of the author's visionary observations, augmented by Emmy-winning musician the late Jim Wilson, master of digital sonic manipulation.

Confessions of a Rebel Angel, Wyllie's first collaboration with Georgia, emerged in 2012, published by Inner Traditions • Bear & Company, who followed up with *Revolt of the Rebel Angels* in 2013, *Rebel Angels in Exile* in 2014, and *Wisdom of the Watchers* in 2015. Wyllie carries on working in collaboration with Georgia on her *Confessions* series and can only hope that his stalwart publisher and his small but growing readership will continue to be fascinated and educated by this multidimensional, multiplanetary, multivolume overview of the past half a million years of global activity.

Wyllie lives in a house of his own design at the foot of a mesa somewhere in the wilds of the New Mexico high desert.

BOOKS BY TIMOTHY WYLLIE

The DETA Factor: Dolphins, Extraterrestrials & Angels, 1984 (currently in print as *Dolphins, ETs & Angels,* 1993).

Ask Your Angels: A Practical Guide to Working with the Messengers of Heaven to Empower and Enrich Your Life, 1992 (cowritten with Alma Daniel and Andrew Ramer).

Dolphins, Telepathy & Underwater Birthing, 1993 (currently in print as *Adventures Among Spiritual Intelligences: Angels, Aliens, Dolphins & Shamans,* 2001).

Contacting Your Angels Through Movement, Meditation & Music, 1995 (with Elli Bambridge).

Love, Sex, Fear, Death: The Inside Story of the Process Church of the Final Judgment, 2009 (editor, with Adam Parfrey).

The Helianx Proposition: The Return of the Rainbow Serpent—A Cosmic Creation Fable, 2010.

The Return of the Rebel Angels: The Urantia Mysteries and the Coming of the Light, 2011.

Confessions of a Rebel Angel: The Wisdom of the Watchers and the Destiny of Planet Earth, 2012.

Revolt of the Rebel Angels: The Future of the Multiverse, 2013.

Rebel Angels in Exile: Pleiadians, Watchers, and the Spiritual Quickening of Humanity, 2014.

Wisdom of the Watchers: Teachings of the Rebel Angels on Earth's Forgotten Past, 2015.

About Inner Traditions • Bear & Company

Founded in 1975, Inner Traditions is a leading publisher of books on indigenous cultures, perennial philosophy, visionary art, spiritual traditions of the East and West, sexuality, holistic health and healing, self-development, as well as recordings of ethnic music and accompaniments for meditation.

In July 2000, Bear & Company joined with Inner Traditions and moved from Santa Fe, New Mexico, where it was founded in 1980, to Rochester, Vermont. Together Inner Traditions • Bear & Company have eleven imprints: Inner Traditions, Bear & Company, Healing Arts Press, Destiny Books, Park Street Press, Bindu Books, Bear Cub Books, Destiny Recordings, Destiny Audio Editions, Inner Traditions en Español, and Inner Traditions India.

For more information or to browse through our more than one thousand titles in print and ebook formats, visit www.InnerTraditions.com.

Become a part of the Inner Traditions community to receive special offers and members-only discounts.

BOOKS OF RELATED INTEREST

Wisdom of the Watchers
Teachings of the Rebel Angels on Earth's Forgotten Past
by Timothy Wyllie

Rebel Angels in Exile
Pleiadians, Watchers, and the Spiritual Quickening of Humanity
by Timothy Wyllie

The Return of the Rebel Angels
The Urantia Mysteries and the Coming of the Light
by Timothy Wyllie

Confessions of a Rebel Angel
The Wisdom of the Watchers and the Destiny of Planet Earth
by Timothy Wyllie

Revolt of the Rebel Angels
The Future of the Multiverse
by Timothy Wyllie

Dolphins, ETs & Angels
Adventures Among Spiritual Intelligences
by Timothy Wyllie

Bringers of the Dawn
Teachings from the Pleiadians
by Barbara Marciniak

The Pleiadian Agenda

A New Cosmology for the Age of Light
by Barbara Hand Clow

INNER TRADITIONS • BEAR & COMPANY
P.O. Box 388
Rochester, VT 05767
1-800-246-8648
www.InnerTraditions.com

Or contact your local bookseller

Bear & Company
One Park Street
Rochester, Vermont 05767
www.BearandCompanyBooks.com

Bear & Company is a division of Inner Traditions International

Copyright © 2016 by Timothy Wyllie
Illustrations copyright © 2016 by Timothy Wyllie and June Atkin

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or utilized in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Wyllie, Timothy, 1940–
Awakening of the watchers : the secret mission of the rebel angels in the forbidden quadrant / Timothy Wyllie.
pages cm
Includes index.
print ISBN: 978-1-59143-251-7
ebook ISBN: 978-1-59143-252-4
1. Cosmology, Ancient--Miscellanea. 2. Occultism. I. Title.
BF1999.W93 2015
001.94—dc23

2015030406

To send correspondence to the author of this book, mail a first-class letter to the author c/o Inner Traditions • Bear & Company, One Park Street,

Rochester, VT 05767, and we will forward the communication, or contact the author through his website at **www.timothywyllie.com**.

Index

Numbers in *italics* preceded by *pl.* indicate colored plate numbers.
All page numbers are refer to the print edition of this title.

9/11 attacks, 253

Aaron, Father, 11–13, 21, 23–24, 31–32, 83, 86, 95–97
Absorptions, 83, 86, 95–97, 101–3, 298–99
accidents, 36, 162–67
acid brownies, 31–38
actions, 135–36
Adam, 67, 185–86
Afghanistan, 55
After the Earthquake, pl.3
agriculture, 267–68
Alexander the Great, 26–29
Alfa Romeo Spider, 117, 125–26
Alpha, The, 214–15
Amadon, 16, 66–67
Amasis II, 28
ambition, 51–52
America, 252–54
Angelic Cosmology, 4, 317–20
angels, nature of, 53–54
anger, 3, 71
animals, 100–101, 111, 207
Anna, 234–36, 243–51

Appian Way, 60–65
Applewhite, Marshall, 197
Apries, 28
architecture, 149–51
Arizona, 44–45
Armageddon, 29
Ashley, Christopher, 264–66, 280, 282–85, 286
Asperger's syndrome, 13
Astar, 17–20, 120, 122–23, 188–89, 204–8, 216–20
Atlantic Ocean, 26
Atlantis, 25–26, 28–30
  arrival of Lemurians, 39–42
  catastrophes and, 132–37, 178–81, 185–91
financial situation of, 121–22
stratification of society, 42–43, 86–94
Atlas, 88–89
Atman, 180–81, 239
atomic weapons, 75
Auger, Brian, 61–62
Australia, 20
authentic angels, 3–4
authoritarian personality, 101–3
Aztec incident, 200

Bailey, David, 22
basalt, 16–17
Beatles, 20
Beauty, 77
Beck, Julian, 11–12, 22
Benjamin, 261
Berlin Wall, 149
Best Friends, 100–101
betrayal, 101–2

Bible, 134
birth control, 103
Black Science, 200
blame, 2, 34–38
Blenheim Palace, 144, 149–51
Blue People, 231–33, 238–39, 295–97
boatbuilding, 40, 43
Bon, 66
Bond, Bryce, 194
Born, Max, 11–12, 21–22, 48
Bowling for Columbine, 171
Bozon music, 223
brownies, 21, 31–38, 46–48
Bruno, Giordano, 9–11, 136
Buddhism, 14–15
burials, 267

Caligastia, Prince, 11, 39, 42, 68–69, 134–35, 185–91, 228–31, 251, 292–94
Caligula, 67
Campo de'Fiori, 9
car accidents, 154–56, 162
Carnevali, Emanuel, 8
Castle Howard, 150
catastrophes, 132–37, 156–61, 178–81
catastrophobia, 133
Catherine, 97–98, 211, 299, 300
Catholics and Catholicism, 9–11, 145, 146–47, 211–12, 298
celebrities, 48–50, 112
celibacy, 71, 298–99, 300, 301
Cell Mitosis Model (CMM), 209–10
centrifugal force, 17
chanting, 126
Charles I, King, 145
Charles II, King, 146, 149

childbirth, 279
children
  rearing of, 97–98
  as superrace, 101–3
  treatment of, 96–101
Children's Chapter, 99–100
Chile, 44–45
Churchill, Winston, 8
City of Dalamatia, 41
Cley Hill, 182–83, 194
Clinton, William, 171
cold war, 200
collective shift, 81
Columbine massacre, 171
comets, 75
Confessions of a Rebel Angel, 2, 5
consciousness, 81–82, 126–28, 242
Copernicus, 57
copper, 44
Count, The, 112–17
Creation, 41
Cro-Magnons, 239, 256–57, 266–79, 295–97
Cromwell, Oliver, 146–47
crop circles, 167–68
Crystalline Earth Grid, 18
cyclones, 156
Cynxtputz, 246–51
Cyrus, 261

Dalamatia, 41
Dali, Salvador, 49
DAL Universe, 122–23
death, 54, 163
  angel's understanding of, 176–77
  Atlantis and, 178–81
  fear of, 170–76, 178

DEATH issue, 235–36
Dee, John, 9
déjà vu, 53–54
demons, 3
devastation, 54
devil, 9
Diana, 210–13
discarnate obsessives, 3
disillusionment, 40–41
Divine, 76
Divine King, 66
divine punishment, 134
Divine Rights of Kings, 67, 146–49
Divine Twins, 66
Divinity, 41
dogs, 111, 129–31, 137–42
dolphins, 90–94, 103–9, 118–19, 131–32
Dolphins, ETs and Angels, 195
Dominic, 259
Donyale, Luna, 70–73
Dreamtime, 217
dumpster diving, 21
dwarves, 44
Dyer, Edward, 9

earthquakes, 75
Easter Island, 20
education, 100
Egypt and Egyptians, 26–29, 55–59
electric eels, 16–17
electricity, 16–17
electromagnetism, 20
elephants, 89
emotional intelligence, 251–52
empath training, 114
empathy, 38–39

enemies, 70
Energy Beings, 18
English Channel, 131
entheogens, 50–51, 57–59, 235–36
Europe, 20
Eve, 67, 185–86
extraterrestrials, 15–16, 23, 194–202, 255–56
Ezekiel, 80

famine, 56–57
Father Sun, 41
Faulkner, Gordon, 169
fault, 34–38
fear, 76
Fellini Satyricon, 11, 25
fertility, 103
fifth dimension, 105
first chakra, 76, 79, 81
First Progress, 258
first-timers, 15
Florida, 20
Flying Saucerers, The, 194
forbidden door, 119–20
forgiveness, 69
Foundation Faith of the Millennium, 100
fourth chakra, 76
fourth density, 76–77
fourth dimension, 105, 202
freedom of choice, 51–52, 291–92
frequency, 17
frequency domains, 15
Friendly Sun, pl.6
future predictions, 75

Garden of Eden, 29
generosity, 76
Genesis (friend), 164
genocide, 145–46
Georgia, 2–3
  approach to angels and demons, 3–4
  Astar and, 216–20
  on change in emotions, 53–54
  collaboration with author, 5–7
  dolphins, 90–94, 103–9, 118–23, 131–32
  early encounters with Mein Host, 33–34, 86–94, 107–9
  on English history, 146–49
  on future predictions, 77–79
  on gun violence, 170–76
  on Middle East, 54–59
  parting thoughts of, 307–17
  on planetary crisis, 75–79, 156–61
  on Prince Caligastia, 68–69
  on rebel angels, 151–53
  on shamanism, 65–68
  twofold life, 79–82
  Zandana and, 202–4, 294–95
ghost in the machine, 47–48
global dominance, 172
Glorious Revolution of 1688, 147
god-kings, 88–89
gods, 108
gold mining, 120–21
gold ring, 114–16
Gomelsky, Giorgio, 61–62
Gomorrah, 134
Goodness, 77
Grand Palace, 89
gravity, 18
gravity waves, 20

Greatest Good, 136
Great Goddess, 41, 131
greed, 3
Greeks, 25–26, 27
group sex. *See* sex and sexuality
group-souled race, 107
Guatemala, 45
guilt, 39–40, 103, 201
guns, 170–76

Heaven's Gate, 197
Helianx, 219–20
Heliopolis, 26
Henry VIII, King, 148–49
heresy, 9
Hertzog, Werner, 61–62
hierarchies, nested, 66–67
High Council of Sirius, 122–25
Hinduism, 14–15
hitchhiking, 111–12
Hofmann, Albert, 59
Homo angelicus, 6–7
Hopi, 133–34
horses, 186–87
House of Commons, 148
hunting, 106, 268–77

imagination, 3
immortality, 160
impala, 158–59
Inca, 133–34
incorrect action, 134
Internal Proccesseans (IPs), 84
In the Beginning, *pl.5*
intuition, 163
Invisible Allies, *pl.2*

IRS, 22
Ishmael, 111
Islam, 14–15
Islands of Mu, 19–20, 40, 44, 66, 92, 206
Itibi-Ra II, 120–21

Jahweh, 187
James, King, 148–49
Jaye, Lady, 164
jealousy, 3
Jerusem simulators, 239, 240–41, 254
Jessica, 259
Jesus (dog), 129–31, 137–42, 210
Jesus Christ, 2, 57, 80
Joab, Brother, 138–42, 144–46, 152, 167–70, 183–84, 193–94, 199, 210
Joshua, 262–63, 265
Joy, 38–39
Judaism, 14–15
Judgment Day, 76–77
Juliette, 96

Keepers of the Sacred Mysteries, 41
kibbutz, 99
Kinski, Klaus, 61–62, 70–73
Kit-Cat Club, 147–48, 149
Kitt, Eartha, 49
Koestler, Arthur, 244
Kritias, 29

Laden, Osama bin, 171
Land of Two Rivers, 122, 186, 187
Language of Light, pl.4
Leary, Timothy, 51–52, 114
Lemuria and Lemurians, 16–17,

19–20, 120, 204–8
arrival on Atlantis, 39–42
twofold life, 79–82
Le Poer Trench, Brinsley, 113–14
liquid light, 119
Little Daniel, 98–99, 210–13
Living Theater, 11–12
Local Universes, 15, 69
London Chapter, 129
Longleat, 143–44, 151–52
lost souls, 3
Louis XIV, King, 67
love, 76
loyalty, 101–2
LSD-25, 31–32, 50–51, 59
Lucifer, 2, 4, 48, 68
Lucifer Rebellion, 4, 68, 107, 120, 308–9
Luna, Donyale, 22–25, 48, 50–51, 60–65
Lysandra, 261, 265

magnetic polarity, 18
magnetic poles, 156–57
magnetism, 18
Magocsi, Oscar, 195–96, 201
Malachi, Father, 60–65, 70–73, 112, 116–17
Mali, 108
Malina, Judith, 11–12, 22
Manson, Charles, 236–37
Marlborough (Duchess), 149–50
Marlborough (Duke), 149–50
Mary, 9
Mary Ann, 24, 31
Absorptions, 83
authoritarian personality, 101–3

children and, 97–103
divorce, 100
on fault and responsibility, 34–38, 47
Mein Host and, 46–48, 303–6
naming of Robert’s dog, 129–31
Sister Verona and, 85–86
smuggling of Jesus, 137–42
materialism, 164–65
Maya, 78, 80
Mayans, 45, 133–34
McCartney, Paul, 21
McKenna, Terence, 8
meditation, 126
Mediterranean Sea, 26
Mein Host, 9
brownies and, 31–38, 46–48
care of children, 97–101
Count and, 112–17
Donyale and, 70–73
early encounters with Georgia, 33–34, 86–94, 107–9
fascination with English history, 143–49
on Father Aaron, 12–13
friendship with Father Malachi, 61–63
Georgia on, 310–16
knowledge of incarnation, 84–85
Mary Ann and, 46–48
mugging of, 175–76
music and, 220–26, 257–66, 280–87, 289–90
near-death experiences (NDEs), 80, 176–77
at party in Rome, 20–25
personal responsibility and, 38–39

public relations work of, 51–52
return to London, 110–12
sexuality and, 110, 297–306
Sister Verona and, 83–86
smuggling of Jesus, 137–42
street-selling of magazine, 126–29
transfer to America, 213–15
trip to Appian Way, 60–65, 70–73
UFOs and, 153–54, 167–70, 182–85, 192–202
mercury, 90
mercy, 69
Mesopotamia, 55
metallurgy, 16–17, 42–45
Mexico, 45
Micah, Father. *See* Mein Host
Middle East, 54–59, 102, 149, 181, 231–33
Midnight Meditation, 23, 25
midwayers, 57, 254–56, 292–94
mining, 44–45
Minoan culture, 25–26
Mitchum, Robert, 49–50
mitosis, 79
Mohammed, 80
money, 100–101
Mongolia, 20, 66
monkey mind, 126
monotheism, 2
moon, 19
Moore, Michael, 171
Moore, Patrick, 182, 183
Mother Earth, 41, 76–77
Mother Nature, 136–37
Muggeridge, Malcolm, 236–37
Multiverse, 7, 167
Multiverse Administration (MA),

68–70, 120–23, 124, 292–94, 310
music, 62, 220–26, 257–66, 280–87
Mystery Schools, 79, 81, 100

Natural Order, 134, 136, 161
Nazca plane, 218
Neanderthals, 231–33, 238–39, 256–57, 267, 277, 297
near-death experiences (NDEs), 1–2, 80, 161–62, 176–77
Nero, 67
Nettles, Bonnie, 197
Nevada, 45
New Earth, 78–79
New York City, 288–89
Nile River, 56–57
Nile Valley, 55, 70, 227–31
Nommo, 108, 121
North Pole, 18
nuclear weapons, 200

Oenothea, 24–25
Old Earth, 78
Olmecs, 45
Omega, 83, 85–86
One True God, 188
Oracle, 46
organizing principle, 259–60
Other People's Music, 221
ovoid forms, 18

Pacific Ocean, 92
panhandling, 128
pantheism, 9
parapsychology, 113–14
Paris Chapter, 111

Passages of Earth, pl.8
Persia, 55
personal power, 59
Peru, 44–45
Peter. *See* Malachi, Father
pirates and piracy, 40, 43, 45–46, 56, 87
plant entheogens, 57–59
Plant of the Gods, 57–59
Plastic People, 62
Plato, 28–29, 132–33
Pleiadeans, 119–21, 122–25
Pleidean arks, 66
Poseidon, 185–91
power, 36–37, 81
prayer, 126
priesthood, 26–27
Process Church, 11–12, 35, 62, 82–86, 84, 126
PROCESS magazine, 62, 98, 111, 126–29, 219, 234–37, 243–51
ProcessScenes, 223
Process Version, 261–66, 280–87, 289–90
psychic pain, 201–2
psychic shields, 38–39
psychometry, 114–16
pumas, 207

Rainbow Serpent, 217–20
rebel angels, 2
  defective physical bodies, 13
  as different from humans, 6–7
  incarnating into human bodies, 106–7, 151–53
Reich, Wilhelm, 299–300
reincarnation, 14–16, 84–85, 105–7

religion, 80–81, 100
responsibility, 34–39, 47
Richard (Captain), 139–42
Robert, 24, 31, 100, 129–31
Roman Empire, 25–26
Rome Chapter, 110
Roswell incident, 200

Sacred Equilibrium, pl.1
Sais, 26
Sanders, Ed, 215
Satan, 2, 68
schizophrenia, 3
Sea People, 28
seawater, 120–21
second chakra, 76, 79, 81
secrecy, 103
Seeking Balance, pl.7
self-concern, 76
self-discipline, 106
self-sacrifice, 166–67
sentience, 53–54
Seraphic Overgovernment, 121, 294
Seraphine, 98–99
sex and sexuality, 81, 83, 86, 96–97,
101–3, 110, 297–306
sexual abuse, 10–11
shamans and shamanism, 3, 57–59,
65–68, 70
shame, 103, 201
sharks, 108–9, 118–19
Shuttlewood, Arthur, 167–70, 182–85,
192–96, 197–202
Sirius, 106, 108, 119, 120, 121
Sirius B, 108
slavery, 40, 42–43
Sodano, Angelo, 10–11

Sodom, 134
Solon, 26, 27–29
Sophie's Choice, 135
soul path, 163
souls, individual, 76
Sound of the World, 221
South Africa, 120–21
South Pole, 18
spaceships, 152, 153–54, 167–70
stonemasonry, 43
St. Paul's Cathedral, 145
Strait of Gibraltar, 25–26
sun, 19
superrace, 101–3
survival, 81
survivor's guilt, 39–40
suspicion, 76
Syndey, Philip, 9

telepathy, 105, 204–5, 208
temptation, 2–3
Tesla, Nikola, 57, 200
theological errors, 9
third chakra, 76, 79, 81
third-density worlds, 15, 17, 77–78, 135
third dimension, 202
thoughtforms, 3–4
thoughts, 135–36
Thundersound, 281, 283–85, 286–87
Thynne, Alexander, 153–54
Tiber River, 9
Tibet, 66
Timaeus, 29
Titicaca, 207, 217
Toronto Chapter, 214–15, 223–26, 233–37, 257–66, 287

Treasure of Eldorado, 79
Trinity, 61–62
Tropic of Cancer, 18, 20
Tropic of Capricorn, 18, 20, 118
trust, 76
Truth, 77
tsunamis, 75
twofold life, 79–82

UFOs, 167–70, 192–202, 246–51
underworld, 58
United States, 252–54
Urantia Book, The, 4–5, 238, 317–20

Vanbrugh, John, 147–51
Vanu, 16–17, 19, 41, 66–67
Velvet Revolution, 62–63
Verona, Sister, 83–86, 95–97
Version, 261–66, 280–87, 289–90
vibration, 58
victims, 36
Vietnam War, 233–34
Villa Julia, 9, 82–83
violence, 57, 108, 170–76
virtual underworld, 70
visual gestalt, 105
Vogue, 22
volcanoes, 75, 88–89
Vonnegut, Kurt, 190

Walpole, Horace, 147
Walton, Travis, 197
Wandjinas, 190
War in Heaven, 4
Warminster, 167–70
Warminster Mystery, The, 169

Watchers, 87–90, 242
Waugh, Evelyn, 150
weapons development, 43
Weymouth (Viscount), 143, 149–50, 162
White Album, 20
will-creatures, 291–92
William III, King, 148–49
William of Orange, 148
Williamson, Sonny Boy, 61–62
witches, 182
World Mind, 29, 56, 132–33, 191, 202, 242
World Trade Center, 164
World War II, 172
Wren, Christopher, 144–45, 150

Xtul experience, 46

Yardbirds, 61–62

Zandana, 202–4, 208, 294–95
Zeus, 59

Electronic edition produced by

www.antrikexpress.com